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AN Italian Voyage, OR, A Compleat JOURNEY THROUGH ITALY.

In Two Parts.

With the *Characters* of the People, and the Description of the Chief Towns, Churches, Monasteries, Tombs, Libraries, Pallaces, Villa's, Gardens, Pictures, Statues and Antiquities.

AS ALSO,

Of the Interest, Goverment, Riches, Force, *&c.* of all the Princes.

With Instructions concerning *TRAVEL.*

By *Richard Lasses*, Gent. the Second Edition with large Additions, by a Modern hand.

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A PREFACE TO THE READER, CONCERNING Travelling.

WHEN I firſt ſet Pen to Paper to handle this ſubject, I had not the leaſt thought of the *Preſs*; nor of erecting my ſelf into an *Authour*. I only diſcharged my memory haſtily of ſome things which I had ſeen in *Italy*; and wrapt up that untimely *Embryo* in five ſheets of Paper, for the uſe of a Noble perſon, who ſet me that Task. Yet this *Embryo* liking the perſon for whom it was conceived, obliged me to lick it over again, and bring it into better form. Second thoughts, and ſucceeding Voyages into *Italy*, have finiſhed it at laſt; and have made it what it is; *A Compleat Voyage*, and an exact *Itinerary* through *Italy*.

And here I thought to have drawn bridle and reſted, after ſo long a Journey; when a Learned Friend having puruſed this my Deſcription of *Italy*, deſired much to ſee a Preface to it of my faſhion, and Concerning Travelling. I could refuſe nothing to ſuch a Friend; and have done it here willingly, both for my own, and my Countries ſake.

For my own ſake; to pre-excuſe ſome things in my Book, which ſome perchance may diſlike.

For ſome, I fear will quarrel with my *Engliſh*, and juſtly, ſeeing three long Voyages into *Flanders*, ſix into *France*, five into *Italy*, one into *Germany* and *Holland*, have made me live half of my life-time in Foreign Countries, to the diſturbance of my own Language: Yet, if I bring not home fine Language, I bring home fine Things; and I have ſeen great Ladies, both in *France* and *England*, buy fine things of *Chimney-ſweepers* and *Pedlars*, though they ſpake but courſe *Lombard* Language, and groſs *Scotch*.

Others perchance will find fault, that I write merrily ſometimes: And why not? Seeing I write to young Men, and for them; and mirth is never ſo lawfull as in Travelling: where it ſhortens long miles, and ſweetens bad uſage; that is, makes a bad dinner go down, and a bad horſe go on.

Others

Others will ſay, That I fill my Book with too much *Latin*: But theſe muſt be minded, that I am writing of the *Latin* Country; and that I am carving for *Scholars*, who can digeſt ſolid bits, having good ſtomachs.

Others will ſay, I jeer now and then: And would any man have me go through ſo many divers Countries, and praiſe all I ſee? Or in earneſt, do not ſome things deſerve to be jeered, when things cannot be cured but by jeering: *Jeering*, ſaith *Tertullian, is a duty*; and I think the *Cynick* Philoſophers ſtruck as great a blow at Vice, as the *Stoicks*.

Others will ſay, I change ſtyle often, and ſometimes run ſmoothly, and ſometimes joltingly: True, I travelled not always upon ſmooth ground, and pacing horſes: *Swiſſerland* and *Savoy* are much different from *Campania* and *Lombardy*; and it's one thing to deſcribe a Pleaſant Garden, another thing to deſcribe a Venerable Cathedral: and if in the one, and the other, we have ſeveral looks, much more ought we to have ſeveral words in deſcribing them.

Others will ſay, I affect a world of exotick words not yet naturalized in *England*: No, I affect them not; I cannot avoid them: for who can ſpeak of *Statues*, but he muſt ſpeak of *Niches*; or of *Churches*,

Wrought *Tombs*, or in-laid *Tables*, but he muſt ſpeak of *Cupola*'s; of *baſso relievo*; and of *pietre commeſſe*? If any Man underſtand them not, it's his fault, not mine.

Others will ſay, I hunt too much after Ceremonies and Church-antiquities. No, I only meet them. And as a man cannot ſpeak of *Hercules*, but he muſt ſpeak of *Clubs*, of *Combats*, of *Labours* and *Victories*: ſo I cannot ſpeak of *Rome* as it is now, but I muſt ſpeak of Relicks, Ceremonies and Religion. Yet I believe, I give my Reader no very unfiniſh'd draught of prophane *Antiquities*, *Maſquerades*, *Shews*, *Dreſſings* and *Paſtimes*.

Others, in fine, will ſay, that I do but a thing done already; ſeeing others have Written of this Subject in *Engliſh*. Well; if others have Written upon this ſubject, why may not I? They did the beſt they could, I believe: but they drew not up the Ladder after them. Some write much of *Italy*, and ſay little: And others write little, and leave out much: I impute to the ones writing out of old. And if theſe Ingenious Gentlemen have painted out *Italy* in *buſto* only, and *profile*: why may not I endeavour to paint her out at *full face*, and *at her full length*? If they, like ancient Statuaries, have repreſented *Italy* unto us like a naked *Image*, I may perhaps be allow'd to ſay that I have ſet her

Mr. *Warcup.*
Mr. *Raymond.*

her out in all her beſt *Attire* and *Jewels*. And thus much for my ſelf.

For my Country: To read to my Country-men two profitable *Leſſons*: The firſt, *Of the Profit of Travelling*: The ſecond, *Of Travelling with Profit*.

1. For the firſt, to wit, *the Profit of Travelling*; it's certain, that if this world be a great *Book*, as St. *Auguſtine* calls it, none ſtudy this great *Book* ſo much as the Traveller. They that never ſtir from home, read only one Page of this *Book*; and, like the dull fellow in *Pliny*, who could never learn to count farther than five, they dwell always upon one Leſſon. They are like an acquaintance of mine, who had always a Book indeed lying open upon a Desk; but it was obſerved that it lay always open at one and the ſame place, and by long cuſtom, could lie open no where elſe. He then that will know much out of this great Book, the World, muſt read much in it: and as *Ulyſſes* is ſet forth by *Homer* as the wiſeſt of all the *Græcians*, becauſe he had travelled much, and had ſeen *multorum hominum mores & Urbes, the Cities and Cuſtoms of many Men*: So his Son *Telemachus* is held for a very ſhallow-witted man: and *Homer* gives the reaſon, becauſe his Mother *Penelope*, inſtead of ſending him abroad to ſee Foreign Countries, had always kept him at home, and ſo made him

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him a meer *Onocephalus* and a homeling *Mammacuth*. So true is the saying of *Seneca*, that, *Imperitum est animal homo, & sine magna experientia rerum, si circumscribatur Natalis soli fine.*

2. Travelling preserves my young Nobleman from surfeiting of his Parents, and weans him from the dangerous fondness of his Mother. It teacheth him wholesome hardship; to lie in beds that are none of his acquaintance; to speak to men he never saw before; to travel in the morning before day; and in the evening when 'tis dark, to endure any horse and weather, as well as any meat and drink. Whereas the Country Gentleman that never Travelled, can scarce go to *London* without making his Will, at least without wetting his Handkerchief. And what generous Mother will not say to her son with that Ancient; *Mola tibi male esse, quam molliter*: *I had rather thou shouldst be sick, than soft*? Indeed the Coral-Tree, is neither hard nor red, till taken out of the Sea, its native home. And I have read, that many of the old *Romans* put out their Children to be Nursed abroad by *Lacedæmonian* Nurses, till they were three years old; then they put them to their Uncles, till seven, or ten; then they sent them into *Toscany* to be instructed in Religion; and at last into *Greece* to study Philosophy.

Senec.

3. Tra-

3. Travelling takes my young Noble-man four notches lower in his ſelf-conceit and pride. For, whereas the Country Lord, that never ſaw any body but his Fathers Tenants and Mr. Parſon; and never read any thing but *John Stow*, and *Speed*, thinks the Lands-end to be the Worlds-end; and that all ſolid greatneſs, next unto a great Paſty, conſiſts in a great Fire, and a good Eſtate. Whereas my Travelling young Lord, who hath ſeen ſo many greater Men and Eſtates than his own, comes home far more modeſt and civil to his inferiours, and far leſs puft up with the empty conceit of his own greatneſs. Indeed nothing cured *Alcibiades* his pride ſo much as to ſee in a Map (ſhewed him for the nonce by *Socrates*) that his Houſe and Lands, of which he was ſo proud, either appeared there not at all, or only a little Spot or Dab; and *nemo in puſillo magnus.*

4. Travelling takes off, in ſome ſort, that aboriginal curſe, which was laid upon mankind even almoſt at the beginning of the World; I mean, the confuſion of Tongues: which is ſuch a curſe indeed, that it makes Men who are of one kind, and made to be ſociable, ſo ſtrangely to fly one another, that as great S. *Auſtin* ſaith, a Man had rather be with his Dog, than with a Man whoſe Language he underſtands not. Nay, this

this diverſity of Language, makes the wiſeſt Man paſs for a Fool in a ſtrange Country, and the beſt Man, for an excommunicated Perſon, whoſe Converſation all Men avoid. Now travelling takes of this curſe, and this moral excommunication; by making us learn many languages, and converſe freely with people of other Countries.

5. Travelling makes us acquainted with a world of our kindred we never ſaw before, For, ſeeing we are all come from one man at firſt, and conſequently all a-kin to one another; its but a reaſonable thing, that a Man ſhould once at leaſt in his life time, make a Journey into Foreign Countries, to ſee his Relations, and viſit this kindred: having always this ſaying of young *Joſeph* in his Mouth; *quæro fratres meos.*

6. Travelling enables a Man much for his Countries Service. It makes the Merchant rich, by ſhewing him what abounds, and wants in other Countries; that ſo he may know what to import, what to export. It makes the *Mechanick* come loaden home with a world of experimental knowledge for the improving of his Trade. It makes the *Field Officer*, a knowing Leader of an Army, by teaching him where an Army in Foreign Countries, can march ſecurely, paſs Rivers eaſily,

ſily, incamp ſafely, avoid Ambuſcadoes and narrow paſſages diſcreetly, and retreat orderly. It makes the *Common Soldier* play the Spy well, by making him ſpeak the Enemies Language perfectly, that ſo mingling with them, he may find their deſigns, and croſs their Plots. In fine, it makes a *Nobleman* fit for the nobleſt Employment; that is, to be *Ambaſſador* abroad for his King in Foreign Countries, and carry about with him the King's *Perſon*, which he repreſents, and his King's *Word*, which he engageth.

7. Travelling brings a Man a world of particular profits. It contents the Mind with the rare diſcourſes we hear from Learned Men, as the Queen of *Sheba* was raviſhed at the Wiſdom of *Solomon*. It makes an Ingenious Man much the wiſer by making him ſee the good and the bad in others. Hence the Wiſeman ſaith; *Sapiens in terram alienigenarum gentium pertranſiet: bona enim & mala in hominibus tentabit.* It makes a Man think himſelf at home every where, and ſmile at unjuſt *exile*: It makes him welcome home again to his *Neighbours*, ſought after by his *Betters*, and liſtened unto with admiration by his *Inferiours*. It makes him ſit ſtill in his old age with ſatisfaction; and travel over the World again in his *Chair* and *Bed* by diſcourſe and thoughts.

In

In fine, it's an excellent *Commentary* upon Hiſtories; and no Man underſtands *Livy* and *Cæſar*, *Guicciardin* and *Monluc*, like him, who hath made exactly the *Grand Tour* of *France*, and the *Giro* of *Italy*.

8. Travelling makes my young Nobleman return home again to his Country like a *bleſſing Sun*. For as the *Sun*, who hath been Travelling about the World theſe five thouſand and odd years, not only enlightens thoſe places which he viſits, but alſo enricheth them with all ſorts of *Fruits* and *Metals*: So, the Nobleman by long travelling, having enlightened his underſtanding with fine notions, comes home like a glorious *Sun*, and doth not only ſhine bright in the Firmament of his Country, the *Parliament-Houſe*; but alſo bleſſeth his inferiours with the powerfull influence if his knowing Spirit.

9. In fine, Examples (the beſt Philoſophy) ſhew us, that the greateſt Princes *Europe* hath ſeen, theſe many years, to wit, *Charles the V.* and the *King of Sweeden*, *Guſtavus Adolphus*; were both of them great Travellers; the firſt had been twice in *England*, as often in *Africk*, four times in *France*, ſix times in *Spain*, ſeven times in *Italy*, and nine into *Germany*: The ſecond had travelled *incognito* (as M. *Watts* writes of him) into *Holland*, *France*,

Strada de Bello Belg.

France, *Italy* and *Germany*, in his youth; which made him ſay afterwards to the *French Ambaſſador Mareſchal Breze*, in a kind of threatning way, that he knew the way to *Paris*, as well as to *Stockholme*. Add to this, that the wiſeſt and greateſt among the ancient *Philoſophers*, *Plato*, *Pythagorus*, *Anaxagoras*, *Anacharſis*, *Appollonius*, *Architas*, and *Pittacus*, (which laſt left his ſupream Command of *Mytelen* to travel) were all great travellers; and that St. *Hierom* (who being no *Biſhop*, and conſequently not obliged to reſidence) having travelled into *France*, *Italy*, *Greece*, and the *Holy Land*, purchaſed to himſelf ſuch rare acquiſitions of Learning by his Travels and Languages, that among all the ancient Fathers and Doctors, the Church in her Collect on his day, calls him only, *Doctorem maximum*, *the greateſt Doctor*. And ſo much for the *profit of Travelling*.

Now for as much as concerns the ſecond *Leſſon*, to wit, *The Travelling with Profit*, divers things are to be taken notice of; ſome by the Parents or Guardians of thoſe that travel; others by the Travellers themſelves. *The Travelling with profit.*

As for the Parents their greateſt care ought to be of providing their Children (I ſpeak to Men of high condition) a good Governour, to travel with them, and have

a care of their Perſons and breeding: that is, play the part of the *Archangel Raphael* to young *Toby*, and *Lead them ſafe abroad, and bring them ſafe home*: *Ego Janum ducam & reducam filium tuum. Tob.* 5. *v.* 20. And here I could wiſh indeed that Parents could be as happy in their choice, and find Men Angels for Governours to their Children, upon condition they ſhould requite them, as young *Toby* offered to requite the *Archangel* his Governour, whom he took to be a Man. For the education of Children is a thing of that high concern to the Commonwealth, that in this, Parents ſhould ſpare no coſt whatſoever; but rather imitate the old *Lacedæmonians*; who took more care of their Youth, than of any thing elſe in their Commonwealth. Inſomuch, that when *Antigonus* asked of them fifty young Youths for Hoſtages, they anſwered him, that they had rather give him twice as many made Men. Seeing then young youths are the future hopes of Famalies and Commonwealths, their education ought not to be committed but to Men of great Parts and excellent Breeding. For I have always thought, that a young Noblemans Train ought to be like his Cloths, His Lacqueys and Footmen are like his Galoſhoos, which he leaves at the door of thoſe he Viſits: His *Valets de Chambre*

Chambre, are like his Night-Gown, which he never uſeth but in his Chamber; and leaves them there when he goes in Viſits: His Gentleman Attendants are like his ſeveral rich Suits, which he wears not all at once, but now one, now another, and ſometimes none at all of them: His Groom is like his Riding-Cloak, and never appears near him but upon the Road: But his Governour is like his Shirt, which is always next unto his Skin and Perſon; and therefore as young Noblemen are curious to have their Shirts of the fineſt Linen: ſo ſhould they have their Governours of the fineſt thread, and the beſt ſpun Men that can be found. Hence the Ancients, as they were careful in honouring the Memory of thoſe that had been Governours to great Heroes, as of *Chiron*, Governour of *Hercules*, *Jaſon*, *Paris*, *Achilles*, and other brave Heroes; *Miſcus* Governour of *Ulyſſes*; *Eudorus* of *Patroclus*; *Dares* of *Hector*; *Epitides* of *Julus*; *Connidas* of *Theſeus*; all of them choice men: So they were for chooſing the fineſt men for that great Employment, to be their Childrens Governours; that is in their Language, *Cuſtodes & comiter juventutis Principum & magnatum.* For not every honeſt and vertuous Man (as ſome Parents think) is fit for this Employment: Thoſe parts indeed would do well in a Steward

The Character of a good Governor.

and a Sollicitor; but many things elſe, beſides theſe, muſt concur to make up a good Governour. I would have him then to be not only a Vertuous Man, but a *Virtuoſo* too, not only an honeſt Man, but a Man of honour too: not only a Gentleman born, but a gentile Man alſo by breeding: a Man not only comely of Perſon by nature; but gracefull alſo by art in his Garbs and Behaviour; a good Scholar, but no meer Scholar: a Man that hath travelled much in Foreign Countries, but yet no fickle-headed Man; a Man of a ſtout Spirit, but yet of a diſcreet Tongue, and who knows rather to wave quarrels prudently, than to maintain them ſtoutly; a Man cheerfull in converſation, yet fearfull to offend others; a Man of that Prudence, as to teach his Pupil rather to be wiſe than witty; and of that Example of life, that his deeds may make his Pupil believe his words: In fine, I would have him to be an *Engliſhman*, no *Stranger*. I ſpeak not this out of an envy to Strangers, but out of a love to my own Country-men. For I have known divers *Engliſh* Gentlemen much wronged abroad by their Governours that were Strangers. Some I have known that led their Pupil to *Geneva*, where they got ſome *French* Language, but loſt all their true *Engliſh* Allegiance and

and reſpect to Monarchy; others I have known, who, being married and having their ſettlements and intereſt lying at *Saumur*, kept young Gentlemen there all the time they were abroad; and made their Parents in *England* believe, that all good breeding was in that poor Town, where their Wives were breeding Children. Others, I have known, who having their Miſtreſſes in the Country, perſwaded their young Pupils, Men of great Birth, that it was fine living in a Country Houſe, that is fine carrying a Gun upon their necks and walking a foot: Others have been obſerved to ſell thir Pupils to Maſters of Exerciſes, and to have made 'em believe that the worſt Academies were the beſt, becauſe they were the beſt to the cunning Governour, who had ten pound a Man for every one he could draw thither: Others I have known who would have married their Pupils in *France*, without their Parents knowledge; and have ſacrificed their great Truſt, to their ſordid Avarice: Others I have known who have locked their Pupils in a Chamber with a wanton Woman, and taken the Key away with them. Nay, this I can ſay more, that of all thoſe Strangers that I have known Governours to young Noblemen of *England* (and I have known ſeven or eight) I never knew one of them to be a Gen-

tleman born; but for the moſt part, they were needy bold Men, whoſe chief parts were, their own Language and ſome *Latin*; and whoſe chief aim was, to ſerve themſelves, not their Pupils.

But to return again to our Subject; the Parent having found out ſuch a Governour for his Son, as we have deſcribed here above, he muſt reſign over unto him his full Authority, and command his Son to obey him: otherwiſe let the Governour be the wiſeſt and the moſt Compleat Man in the World, if his Pupil do not obey him, and follow his Counſel, all will go wrong. I have ſeen great diſorders befal for want of this. Hence I have often thought of great *Clemens Alexandrinus*, who ſaith wiſely, That our *Saviour Chriſt* is the only true Preceptor or Governour, becauſe he cannot only give the beſt Inſtructions to young Men, but alſo can give them grace to execute thoſe inſtructions: whereas other Governours (*Caſſandra* like) telling their Pupils many excellent Truths, are not believed by them; nor can they force their inclinations to execute them, except the Parents commands come in to their aſſiſtance; and it is but reaſonable, that as Governours are the Seconds of Parents, in the breeding of their Children, ſo Parents ſhould ſecond Governours too, in making

their

their Children obey them. And ſo much for the Parents Care.

For the Son's Care, it muſt be this. Firſt to take a view of *England* before he enter into Foreign Countries. This will enure him to travel, to ſee company, to obſerve Towns and Rarities, and ſharpen his appetite for Foreign Curioſities. I would wiſh him withal in travelling over *England*, to fall in, as often as he can, with the Judges in their Circuits, not only to ſee how his Country is Governed in point of Judicature; but alſo to ſee the Gentry of ſeveral Countries, who flock to great Towns in the Aſſize week. It would be alſo profitable to him, to caſt to be at all the chief Horſe-races, where he will eaſily ſee alſo the Gentry of the ſeveral Counties in a compendious View. Having thus ſeen his own Country in a Summers ſpace, and having got his Majeſties Licence to travel beyond the Seas (in which Licence I would wiſh this clauſe were inſerted, That all young Gentlemen ſhould, at their return, preſent themſelves to his Majeſty, to give him an Account of their Travels and Obſervations) I would have him depart *England* about the beginning of *October*.

2. At his going out of *England*, let him take his right aim; that is, let him aim altogether at his Profit, and not at

his pleaſures only. I have known many *Engliſhmen*, who for want of right aiming, have miſſed the white of Breeding, whole Heavens breadth. For ſome in travelling, aim at nothing but to get looſe from their Parents, or Schoolmaſters, and to have the fingering of a pretty Allowance; and theſe Men, when they come into *France*, care for ſeeing no Court, but the Tennis-Court; delight in ſeeing no Balls but Tennis-Balls; and forſake any Company, to toſs whole days together with a tattered *Marker* in the *Tripot*.

Others deſire to go into *Italy*, only becauſe they hear there are fine Courtiſans in *Venice*; and as the Queen of the *Amazons*, in *Juſtin*, went thirteen days Journey out of her Country, only to have a Nights Lodging with *Alexander the Great*; ſo theſe Men travel a whole month together to *Venice*, for a Nights Lodging with an impudent Woman. And thus by a falſe aiming at breeding abroad, they return with thoſe Diſeaſes which hinder them from breeding at home.

Others travel abroad, as our Ship-Boys do into the *Indies*: for whiles theſe Boys might bring home Jewels, Pearls, and many other things of value, they bring home nothing but Firecanes, Parots, and Monkeys; ſo our young Travellers, whiles they might bring home many rich obſervations,

vations, for the Governing themſelves, and others, bring home nothing but Firecanes, that is a hotſpur humour, that takes Fire at every word, and talk of nothing but Duels, Seconds, and Eſclairciſſements; or elſe Parots, that is, come loaden home with Ribons and Feathers of all Colours like Parots, and with a few borrowed Complements in their Mouths, which make them talk like Parots, or elſe Monkeys, that is ſome affected Cringes, Shrugs, and ſuch like Apiſh Behaviour.

3. At his embarking let him have a ſpecial care not to carry himſelf abroad with himſelf in travelling: Many Men, ſaith *Seneca*, return home no better than they went out, becauſe they take themſelves along with themſelves in Travelling: and as a Man in a Fever, finds himſelf no better than he was, by changing his Bed, becauſe he carries his Fever with him whereſoever he lies: ſo many young Men return home tired and dirtied, but not better and wiſer, becauſe they carried abroad their bad Cuſtoms and Manners with them. I would then that my young Traveller ſhould leave behind him all wilfulneſs and ſtubborneſs; all tenderneſs, and ſeeking his eaſe too much; all effeminateneſs and delicateneſs; all Boyiſh Tricks with Hands or Mouth, and mocking of others; all delight of being accoun-

ted best Man in the Company; all familiarity with Servants, and mean Men; all Taverns, and intemperancy of eating and drinking; having that saying of *Seneca* often in his mouth and mind; *Major sum & ad majora natus, quam ut manicipium sim corporis mei*: *I am a greater Man and born to greater things, than that I should yield my self a slave to my Body.* In fine, I would have him imitate that young Gentleman of whom S. *Ambrose* speaks; who returning home from Foreign Travels, and meeting with his old Mistress, a Wanton Woman, seemed not to know her; whereat she wondring, told him that she was such an one; it may be so, said he, but *I am no more I.* A rare Apothegm; which I would wish my young Traveller to take for his Motto, as well as this young Man for his Example.

4. Being thus got out of *England*, its a great question into what Country he should first go, to make his aboad. The common course is, to go first into *France*, and then into *Italy*, and so home by *Germany*, *Holland* and *Flanders*, as I did once: but my opinion is, that it's better for a Young Man to go first into *Italy*, and returning by *Germany*, *Holland* and *Flanders*, come into *France*, to give himself there the last hand in breeding. And my reason

ſon is this; For ſeeing the intention of Travelling is to make a Man a wiſe Man, not a finical Man, it's better to ſeaſon his mind betimes with a ſtaid wiſe Breeding, than to fill it up to the brim at firſt with a phantaſtical giddineſs, which having once gotten poſſeſſion of the mind, bolts the doors on the inſide, locks out all forms of ſettled Reaſoning, and makes my young man delight in nothing but Vanity, Cloths, Dancing, Liveries, Balls, and ſuch meer outſides: I would therefore have my young Nobleman's *Governour* to carry him immediately into *Italy* at fifteen or ſixteen, and there ſeaſon his mind with the gravity and wiſe maximes of that Nation, which hath civilized the whole world, and taught mankind what it is to be a Man. Having ſpent two or three years in *Italy* in learning the Language, viewing the ſeveral Courts, ſtudying their Maxims, imitating their Gentile Converſation, and following the ſweet Exerciſes of Muſick, Painting, Architecture, and Mathematicks, he will at his return know what true uſe to make of *France*. And having ſpent three years more there, in Learning to Fence, Dance, Ride, Vault, Handle his Pike, Muſket, Colours, *&c.* the Map, Hiſtory, and Books of Policy; he will be ready to come home at twenty or one and twenty, a Man moſt compleat

both

both in Body and Mind, and fit to fill the place of his Calling.

What to be learnt in France, and what not.

5. I ſay, *Make true uſe of* France. For I would not have my young Traveller imitate all things he ſees done in *France*, or other Foreign Countries; I would have him learn of the *French* a handſome confidence, but not an impudent boldneſs. He muſt learn of them to come into a Room with a *Bonne mine*; but not to ruſh into a Mans Chamber, as they do, without ſo much as knocking at the Door. He muſt learn of them to dance well, to get a good Grace in walking and ſaluting, as they do; but he muſt not dance as he walks as many of them do. He muſt learn of the *French*, to become any Clothes well; but he muſt not follow them in all their Phantaſtical and fanfaron Clothings. He muſt learn to fence well, as they do; but I would have his Sword ſtick faſter in the ſcabbard than theirs uſually do. In fine, I would have him open, airy, and gallant as they are; but not affecting to be the Gallants of all Ladies, as they do.

Se

What in Italy, and what not.

So in *Italy*, I would have him learn to make a fine Houſe; but I would not have him learn of the *Italians* to keep a good Houſe. He may learn of them to be Sober and Wiſe; but I would not have him learn of them to be jealous and diſtruſtful. I would have him learn of the *Italians*,

to

o receive those that visit him with great Civility and Respect; but I would not have him stand upon all their little Forms and incommodious Punctilio's; I would have him to be free of his Hat, as they are, but I would have the Heart to go to the Hat as well as the Hand, and his inclination to be concern'd in the Complement.

What in Germany and what not.

In *Germany*, I would have him learn to offer a Man a Cup of Wine at his coming in; but I would not have him press so much Wine upon him, as he shall not be able to go out again, as they often do. I would have him learn of them to go freely to War for the defence of his Country; but I would not have him learn the custom of those vendible souls there, who carry their lives to Market, and serve any Prince for Money. I like well their shaking hands with you, when you first enter into their houses; but I like not their quarrelling with you for not pledging a health of a yard long, which would ruin yours. I like very much their singular modesty and chastity, which allows not bastards to be free men of the most ordinary trades; but I like not their endless drinking in feasts, which is able to make them freemen of all vices.

In

What in Holland, *and what not.*

In *Holland* alſo I would have him learn to keep his houſe and hearth neat; but I would not have him adore his houſe, and ſtand in ſuch awe of his hearth, as not to dare to make a fire in it, as they do. I would have him learn of them a ſpare diet; but I would not have him drink ſo much, as would keep him both in good diet and cloths, as they do. I would have him learn of them their great Induſtry and Oeconomy; but not their rude exacting upon Noblemen Strangers in their Inns, for their Qualities ſake only, as they do. I would have him learn of them a ſingular love to his Country; but he muſt take heed of their clowniſh hatred of Nobility. Thus in all Countries I would have my young Traveller do, as men do at a great Feaſt, where there is no fear of ſtarving; that is, not eat greedily of all that's before him, but fall to the beſt Meats, and leave the worſt for the Waiters.

Se

6. That he may follow the foreſaid Rule the better, and pick out of every Country what's the beſt in it, let his Governour lead him betimes into the beſt Company, for there the beſt Leſſons are to be learned. Now by the word *beſt*, I do not mean the greateſt Men in Birth, but in parts. For the world is not ſo happy, as that the greateſt Men are always the

the beſt: but by the word *beſt*, I mean thoſe that are the wiſeſt, the beſt bred, the beſt principled, the beſt behaved, and the moſt cryed up by civil Perſons: for of ſuch Men much is to be learned: Their life is a perpetual Lecture; their words ſo many Oracles; their diſcourſes ſo many wiſe Maxims: and though young Men be not able to bring their diſh with them and club wit equally with theſe Men, yet it's a great matter to ſit ſtill in their Company, and be a reſpectful *Catechumen* to them. For if it be true which *Quintilian* ſaith of thoſe that love *Cicero*, *Ciceronem amaſſe, profeciſſe eſt*, it's alſo moſt certain, that a Man that loves good Company, muſt be good himſelf in time.

7. And that he may be able to appear in good Company without bluſhing, his Governour muſt get him, as ſoon as he can, to ſpeak the Language of the place in handſome terms, and with a good accent. Next he muſt have a care that he be well adjuſted and ſet out in apparel: For if anciently Jewels were called the Uſhers of Ladies, becauſe all Doors flew open to them that preſented themſelves ſo richly adorned; ſo now a-days good Clothes may be called Mens Uſhers, ſeeing they make way for them into all Companies. He muſt have a care that he know his Congies perfectly, and have a free Garb or Car-

Carriage, a Cavalier way of entering into a Room; a gratefull managing of his mouth and ſmiles; a chironomy or decent acting with his hands, which may humor his words gravely and freely, yet not affectedly or mimically: In fine, a liberty or freedom in all his actions, which the *French* call *liberte du corps*; and it muſt appear to be *a la negligence*, and yet muſt be perfectly ſtudied aforehand. And though theſe things be but the *Elements* and *Alphabet* of breeding, yet without them he can never ſpell Gentleman rightly, though his inſide be never ſo good. Indeed it's long ago that great Men dwelt no more in thatched Houſes.

8. But it is not enough to get him into Language and Garbs, if he get him not into Coach and Liveries, without which he can never appear at Court, or in good Company, eſpecially in *Rome* and *Paris*, the two chief Towns of long abode abroad. For let a man be of a Race as ancient as the *Autocthenes* of *Athens*; who ſaid they were as ancient as the Earth; and let him quarter his coat of Arms with the three *Lyons* of *England*, and the three *Flower-de-lys* of *France*, as I know a Gentleman of *Little Britany* doth, (by the grant anciently of both thoſe Kings) yet I dare boldly ſay this, that in *Paris* no colours blazon a Mans nobility behind his Coach ſo much

Sep.

Plutarch.

as

as three Lacqueys and a Page, in a handsome Livery. In other Towns of *France*, where young Gentlemen uſed to live at firſt, till they get the Language, a couple of ſaddle horſes would be very uſeful, both to take the air on, as alſo to viſit the Gentry in the Country at their Summer Houſes, where a Man will find great Civilities and Divertiſements. Beſides, riding out ſo in the freſh evenings of Summer, will not only wean my young Gentleman from little Company, and the crowd of his Countrymen, who will be then preſſing upon him; but will alſo afford his Governour many fine ſolitary occaſions of plying him alone with good Counſels and Inſtructions.

9. And ſeeing I have touched ſomething before of his Servants and Lacqueys, I will add this, That ſeeing it is none of the leaſt bleſſings of a young Gentleman to have good Servants about him, it belongs to his Governour, not only to chooſe him good ones, but alſo to have power to turn away bad ones. Many Men carry over with them *Engliſh* Servants, becauſe they were their School-fellows, or their Tenants Sons; and theſe are of little uſe for a long time, and even then when a Man hath moſt need of Servants. Beſides, they are often too familiar with their Maſters, their old Play-fellows; and as often

trouble-

troubleſome to their *Governors* by taking their young Maſters part againſt them; and by ravelling out at night, as they get their Maſters to bed, all that the prudent Governor hath been working in the day time. Others carry over Frenchmen with them: but theſe often, by reaſon of their prerogative of Language, which their Maſters want at firſt, get ſuch an aſcendent over them, that they come often-times to be bold and ſawcy with them. For my part, I would have his Governor to take him new Servants in every place he comes to ſtay; and thoſe ſightly, rather than too ſprightly Youths: Dull people are made to tug at the Oar of Obedience, ſaith *Ariſtotle*, whilſt witty People are fitter to ſit at the Helm of Command.

But then, a Governor ought to take good ſecurity that ſuch Servants become faithfull, and impoſe not on his Maſter, or betray him in any thing to his Countrymen, amongſt whom he is a ſtranger: For, Travellers above all others find it true, that *Fronti nulla Fide.*

10. But I am to blame to give advice to Governors, whom I ſuppoſe to be wiſer Men than my ſelf; and therefore will end here, by wiſhing them a good journey and ſafe return: To the effecting of both which I found no better Secret, than that in my laſt journey, which was to be mounted upon our own Horſes (five of us together) and to ſpare for no coſt: For by this means we went at our own rates, and eat to our own minds: ſo true is the Italian Proverb, *Picole giornate e grandi ſpeſe, ti conducono ſano al tuo paeſe.*

In fine, I would have my young Traveller make the ſame prayer to God, as *Apollonius Thyanæus* made to the Sun at his going out to Travel, that is, That he would be ſo favourable to him, as to ſhew him all the braveſt and beſt Men in the World.

A VOYAGE TO ITALY.

PART I.

BEfore I come to a particular deſcription of *Italy*, as I found it in my Five ſeveral Voyages through it, I think it not amiſs to ſpeak ſomething in general of the Country it ſelf, its Inhabitants, their Humours, Manners, Cuſtoms, Riches, and Religion.

For the Country it ſelf, it ſeemed to me to be *Nature's Darling*, and the *Eldeſt Siſter* of all other Countries; carrying away from them all the greateſt bleſſings and favours, and receiving *The Fertility of Italy.*

ſuch gracious looks from the *Sun* and *Heaven*, that if there be any fault in *Italy*, it is, that her Mother *Nature* hath indulged her even to wantonneſs: Witneſs luxuriant *Lombardy* and *Campania* antonomaſtically *Fœlix*, which *Florus*, *Trogus*, and *Livy*, think to be the beſt parts of the World, where *Ceres* and *Bacchus* are at a perpetual ſtrife, whether of them ſhall court Man the moſt; ſhe by filling his Barns with Corn, he by making his Cellars ſwim with Wine: Whilſt the other parts of *Italy* are ſweating out whole *Foreſts of Olive-Trees*, whole *Woods of Lemons* and *Oranges*, whole *Fields* of *Rice*, *Turky Wheat*, and *Muskmillions*; and where thoſe bare Hills, which ſeem to have been ſhaven by the Sun, and to have curſed *Nature* for their Barrenneſs, are oftentimes impregnated with *Marbles*, that become the Ornaments of Churches and Palaces, and the Revenues of *Princes*: witneſs the *Prince* of *Maſſa*, whoſe great Riches are his Marble Quarries: *Nature* here thinking it a far more noble thing to feed Princes, than to feed Sheep. It abounds alſo in Silk-worms, out of which they draw great Profit: And for the ſupport of theſe little Republicks, one may ſee with what care they nurſe innumerable Groves of Mulberry-Trees, on whoſe leaves they feed. The curious Work that is made by thoſe Worms, is none of the leaſt of the Wonders of Nature; which tho an Excrement of theirs, yet ſerving oftentimes to our Pride, as well as to our neceſſary uſe; and in both for our Apparel: It may be ſaid of us, that our Clothing is ſtill like that of our firſt Parents; or at leaſt but one remove

remove from Leaves. It's rich alſo in *Paſturage* and *Cattle*, eſpecially in *Lombardy*, where I have ſeen Cheeſes of an exceſſive greatneſs, and of a Parmeſan goodneſs. The ſurface alſo of the Earth is covered with many curious *Simples* and wholeſome *Herbs*: Hence ſo many rare Eſſences, Cordials, Perfumes, Sweet Water, and other Odoriferous Diſtillations, ſo common here, that Ordinary Barbers and Laundreſſes will ſprinkle them in your Face, and perfume your Linnen with them over and above your bargain. Hence none of the meaneſt to be ſeen in *Italy*, are the *Fondaries* or Stilling-Houſes of the *Great Duke* of *Florence*, the *Speciary* or Apothecaries Shops of the *Dominicans* of *St. Marco*, and of the *Auguſtins* of *St. Spirito* in *Florence*; of the *Roman College*, and of the *Mmimes* of *Trinita de Monte* in *Rome*: where even death it ſelf would find a cure in *Nature*, had not her great Creator otherwiſe determined, when by the Sin of mankind, he was provoked to pronounce a Curſe on Nature's ſelf. In fine, it excels in all kind of Proviſions either for dyet or ſport; and I have ſeen in *Rome* whole cartloads of Wild Boars and Veniſon brought in at once to be ſold in the Market; and above threeſcore Hares in *Florence* brought in, in one day, by the two Companies of Hunters, the *Piacevoli* and *Piatelli*, on a general Hunting day.

Yet after all this, ſome cry out againſt *Italy*, for being too hot; and paint us out its Air as an unwholeſom Peſtilential Air; its Sun, as an angry Comet, whoſe beams are all pointed with Plagues and Fevers, and the Country it *An Objection againſt Italy.*

ſelf, as a place where ſtarving is the only way to live in health, where Men eat by Method and Art; where you muſt carry your body ſteadily, or elſe ſpill your life; and where there are ſo many Provincial Sickneſſes and Diſeaſes; as the *Catarrhs* of *Genoa*, the *Gout* of *Milan*, the *Hæmerrhoids* of *Venice*, the *Falling Sickneſs* of *Florence*, the *Fevers* of *Rome*, and the *Goiſtre* of *Piedmont*.

Anſwer. For my part, when I am told, that there were in *Pliny*'s time, fourteen millions of Men in *Italy*: when I read that there are now above three thouſand Cities in *Italy*, and moſt of them Cities of *Garbo*: when I meet with National Diſeaſes in every other Country, as the *Kings-Evil* in *Spain*, the *Pox* in *France*, the *Conſumption* in *Portugal*, the *Colick* in *England*, the *Dyſentery* in *Gaſcony*, the *Head-ach* in *Toulouſe*, *&c.* when I reflect how this *Sun* hath bleſſed *Lombardy*, and made *Campania* Happy: when I call to mind, that it hath filled the Cellars of *Italy* with above Thirty ſeveral ſorts of Wines: when I remember what Health it hath poured into ſeveral Herbs here, what admirable Fruits it furniſheth the Markets withal, what Ornaments it affords to God's Houſes, cruſting almoſt all the chief Churches of *Italy* with fair marbles: when I conſider, in fine, how this *Sun* hath helpt to make ſo many brave Soldiers and Scholars, I dare not ſpeak ill of the *Sun* or *Air* of *Italy*, leſt *Balzac* check me, as *Gracchus* did him who ſpoke ill of his Mother, with a *Tu Matri meæ maledicis, quæ Tiberium Gracchum genuit?* *Dareſt thou ſpeak ill of that Sun which helpt to make Cæſar?*

Balthazar Bonifacius in hiſt. Ludicra l. 13. c. 13.

Sol & homo generant hominem.

Plutarchus in Gracchis vit. c. in 1. vol. Liter.

If

If this great bleſſing of *God*, *this warm Sun*, which hath ſo throughly baked the *Italian Wits*, that while (according to the obſervation of *Charles* the *V.*) the *French* appear not wiſe, but are wiſe; the *Spaniards* appear wiſe, but are not wiſe; the *Dutch* neither appear wiſe, nor are wiſe. Hence the *Italians* anciently afforded us thoſe prodigies of Wit and Learning, and ſet us thoſe fair Copies in Liberal Arts and Sciences, which all men would follow, but none attain to ſo much as the *Italians* themſelves. *The Inhabitants and their Wits.*

In fine, it cannot be ſaid that any Country in the world did ever produce ſo many learned Men and Heroes as this: For 'twas here that the renowned Philoſophers *Pliny*, *Cato* and *Seneca* flouriſhed, as well as the famous Orators *Cicero*, *Hortenſius*, *Portius*, *Latro*, *Ginnius*, *Gallio*, *Milius*, *Fuſcus*, and *Antonius*; the great Hiſtorians *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Valerius Maximus*, *Saluſt*; the delicate Poets, *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, *Ovid*, *Catullus*, *Tibullus* and *Propertius*: The fam'd Satyriſts, *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Perſius*: The noble Comedians *Plautus* and *Terence*; with infinite others. In the laſt Ages, ſhe bleſt mankind with thoſe great Divines *Tho. Aquinas*, *Bellarmin* and *Baronius*; and taught us to know the harmony of her Language. by the ſweetneſs of the Oratory of the learned *Pamgarolus*, *Manzini*, *Varchi* and *Loredano*: The Hiſtorians, that made themſelves to be taken notice of as excellent Perſons and learned Men, were *Guicciardine*, *Bentivoglio*, *Davila* and *Strada*. *Picus Mirandula*, *Volateranus* and *Rudolphus* gave Rules of Humanity to her improving and ambitious

bitious Youth: *Ficinus* and *Cardan* became her Philoſophers; *Taſſo*, *Sanazarius* *Marino*, *Petrarch* and *Guarini* were her Poets: And for Architects and Statuaries ſhe boaſts *Brunalleſchi*, *Palladio*, *Fontana*: *Oliverio* and *Bernini* have been excellent in Sculpture: and, to name no more, *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*, *Titian* and *Sarto* were her excellent Painters. If it be ſaid, that there is at preſent a decay of Learning amongſt the *Italians*, it cannot be wholly denyed; but then one may as freely enquire, whether it be not only when they ſtand at the feet of their Noble Anceſtors; not as they are compared with any other parts of the learned World. However it be as to other things; for other Languages beſides their own, the people of *Italy* are generally great ſtrangers to 'em; the Latin it ſelf not excepted. I might proceed and write a Volume of her noble valiant Heroes, who for long Series of Years upheld the Grandeur of Old *Rome*; but I muſt remember that I am a Traveller, no Hiſtorian. It will therefore be ſufficient for me to ſay, that ſhe had never been ſaluted with the Title of Miſtreſs of the World, had ſhe not nurſed up in her Boſom ſuch great Men.

Antient & modern Captains.

And if the antient *Italians* had their brave *Captains*, their *Scipio*, *Duilius*, *Marius* and *Caſar*, the Modern *Italians* have their *Scipio* too, to wit, their *Alexander Farneſe*, whoſe true actions makes Hero's in *Romances* bluſh, having done that really which Fables can ſcarce feign in Gallantry, their *Duilius* too, their *Andrea Doria* the *Neptune* of the *Ligurian Seas*, who alone taught his Country not to ſerve; their *Marius* alſo, to wit, their

their brave *Caſtruccio*, who from a Common Souldier mounted up by deſerts to the higheſt Military Commands in the Emperor's Army. In fine, their *Cæſar* too, to wit, the *Marquiſs Spinola*, or rather the *Achilles* of *Italy*, who took that other *Troy*, *Oſtend*, after three years ſiege: this Siege was far more famous than that of *Troy*, becauſe far truer. For in the Siege of *Troy* it was *Poetry* only that made the War, that framed and filled the *Wooden Horſe* with Worthies, that dragged *Hector* round about the Walls; it was Pen and Ink that killed ſo many Men *ſomno vinoque ſepultos*; and *Troy* was eaſily burnt, becauſe it was built of *Poets Paper*. But at *Oſtend* all was real, and all *Europe* almoſt, who had their forces or eyes there, were witneſſes of it; and all this done by *Spinola* an *Italian*.

See Verſtegan in his Reſtitution of decayed Intelligence

Italy was governed by divers Kings, and became ſubject to ſeveral Republicks; untill at length her cheif City *Rome* became the ſeat of an univerſal Empire.

She hath been called *Saturnia* from *Saturn*; *Latium*, *Oenotria*, and *Heſperia*, from three other Princes, who planted ſeveral Colonies there: tho it may ſeem that the *Græcians* had given her this name becauſe of her weſterly ſituation: ſome affirm, that K. *Italus*, others that ἰταλοὶ (*Oxen* bred here) gave it the name of *Italy*; But theſe names were us'd for *Italy*, when it was at firſt Subject to thoſe Kings, the utmoſt extent of whoſe Dominion was not more than half of what *Italy* now is. The ſucceeding Conſuls ſubdued the Neighbouring Nations by degrees: And the *Roman* Empire was not eſtabliſhed till the happy Reign of *Auguſtus*: Its grandeur began

gan to decline in the Fifth Century, when the *Goths*, *Lombards*, *French*, *Normans*, *Saracens*, *Germans*, and many other Nations did in their turns revenge the Injuries that had been done them, and every one in their time ſettled and ſeated themſelves in *Italy*. But the Emperor *Juſtinian* expel'd numbers of theſe Barbarians by the good Conduct and Valour of his brave Captains *Belliſarius* and *Narſus*, and erected an Exarchate in the City of *Revena*. But the *Lombards* again recovered it, and being now its Lords, founded the Kingdom of *Lombardy* A. D. 508, in *Gallia Ciſalpina*. This Kingdom ſtood for about 204 years; but was utterly ruin'd by *Charlemain* 774. who thereupon gave to the See of *Rome* a conſiderable part of its Teritories. The *Moors* did, in the ninth, tenth and eleventh Centuries, make Incurſions into *Italy*; and took poſſeſſion of the *Iſland* of *Cicily*, but the *Normans* made head againſt 'em, and drove them out A. D. 1058. Afterwards the *French* and *Spaniard* have by turns obtained the Government: But at preſent all the Princes that poſſeſs land in *Italy* act at their own pleaſure, and conformably to their own Intereſts, depending either on the Pope or the Emperor of *Germany*.

Set

The Italian *Humor.*

As for the *Italian Humour*, it is a middling humour, between too much *gravity* of the *Spaniard*, and too great *levity* of the *French*. Their gravity is not without ſome fire, nor their levity without ſome flegm. They are apiſh enough in Carneval time, and upon their Stages as long as the Vizard is on; but that once off, they are too wiſe to play the Fools in their own Names, and own it with their own Faces. They have

ſtrong

ſtrong Fancies, and yet ſolid Judgments. A happy temper, which makes them great *Preachers*, *Politicians and Ingeniers*; but withal they are a little too *melancholy* and *jealous*: They are great Lovers of their Brethren and near Kindred as the Firſt Friends they are acquainted withal by Nature; and if any of them lie in paſs and fair advancement, all the reſt of his Relations will lend him their Purſes, as well as their Shoulders, to help him up, though he be but their younger Brother. They are ſparing in Diet, whereby they both live in health and live handſomly, making their Bellies contribute to the maintenance of their Backs, and their Kitchin help to the keeping of their Stable. Sobriety is one of their principal moral Virtues, for they neither eat nor drink to exceſs. It is the greateſt affront for a man to be called *Imbriaco* or Drunkard; And notwithſtanding all the excellent wines they have in *Italy*, one ſhall never ſee any Perſon drunk there. They are ambitious ſtill of Honors, remembring they are the Succeſſors of the Maſters of the World, the Old *Romans*; and to put the World ſtill in mind of it, they take to themſelves the glorious Names of *Camillo*, *Scipione*, *Julio*, *Mario*, *Pompeo*, *&c.* They are as ſenſible alſo of their Honour, as deſirous of Honours; and this makes them obſerve their Wives, even to jealouſie, knowing that for one *Cornelius Tacitus*, there have been ten *Publii Cornelii*; and that *Lucius Cornificus* is the moſt affronting Man. They are hard to be pleaſed, when they have been once incenſed, but they care not to take revenge in the open field.

In

In fine, they affect very much compounded names as *Piccolomini*, *Capilupo*, *Bentivoglio*, *Maleſpina*, *Boncompagno*, *Malvezzi Riccobono*, *Malateſta*, *Homodei*, and ſuch like married Names.

Their manners. See Monſignor Caza, Stephano Guazzo, Baltazar Caſtiglione

As for their *Manners*, they are moſt commendable. They have taught them in their Books, they practiſe them in their actions, and they have ſpread them abroad over all *Europe*, which owes its Civility unto the *Italians* as well as its Religion. They never affront ſtrangers in what Habit ſoever they appear; and if the ſtrangeneſs of the Habit draw the *Italians* eye to it, yet he will never draw in his mouth to laugh at it. As for their Apparel or Dreſs, it's commonly Black and Modeſt. They follow the *French* in faſhion, but not too haſtily, except in thoſe places that are of the *Spaniſh* Faction, or under that Government, for then one ſhall ſee them dreſt as well as walk all *Spaniſh*.

They value no Bravery but that of *Coach* and *Horſes* and *Staffiers*; and they ſacrifice a world of little Satisfactions to that main one of being able to keep a Coach. Their *Points de Venice*, *Ribbons* and *Gold Lace*, are all turned into *Horſes* and *Liveries*; and that Money which we ſpend in Treats and Taverns, they ſpend in Coach and Furniture. They are indeed frugal almoſt to exceſs; for it is uſual for *Princes* and *Cardinals*, that have received a Preſent of Sweetmeats, Fowls, *&c.* to make ſale of 'em to the Confectioner or Poulterer, *&c.* which would here be thought no

no leſs than the effects of a covetous and miſerable temper.

They will abuſe no one by a Satyrical Drolling or Jeſting, or making ſuch ſevere Reflections that one is not able to bear. It is no eaſie matter for a Stranger to find acceſs to their company, but, once gain'd, it will be found very ſweet, civil, and obliging, ſo as they may neither offend the Company in which they are, nor any Perſon, Relation or Friend; ſo reſpectful are they one to another, that the greateſt familiarity does not make them recede from all ſtricteſt Rules of courteous Carriage. They are moſt extreamly civil to Strangers, avoiding whatſoever might diſguſt them; they will not take any occaſion of reſentment from a Stranger, from hence it is that they avoid induſtriouſly to ask any one of his Religion; nor will, when know, enter into any Diſputes about that Subject that may occaſion a Quarrel.

They do not only ſuffer every one to ſpeak in his turn, but alſo attend till he has done, counting it a piece of ill breeding for any one to interrupt another in his Diſcourſe: they whiſper not in Company, nor talk in another Language, that all the Company does not underſtand; and Backbiting is with them look'd on as an unpardonable Affront.

They are preciſe in point of *Ceremony* and *Reception*, and are not puzzled at all when they hear a great man is coming to viſit them. There's not a man of them, but he knows how to *Their Ceremonies.*

to entertain men of all conditions; that is, how far to meet, how to place them, how to ſtile and treat them, how to recondu& them, and how far. They are good for *Nunciatures*, *Embaſſies*, and *State Employments*, being men of good behaviour, looks, temper, and diſcretion, and never outrunning their buſineſs. They are great Lovers of *Muſick*, *Medals*, *Statues*, and *Pictures*, as things which either divert their Melancholy, or humor it: and I have read of one *Jacomo Raynero*, a Shoemaker of *Bologna*, who gather'd together ſo many curious Medals of Gold, Silver and Braſs, as would have become the Cabinet of any Prince. In fine, they are extreamly civil to one-another, not only out of an awe they ſtand in one towards another, not knowing whoſe turn it may be next to come to the higheſt Honours, but alſo out of a Natural Gravity and Civil Education, which makes even *School-boys* (an inſolent Nation any where elſe) moſt reſpectful to one another in words and deeds, treating one another with *Voſtra Signoria*, and abſtaining from all *gioco di mano*. Nay, Maſters themſelves here never beat their Servants, but remit them to Juſtice, if the fault require it; and I cannot remember to have heard in *Rome* two Women ſcold publickly, or Man and Wife quarrel in words, except once, and then they did it ſo privately and ſecretly, and ſcolded in ſuch a low tone, that I perceiv'd the *Italians* had *Reaſon* about them, even in the midſt of their *Choler*.

As

As for their *particular Customs*, they are many. They marry by their Ears oftner than by their Eyes, and scarce speak with one another till they meet before the Parish Priest, to speak the indissolvable words of *Wedlock*. They make Children to go bareheaded till they be four or five years old, hardning them thus against *Rheums* and *Catarrhs* when they shall be old. Hence few People in *Italy* go so warm on their Heads as they do in *France*, Men in their Houses wearing nothing upon their Heads but a little *Calotte*, nd Women for the most part going all bareheaded in the midst of Winter it self. *Women* here also wash their Heads weekly in a wash made for the nonce, and dry them again in the Sun, to make their Hair yellow, a colour much in vogue here among Ladies. And one may add to this, that they paint, than which nothing is more common; and for all sorts of Ornaments and Decorations, they use as much as their Husbands and Friends will permit: There goes a Saying of 'em, That *they are Magpies at the Door, Saints in the Church, Goats in the Garden, Angels in the Streets, Syrens in the Windows, and Devils in the House.* The Men throw off their Hats, Cuffs, and Bands, as well as their Cloaks, at their return home from Visits or Business, and put on a grey Coat, without which they cannot dine or sup; and I have been invited to dinner by an *Italian*, who before dinner made his Men take off our Hats and Cloaks, and present every one of us (and we were five in all) with a colour'd Coat, and a little Cap, to dine in. At dinner they serve in the best Meats first, and eat backwards; that is, they begin

Their particular Customs.

begin with the ſecond courſe, and end with boyl'd Meat and Pottage. They never preſent you with Salt, or Brains of any Fowl, leſt they may ſeem to reproach unto you want of Wit. They bring you Drink upon a *Sottocoppa* of Silver, with three or four Glaſſes upon it, two or three of which are ſtrait-neck'd Glaſſes, (called there *Caraffa's*) full of ſeveral ſorts of Wines or Water, and one empty drinking Glaſs into which you may pour what quantity of Wine and Water you pleaſe to drink, and not ſtand to the diſcretion of the waiters, as they do in other Countries. At great Feaſts no man cuts for himſelf, but ſeveral *Carvers* cut up all the Meat at a Side-table, and give to the Waiters, to be carried to the Gueſts; and every one hath the very ſame part of Meat carried unto him, to wit, a *Wing* and a *Leg* of wild Fowl, *&c.* leſt any one take exceptions that others were better uſed than he. The Carvers never touch the Meat with their Hands, but only with their Knife and Fork, and great ſilver Spoon for the Sauce. Every man here eats with his Fork and Knife, and never toucheth any thing with his Fingers but his Bread; this keeps the Linen neat, and the Fingers ſweet. If you drink to an *Italian*, he thanks you with bending, when you ſalute him, and lets you drink quietly, without watching (as we do in *England*) to thank you again when you have drank, and the firſt time he drinks after that, will be to you, in requital of your former Courteſie. They have a ſtrange way of returning Affronts when they happen; they break, if they can, a Bottle of Ink on the perſon, eſpecially if ſhe is

a Wo-

a Woman, or elſe over the Door of the Houſe, ſo that it remain ſpotted; and this is taken for the greateſt mark of Infamy that can remain upon one. It is very troubleſome to travel with Fire-arms here, becauſe we are forc'd in moſt Cities to leave 'em at the Gate with the Guard, till ſuch time as we leave the place: This is done to prevent private Aſſaults and Murders, which would happen here very often, by reaſon of their Jealouſie, did they not take this courſe. When we part from one City, we muſt either take a Bill of Health, or we ſhall not be admitted into another.

They count not the hours of the day, as we do, from *twelve* to *twelve*, but they begin their count from *Sun-ſet*, and the firſt hour after *Sun-ſet* is *one a-clock*; and ſo they count on till *four and twenty*, that is, till the next *Sun-ſet* again. I have often dined at ſixteen a-clock, and gone abroad in the Evening, to take the Air, at two and twenty. They call Men much by their Chriſtian Names, *Signor Pietro*, *Signor Franceſco*, *Signor Jacomo*, &c. and you may live whole Years with an *Italian*, and be very well acquainted with him, without knowing him, that is, without knowing his diſtinctive Surname. *Nomen, quaſi nôtamen*, St. Aug. People of quality never viſit one another, but they ſend firſt to know when they may do it, without troubling him they intend to viſit; by this means they never ruſh into one anothers Chambers without knocking, as they do in *France*; nor croſs the Deſigns or Buſineſs of him they viſit, as they do in *England*, with tedious dry Viſits; nor find one another either undreſſed in Clothes, unprovided in Com-

plements

plements and Diſcourſe, or without their Attendants and Train. In the Streets Men and Women of Condition ſeldom or never go together in the ſame Coach, except they be ſtrangers, that is, of another Town or Country; nay, Husbands and Wives are ſeldom ſeen together in the ſame Coach, becauſe all men do not know them to be ſo. In the Streets, when two Perſons of great quality meet, as two *Ambaſſadours*, or two *Cardinals*, they both ſtop their Coaches, and complement one another civily, and then retire; but ſtill he that is inferiour muſt let the other's Coach move firſt. If any man, being a foot in the Street, meet a great man, either in Coach, or a foot, he muſt not ſalute him in going on his way, as we do in *England* and *France*, without ſtopping, but he muſt ſtand ſtill whilſt the other paſſeth, and bend reſpectfully to him as he goes by, and then continue his march. In fine, of all the Nations I have ſeen, I know none that lives, clothes, eats, drinks and ſpeaks ſo much with Reaſon as the *Italians* do.

Their Riches. As for their *Riches*, they muſt needs be great. That which is viſible in their magnificent Palaces, Churches, Monaſteries, Gardens, Fountains, and rich-furniſh d Rooms, ſpeaks that to be great which is in the Coffers: and that which the King of *Spain* draws viſibly from *Naples* every year, ſhews what the other parts of *Italy* could do for a need, if they were put to it by neceſſity. Nay, I am of opinion, that the very *Sacriſty* of *Loretto*, the *Gallery* of the Duke of *Florence*, and the *Treaſury* of *Venice*, would, upon an emergent occaſion of a *Gothick*

or

or *Turkish* Invaſion, be able to maintain an Army for five years ſpace; and the Plate in Churches and Monaſteries would be able to do as much more, if the owners of it were ſoundly frighted with a new *Gothick* Eruption. As for the *Riches* of particular *Princes* in *Italy*, I will ſpeak of them as I view their States here below.

The Nobles and Gentlemen of *Italy* delight to inhabit their Cities, from whence it is that they are ſo great, and fine, and well built, ſo opulent and rich, great Perſons chuſing more to ſpend their Eſtates in building Palaces, and adorning them with Paintings and Statues, ſpacious Orchards, Gardens, and Walks, and in keeping Coaches, and fine Horſes, and great Retinues of Servants, *&c.* than in keeping great Houſes and plentiful Tables. They are ſuch Admirers of Pictures and Statues, that they will give any rate for choice Pieces of either. They love very much a Theatrical Pomp, and are ſeen very often at publick Shows, *&c.* and the inferiour Gentry affect to appear in publick with all poſſible ſplendor, chuſing to deny themſelves many ſatisfactions at home, that they may better keep a Coach, and therein make the *Tour a-la-mode* about the Streets of their Cities, as it is the manner of the Gentry to do, eſpecially in *Venice*. When there are many Brothers of one Houſe, 'tis not uſual for more than one to marry, nor any beſides the eldeſt, if he ſhall pleaſe; but if he has no Inclination, then any other, as it can be agreed on among them; and all the reſt do what they can to make him great that is married, there-

by to keep up the Port of the Family: But the Brothers that marry not, many of them keep and careſs themſelves in the wanton Embraces of lewd Courteſans.

There are Hoſpitals in many of their Cities, where Pilgrims and poor Travellers are entertained, and have Diet and Lodging given them for three days, beſides, a piece of Money at their departure; but we were told by ſome, that this Charity is very much abuſed of late, tho', having no occaſion to make tryal, I could not find out any means of gaining certain information. There are alſo ſome Hoſpitals to receive Children that are expos'd, where care is taken of 'em: this is ſaid to be done on purpoſe to prevent Peoples murdering their Children to conceal their Shame.

A Fleſh-dinner in *Italy* ſhall be dreſs'd till one may ſhake it to pieces upon a Fork: it is naturally more lean and dry than ours, but by their over-roaſting, *&c.* they leave in it no Juice at all; and their Fires are made under the Spit, that the Fat may drop on them, and give the Meat a tincture. They ſcrape Cheeſe upon all their Diſhes, even of Fleſh, counting that it gives the Meat a good reliſh. Froggs ſerv'd up is a great Diſh with them; they are uſually fry'd, and ſent up with Oyl; but at *Venice* they eat only the Loins and hind Legs; as alſo at *Florence*, and that on Fiſh-days. *Snails* boil'd and ſerv'd up, with Oyl and Pepper put into their Shells, is very common, and in good eſteem with them. They eat all manner of ſmall Birds, as *Wrens*, *Titmouſe*, &c. and many other great ones, which the *Engliſh* never

ver feed on, as *Magpies*, *Jays*, *Woodpeckers*, *Jackdaws*, &c. and even in *Rome* 'tis common to ſee *Kites* and *Hawks* lying on Poulterers Stalls. They have many excellent Fruits, which come to a greater perfection than ours. They eſteem very much of *Cheſnuts* roaſted, and the Kernels ſerv'd up with Juice of Lemons and Sugar: Roaſted *Cheſnuts* are a great part of the Diet of the poor Peſants in *Italy*. In their ſecond Courſes they frequently ſerve up *Pine-kernels*. They often uſe *Water-melons*; and, at the time of the Year, *green Almonds*. They prize extreamly a kind of Sweetmeat or Confection made of Muſtard and Sugar, which they call *Italian Muſtard*; they uſe it to cool and refreſh themſelves. And for their Wines they uſe Snow, or Ice, which they keep all Summer; they that are much us'd to this way will not in this Country, even in Winter, drink without Snow.

I could not obſerve any Vice which the *Italians* had been guilty of ſo much as theſe; they are moſt extravagant in their Revenge, never forgiving any Injury; moſt ſecret and treacherous in the Deſign, making no diſcovery of the leaſt Diſpleaſure, till they find an Opportunity to aſſault; and if then prevented by ſome unexpected Accident, at the ſame time implacable in their Hatred, reſolving to execute their deſign even in the very moment when they ſay they will forgive, and at that inſtant when they promiſe Pardon; whence it is that they ſo prophanely ſay, That *Vengeance is ſo ſweet a thing, that the Almighty reſerves it to himſelf, becauſe he will have no Mortal partake*

with him in ſo great a Good. I took notice of their Luſt alſo, which I obſerv'd to rage amongſt them both naturally and unnaturally. Their extraordinary Jealouſie I believe to be an unhappy Effect of the former, by reaſon of which I took notice that their Women for the moſt part live miſerably. Add to theſe, that they are great Swearers, Prieſts and Monks themſelves being ſcarce able to abſtain from it.

The Language which they ſpeak is a corrupt Latin, the *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Lombards*, and many other Nations, having mix'd with 'em, and taught 'em their ſeveral harſh and unpleaſant Jargons; the moſt polite manner of expreſſion is uſed chiefly at *Tuſcany*; but this Dialect ought to be pronounced by a *Roman*, who ſets it off with the moſt delicate accent, which gave occaſion to that Proverb among this People, *Lingua Toſcana in Bocca Romana.* Indeed the *Italian* is a very elegant Language, and deſerves well to be ſtudied by an ingenious Linguiſt; it is reckon'd the moſt harmonious and ſonorious of all modern Languages, and the fitteſt for Songs; it is not ſpoken in all *Italy*, for, in *Savoy* and *Piedmont* the French Tongue is moſt uſed. In fine,

The Religion of this Country is that which we call *Roman Catholick*, or the Religion of the Papiſts, which they derive from *Papa*, and it ſignifies *Father*, the Title of the univerſal Pontif, tho' they do generally aſſume to themſelves the name of *Catholicks*, how notorious ſoever it be, that there are Churches in the World, and thoſe not a few, that have like Pretenſions to be of the Church Catholick, who yet are not of

of her Communion. Their Religion is profeſſed all over *Italy*, and the Inquiſition is in moſt places ſo ſtrict, that it is very dangerous to be of any other, for only ſome few *Jews* are tolerated, on the account of Trade: however, in the Valleys of *Piedmont* there are many *Proteſtants* that are called *Vaudois*, in number about Fifteen thouſand, which have maintain'd the Purity of their Religion more than Twelve hundred years, tho' they have ſuffer'd very great Perſecutions moſt part of the time by the Dukes of *Savoy*; they have lately obtain'd Liberty for the exerciſe of their Religion from the preſent Duke.

Having ſaid thus much of *Italy* in general, I will now come to a particular Deſcription of it, according to the ocular Obſervations I made of it in five ſeveral Voyages through it; in which deſcription, if I be a little prolix, it is becauſe I rid not poſt through *Italy* when I ſaw it; nor will I write poſt through it in deſcribing it; being aſſur'd that Epitomes in Geography are as diſſatisfactory as Laconick Letters would be in State Relations; and that the great *Atlas*, in nine great volumes *in folio*, is not only *Atlas major*, but alſo *Atlas melior*.

The ſeveral Ways by which a Man may go into Italy.

THE ordinary ways which an Engliſh-man may take in going into *Italy* are five, to wit, either through *Flanders* and *Germany*, and ſo to fall in at *Trent* or *Treviſo*, and ſo to *Venice*. Or elſe by *France*, and ſo to *Marſeilles*, and thence to *Genoa* by Sea. Or elſe by Land from *Lyons*, through *Swiſſerland*, the *Griſons* Country, and the *Valtoline*, and ſo pop up at *Breſcia*. Or elſe from *Lyons* again through the *Valeſians* Country over *Mount Sampion*, the *Lake major*, and ſo to *Milan*. Or elſe, in fine, from *Lyons* ſtill over *Mount Cenis*, and ſo to *Turin*, the neareſt Poſt-way. I have gone or come all theſe ways, in my five Voyages into *Italy*, and tho' I prefer the laſt for ſpeed and conveniency, yet I will deſcribe the others too, that my young Traveller may know how to ſteer his courſe, either in time of Plague or War.

My Firſt Voyage into Italy.

MY firſt Voyage was through *Flanders* and *Germany*, and ſo to *Trent*. The way is, from *England* to *Dunkirk*; from thence to *Furnes*, *Newport*, *Oſtend*, *Bruges*, *Ghent*, *Bruſſels*, *Lovain*, *Liege*, *Cologn*, *Mayence*, *Francford*, and ſo croſſing to *Munichen*, the Court of the Duke of *Bavaria*, and from thence to *Ausburg*, and *Inſpruck*, you come ſoon to *Trent*, which ſtands up-

upon the Confines of *Germany*, and lets you into *Italy*, by *Treviſo*, belonging to the *Venetians*. To deſcribe all theſe 'foreſaid places, would take me too much time from my deſign of deſcribing *Italy*, and therefore I content my ſelf only to have named them.

My ſecond Voyage.

MY *ſecond Voyage* was by the way of *France*, where I ſtarted from *Paris*, and made towards *Lyons*; in the way I took notice of theſe places.

Iſſone a neat houſe belonging then to *Monſieur Eſſolin*. The Houſe is ſo pretty, that I think it worth the Travellers ſeeing, and my deſcribing. It ſtands in the ſhade of a thick grove of Trees, and is wholly built and furniſhed *al-Italiana*. Under the ſide of the Houſe, runs a little Brook, which being received into a Baſon of Free-ſtone, juſt as long as the Houſe, and made like a Ship, (that is, ſharp at both ends and wide in the middle) it is cloven, and divided into two by the ſharp end of this Ship, and conveyed in cloſe Channels of Free-ſtone, on both ſides of the Ship or Baſon, into which it empties it ſelf by ſeveral Tunnels, or Pipes: ſo that all this Water ſpouting into the open Ship on both ſides, by four and twenty Tunnels, makes under the Windows of the Houſe, ſuch a perpetual purling of Water, (like many Fountains) that the gentle noiſe is able to make the moſt jealous Man ſleep profoundly. At the other end of the Houſe, this Water iſſueth out of the other end of the ſaid Ship, and *Iſſone.*

is courteously entreated by several hidden pipes of Lead, to walk into the House, instead of running by so fast: which it doth, and is presently led into the Cellars, and Buttery; and not only into these, but also into the Kitchin, Stables, Chambers, and Bathing Room, all which it furnisheth with Water either for Necessity or Pleasure. Then being led into the curious Garden, it's met there by a world of little open Channels of Free-stone, built like Knots of Flowers; all which it fills brimful, and makes even Flowers of Water. Then running up and down here and there among the fragrant Delights of this Garden, as if it had forgotten its Errant to the Sea, it seems to be so taken with those sweet Beds of Flowers, and so desirous of resting upon them, after so many miles running, that it offers to turn it self into any posture, rather than be turned out of this sweet place.

Fountain-bleau.

From *Yssone* I came to *Fountain-bleau*, where I saw that Kingly House, the *Nonsuch* of *France*. It stands in the midst of a great *Forest* full of Royal Game, and a place of Delight of *Henry* the *Fourth*. The House is capable of lodging four Kings with several *Courts*. The Court of *Cheval Blanc* is a noble square of Buildings: but the lowness of the Buildings and Lodgings shews, they are for the lower sort of People, and the *Servants-Lodgings* to the Royal *Apartments*. The *Oval Court* is a good old Building. The Kings and Queens Lodgings with their *Cabinets* groan under their rich gilt Roofs. The *Gallery* of *Staggs Heads* is a stately Room, than which nothing can be more Cavalierly furnished; except

The Court of the Cheval Blanc.

The Oval Court.

The Gallery of Staggs Heads.

except ſuch another *Gallery* hung with *Turkiſh Standards* won in War. The other long *Galleries* of *Romances* and *Fables*, painted by *Simon Voyet* and others, are much eſteemed: the only pity is that ſuch true painting ſhould not have been employed upon true Hiſtories. *The Galleries of Romances.*

The Salle of the Conference is a ſtately Room, where the Biſhop of *Eureux* (afterwards called the *Cardinal du Perron*) in preſence of King *Henry* the Fourth, the Chancellor, five Judges of both *Religions*, and the whole Room full of learned Men, diſputed with *Monſieur Pleſſis Mornay*, the *Achilles* of thoſe of *Charenton*. The *Hall of Maskes*, and the Lodgings of *Madam Gabrielle* with her *Picture* over the *Chimney* like a *Diana* Hunting, are fine Rooms: yet the fair Picture cannot hinder Men from blaming her foul Life; nor from cenſuring that *Solœciſm* of the Painter, who made Chaſte *Diana* look like *Madam Gabrielle*. There are alſo here two *Chapels*, the old and the new. The old one is a poor thing; and ſeems to have been built for Hunters: but the new one is both neat and ſtately, and built upon this occaſion, as a Biſhop in *France* told me. *A Spaniſh Embaſſador* reſiding in *Paris* in *Henry* the IV. his time; went one day from *Paris* to *Fountain-bleau*, to this *French Eſcurial*. Arriving, he lighted after his Country faſhion, at the Chappel Door (the old Chappel) and entering in, to thank God for his ſafe arrival, he wondred to ſee ſo poor and dark a Chapel, and asking with indignation, whether this were the *Caſa di Dios*, the Houſe of God? he turned preſently away with ſcorn, ſaying, *No quiero ver mas*; I care for *The Salle of the Conference. See the publick Acts of this Conference printed An.* 1601.

Madam Gabriell's Picture.

The Chapels.

see-

ſeeing no more: not ſtaying to ſee that place, where the King had ſo fine a Houſe, and God ſo poor a *Chapel*. This being told the laſt King *Lewis* the XIII. he commanded forthwith the new *Chapel* to be built in that ſumptuous poſture we now ſee it.

Going out of the Houſe, you find a handſome *Mail*, and rare *Ponds* of Water, which even baptize this place with the name of *Fountain-bleau*. In theſe *Ponds*, as alſo in the Moat about the Houſe, are kept excellent *Carps*; ſome whereof were ſaid to be an hundred years old; which, though we were not bound to believe, might make Men believe that there are *gray ſcales*, as well as *gray hairs*; and decayed Fiſhes, as well as decrepit Men: eſpecially when *Columella* ſpeaks of a Fiſh of his acquaintance, in *Cæſars* Fiſh-ponds near *Pauſilippus*, which had lived threeſcore years; and *Geſnerus* relates, that in a Fiſh-Pond near *Haylprum* in *Suabie*, a Fiſh was catched *Anno* 1497, with a Braſs Ring at his Gills, in which were engraven theſe words: *I am the firſt Fiſh which* Frederick *the ſecond, Governour of the world, put into this Pond the* 5 *of* October 1203. By which it appears, that this Fiſh had lived two hundred and ſixty odd years. But to return again to our Carps of *Fountain-bleau*. It's an ordinary divertiſement here, to throw a half-penny loaf into the Moat among the Carps, and to ſee how ſome will mumble and jumble it to and fro; how others will puff and ſnuff, how ſuch hot Paſſions ſhould be found in cold Water: but every thing that lives, will fight for that whereby it lives, its Victuals.

Old Carps.

De Re Raſt.

Ha-

Having ſeen *Fountain-bleau*, I ſaw one extraordinary thing in the reſt of the way to *Lyons*, it was an old *Inſcription* in Letters of Gold, upon a Wooden Fabrick, a mile before I came to *Montargis*, importing, that the *Engliſh* being encamped here, had been forced to raiſe their Siege before *Montargis*, by reaſon of great Rain and ſudden Inundations. Some of the French Hiſtorians will have it, that it was the *Count de Dunois*, that forced the Engliſh to raiſe the Siege here: but I had rather believe publick Inſcriptions, than private flattery: and it was more honourable for the *Engliſh* to be overcome by *God* than by *Men*. *An old Inſcription concerning Engliſh Men.*

From hence I paſſed through *Montargis*, a neat pleaſant Town; in the great *Hall* of whoſe *Caſtle* is painted the Hiſtory of the *Dog* that fought a *Duel* with the *Murderer* of his *Maſter*; and it is not ſtrange that the *Dog* that had put on Humanity, overcame him that had put it off, to eſpouſe the devouring humour of a *Dog*. This is the chief Town of the *Gaſtinois*. *Montargis.*

From hence I went to *Briare*, where I ſaw the cut Channel that joyns *Loire* and *Sene* together in Traffick, whoſe Beds otherwiſe ſtand wide from one another in ſituation. *Briare. The Conjunction of Loire and Sene.*

From thence to *Coſne la Charite Pongues* famous for wholeſome ſtinking waters: *Neures* famous for Glaſs Houſes; *Moulins* famous for Knives and Sciſſors; *La Paliſſe*, where they make excellent Winter-Boots; *Roanne*, where *Loire*, begins to be navigable, and ſo over *Terrara* Hills to *Lyons*.

Lyons is one of the greateſt and richeſt Towns in *France*. It ſtands upon the Rivers *Saone* and *Rhoſne*, (*Araris* and *Rhodanus*) and in-

intercepting all the Merchandiſe of *Burgundy*, *Germany* and *Italy*: here you have handſom people, noble houſes, great jollity, frequent balls, and much bravery; all marks of a good Town: and could it but intercept either the Parliament of *Aix* or *Grenoble*, it would be as *noble* as its *name*, or as its *Cathedral Chapter*, whoſe *Dean* and *Prebends* are all *Counts*, and noble of four deſcents. They got the Title of *Counts* thus: A great conteſt ariſing between the *Chapter* of St. *John*'s Church, and the *Count de Forreſts*, called *Guigo*, for ſome rights over the Town of *Lyons*, which they both Pretended to; at laſt *Anno* 1166. they came to an agreement, upon this condition, that the *Count* ſhould leave to the *Chapter* his Country of *Forreſts*; which he did; and ſo ever ſince the Dean and Prebends have been called Counts of *St. John*.

A noble Chapter.

The chief things to be ſeen in *Lyons* are theſe.

S. Johns Church.

1. The great Church, or Cathedral called *John*'s *Church*. It's the Seat of an Archbiſhop, who is Primate of *Gaul*. St. *Irenæus* was a great Ornament of this Church, as was alſo *Eucherius*. Upon Solemn Days the Canons officiate in *Miters* like Biſhops. They ſing here all the Office by Heart, and without Book, as alſo without Prick-Song, Muſick, Organs, or other Inſtruments, uſing only the antient plain ſong. The High-Altar is like thoſe of *Italy*, that is open on all ſides, with a Crucifix and two little Candleſticks upon it. I never ſaw any hangings in this Church, not upon the greateſt days, but

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venerable old Walls. The Clock here is much cryed up for a rare piece.

2. The ſtately new *Town-houſe*, of pure white Free-ſtone, able to match that of *Amſterdam*; and indeed they ſeemed to me to be Twins, for I ſaw them both in the ſame year as they were in building. The curious Stair-Caſe, and *Hall* above, are the things moſt worthy taking notice of, the one for its contrivance; the other for its painting. *The Town-houſe.*

3. The Jeſuits College and fair Library.

4. The *Carthuſians* Monaſtery upon a high Hill. *Other Rarities.*

5. The *Minimes* Sachriſty well painted.

6. The reſt of the old Aqueduct upon the Hill.

7. The *Mail*, and the ſweet place of *Belle Cour*.

8. The Heart of St. *Francis de Sales* in the in the Church of the Viſitation in *Belle Cour*.

9. The *Charite*, where all the poor, who are kept at work with admirable Oeconomy: It looks like a little Town, having in it nine Courts, all built up with lodgings for the poor, who are about fifteen hundred, and divided into ſeveral Claſſes, with their ſeveral Refrectories and Chapels.

10. The Head of St. *Bonaventure* in the *Cordeliers* Church.

11. The Caſtle of *Pierre Anciſe*, built upon a Rock.

12. *Noſtre Dame de Fourier* ſtanding upon a high Hill, from whence you have a perfect view of *Lyons*.

13. Laſt-

13. Laſtly, the rare Cabinet of *Monſieur Servier*, a moſt ingenious Gentleman; where I ſaw moſt rare experiments in *Mathematicks* and *Mechanicks*, all made by his own hand; as the Sympathetical Balls, one ſpringing up at the approach of the other, held up a pretty diſtance off: the demonſtration of a quick way how to paſs any Army over a River with one Boat, and a Wooden Bridge eaſily to be folded up upon one Cart: the *Mouſe-dial*, where a little thing, like a Mouſe, by her inſenſible motion, marks the hours of the day. The *Lizard-dial* is much like the former, only the *Mouſe* moves upon a plain Frame of Wood which hath the hours marked on it; and the *Lizard* creeps upward from hour to hour. The *Night dial*, ſhewing by a lighted Lamp ſet behind it, the hours of the night, which are painted in colours upon oyled Paper, and turn about as the time goes. The *Tortoiſe-dial*, where a piece of Cork cut like a Tortoiſe, being put into a Pewter-diſh of Water, which hath the twelve hours of the day marked upon its brims, goeth up and down the Water a while, ſeeking out the hour of the day that is then, and there fixing it ſelf without ſtirring. The Rare Engine, teaching how to throw *Granado*'s into beſieged Towns, and into any preciſe place without failing. The way how to ſet up a Watch-Tower with a Man in it, to look into a Town from without, and ſee how they are drawn up within the Town: A way how to change Dining-Rooms three or four times with their Tables, the Seats and Gueſts being by the turning of a wheel tranſported ſitting, out of one Room into another:

ther, and ſo into three or four more Rooms variouſly hung, with Tables cover'd. The *Desk-Dial*, which throws up a little Ball of Ivory without reſt, and thereby marketh the hour of the day, and ſheweth what a clock it is; the Dial of the *Planets*, repreſenting the Days of the Week by ſeveral Figures of the Planets in Ivory; the *Oval Dial*, in which the Needle that marks the Hours ſhrinketh in, or ſtretcheth out it ſelf, according as the Oval goes; the Dial ſhewing to every one that toucheth it his *predominant Paſſion*; with a world of other rare Curioſities, all made by this ingenious Gentleman.

Leaving *Lyons*, I embark'd in a Cabanne, or little cover'd Boat, and deſcending the rapid *Rhoſne*, I came poſt by Water to *Vienne*, where *Pontius Pilate*, baniſh'd hither, threw himſelf off a high Tower, and kill'd himſelf. The Cathedral of this Town is a fair Church, dedicated to God, in the honour of St. *Maurice*; there are neither Pictures nor Hangings in this Church. *Vienne.*

From hence I went to *Tournon*, where I ſaw a good Library in the College. *Tournon.*

Thence to *Valence* in *Dauphine*, where Law is taught. *Valence.*

From whence I came to *Pont Saint Eſprit*, famous for its long Bridge of thirty three Arches, and for the Bones of a Gyant, which are conſerved in the *Dominicans* Convent here; and from hence to *Avignon*. *Pont S. Eſprit.*

Avignon is the head Town of a little Country call'd vulgarly the *Contad le Contad d'Avignon*. It belongs to the Pope, having been purchas'd *Avignon.*

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by one of his Predeceſſors anciently of *Jane* Queen of *Naples*, and Counteſs of *Avignon*; and it ſerved for a ſafe retreat to divers Popes conſecutively, during the Troubles of *Italy*, which laſted above ſeventy years. At laſt *Italy*, and the Pope's Territories there, being clear'd by the admirable Courage and Conduct of brave Cardinal *Albornozzo*, who conquered again all the Pope's Eſtate, the Pope *Gregory* the XI. returned home again to *Rome*. Of the 'foreſaid Cardinal *Albornozzo* I cannot omit to tell one thing; That after his great Services render'd to the Pope, being envied by ſome of the Court, who had perſwaded his Holineſs to call him to an Account for the great Summs of Money he had ſpent in reducing again the whole State of the Pope unto its Obedience; he brought the next morning a Cart laden with *Chains*, *Bolts*, *Locks* and *Keys*, belonging once to thoſe Towns which he had retaken for the Pope, and placed it under the Pope's Window; then going up, one deſiring his Holineſs to draw to a Window, to ſee his Accounts the better, he open'd the Window, and ſhew'd him below, the Cart laden with *Chains*, *Bolts*, *Locks* and *Keys*, ſaying, *Holy Father, I ſpent all your Money in making you Maſter again of thoſe Towns whoſe Keys, Locks, Bolts and Chains you ſee in that Cart below.* At which the Pope admiring, deſired no more Account of him, who proved his Honeſty by whole Cart-loads of Services. Ever ſince that time, *Avignon* hath belong'd to the Pope, and he governeth it by a *Vice-Legate* immediately, the Pope's Nephew, *pro tempore*, being always *Legate* of this Town.

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The things I ſaw here were theſe: 1. The *Cathedral Church*, with divers Tombs of Popes in it that died here. 2. The Church of S. *Didier*, with the Tomb of *Petrus Damianus*, who follow'd the Pope hither: He was famous for his learned Works, and his known Sanctity. 3. The *Church of the Celeſtins*, with the *Tomb* and neat Chapel of *Cardinal Peter* of *Luxemburg*, a young Man of a great Family, and of a greater Sanctity. 4. The *Carthuſians* Monaſtery in the Bourg of *Villeneuve*, where you ſhall ſee much good painting. 5. The *Dominicans* fair Convent, with the Chapel and true Picture of St. *Vincentius Ferrerius*, a holy Man of this Order. 6. The *Cordeliers* Church, famous for its wideneſs, and yet not ſupported by any Pillars: Here lies buried Madam *Laura*, render'd ſo famous by *Petrarch*'s Verſes; not that ſhe was a diſhoneſt Woman, but only choſen by him to be the Poetical Miſtreſs of his Sonnets. 7. The Church of the Fathers of the *Chriſtian Doctrine*, with the Body, yet entire, of the Founder of their Order, *P. Cæſar de Bus*, a Man of ſuch ſingular Sanctity, that Cardinal *Richlieu*, baniſh'd hither, whilſt he was only Biſhop of *Luſon*, offer'd and vow'd a Silver Lamp to God at the Tomb of this holy *Beato*. 8. The fine Free-ſtone Walls of this Town, the admirable Bridge, many handſome Palaces, and curious Gardens. 9. The Trading of this Town, which conſiſts much in Silk-ſtuffs, perfumed Gloves, Ribbons, and fine Paper. 10. The Inhabitants here, who love to go well adjuſted and appear in fine Clothes. *The Rarities.*

Aix. From *Avignon* I went by Land to *Aix* in *Provence*, an Universlity, a *Parliament Town*, and one of the neateſt Towns in *France*: of the Parliament of this Town Monſieur *du Vair* was the firſt Preſident, and a ſingular Ornament, by reaſon of his famous Eloquence. This Town is the Seat of an Archbiſhop, and is now poſſeſſed by Cardinal *Grimaldi*, who is *Archbiſhop* here. From hence I went to *Marſeilles*.

Marſeilles. *Marſeille* is a very ancient Town, built 633 years before our Saviour's time, and ſo famous anciently for learning, that it was compared with *Athens*. It ſtands upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, and hath a moſt neat Haven and Harbour for Ships and Galleys. I ſtay'd here eight days to wait upon the return of two Galleys of *Genoa*, that had brought an Embaſſadour from thence into *France*, and were to return within a few days. In this time I had leiſure to make a little excurſive Voyage to the famous place of Devotion called *La Sainte Beaume*, where S. *Mary Magdalen* lived a moſt penitential life in theſe Mountains and Deſarts, even after ſhe had been aſſured of her Pardon by our Saviour himſelf: the place itſelf is able to make any Man that conſidereth it well melt into ſome Pennance too, and ſigh at leaſt, to ſee how much ſhe (a Woman) did, and how little he (a Man) doth; for *excellentiſſima animadverſum eſt, ne mediocria quidem præſtare, vobori oportet eſſe*, ſaith a great Author. In *Marſeilles* it ſelf there remain ſome prints of her begun Pennance; but ſhe that had been a Sinner in the City (and perchance by that occaſion only) thought the *Deſart* a ſafer place, and ſo ſhew'd her Converſion

La Sainte Beaume.

See Baronius *ad An.* 35. Gordon's *Chronolog.* Gerard of Nazareth, *in a Treatiſe* ex profeſſo.

Val. Max. *Mulier pudica in civitate.*

ſion to be true, by flying the occaſions of her former Sins.

If you ask me how *Mary Magdalen* came hither, I muſt ask you how *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* came into *England*; and learned *Baronius* will anſwer us both, by telling us, that upon a Perſecution raiſed againſt the *Chriſtians* in *Hieruſalem*, *Mary Magdalen*, her Siſter *Martha*, her Brother *Lazarus*, with *Joſeph* of *Arimathea*, and divers others of the firſt *Chriſtians*, were expoſed to Sea in a Ship without Sails, without Rudder, without Anchor, without Pilot, and yet the Ship came happily to *Marſeilles*, where *Lazarus* preaching the Faith of Chriſt, was made the firſt Biſhop of this Town, and *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* came into *England*. *See* Baron. *An.* 35. *Genebrad Gautier. Chaſſanus*, and Monſ. *du Vair.*

Near to *Sainte Beaume* ſtands the Town of *S. Maximin*, famous for the Church of *S. Maximin*, govern'd by *Dominican* Friars. In this Church are to be ſeen many famous *Relicks* of S. *Mary Magdalen*, as her Head in a Cryſtal Caſe enchaſed in Gold; her Body in a gilt Chaſſe, and divers other rich things. *S. Maximin.*

Having ſeen *Marſeilles*, I embarked in the foreſaid Gallies, and was nine days in them before I arrived at *Genoa*, having ſeen in the way *Toulon*, *Nice*, *Antibo*, *Monaco*, *Savona*, which brought us to *Genoa*.

Thus I paſſed, though tediouſly yet ſecurely, from *France* into *Italy* by Sea; and I could almoſt wiſh my Traveller to take the ſame courſe if he were ſure to find two Galleys ſo well manned, as I did, to carry him thither; otherwiſe to venture himſelf (as Men ordinarily with extraordinary danger do) in a little *Feluca*,

a Boat little bigger than a pair of Oars, is a thing I would wish none to do but *Pyrrhonians*, and *Indifferents*, who think danger and security to be the same thing. For my part, though I dare not say with that cowardly *Italian*, who being laughed at for his running away in a Battel, answer'd, *I was not afraid, but only had a mind to try how long a Man's Skin well kept would last*: Yet I dare say with generous *Cato*, that I repent me soundly, if ever I went by Water when I could have gone by Land.

Pyrrho dicebat, nihil interesse inter vitam & mortem.

My Third Voyage.

MY third Voyage into *Italy* was again by the way of *Paris* and *Lyons*, but now by *Geneva* and *Switzerland*.

Parting then from *Lyons*, I passed over the *Grand Credo*, a smart Hill, through *Nantua* standing upon a Lake, and in two days came to *Geneva*.

Geneva. *Geneva* is built at the bottom of *Savoy*, *France* and *Germany*.

The Rarities. The things which I saw in *Geneva* were these: 1. The great Church of S. *Peter*, the Cathedral anciently of the Bishop of this Town. In the Quire I saw yet remaining the Pictures of the twelve *Prophets* on one side, and the Pictures of the twelve *Apostles* on the other side, all engraven in Wood; the Pictures also of the Blessed Virgin *Mary*, and S. *Peter*, in one of the Windows. Here also I saw the Tomb of the Duke of *Bouillon*, General of the Army of *Germans*, called then in *France* the *Reiters*, who in the Battel of *Aulneau* were beaten by the Duke of *Guise*,

Guiſe, and forced to fly to *Geneva*, having loſt 1800 of their Men upon the place, moſt of them with Charms about their Necks, which they thought would have made them ſhot-free. Mounting up to the Steeple, I ſaw a fair *Bell* with a *Crucifix* caſt upon it, and four good pieces of Ordnance, that none may ſay, the *Church of* Geneva *wants Eccleſiaſtical Cannons*. And a little below, in the *Belfrey*, there live in ſeveral Chambers three or four Families. From the top of this Church you have a fair proſpect upon the Lake and neighbouring Countries; which makes them brag here, that they can ſee from their Steeple into ſix ſeveral Principalities, to wit, their own, *France*, *Savoy*, *Swiſſerland*, the *Valeſians*, and the *Franche-county*: but I told them, it would be a greater Brag to ſay, that they could ſee into no other Country or Dominion but their own.

2. I ſaw the *Arſenal*, little, but well ſtored with defenſive Arms. They never forget to ſhew the Ladders of the *Savoyards*, who attempted to ſurprize this Town by ſcaling, but were themſelves taken and beheaded *a la chaude*, leſt ſome Prince ſhould have interceded for them.

3. The *Town-houſe*, with the Chamber where the Magiſtrates ſit in Counſel.

4. They ſhew'd me here a *Library*, but none of the beſt.

The Government of this Town was anciently Monarchical, and the Biſhop was Prince of it under the Duke of *Savoy*; but it is govern'd by Laymen and Miniſters of *Calvin*'s way; yet the Biſhop keeps his Title ſtill, and the Chapter its Revenues and Lands, which

lie in *Savoy*, out of the Jurisdiction of *Geneva*: Both the Bishop and Chapter have, as I was told, their Residence at *Amsy* in *Savoy*, and officiate in the Church of the *Cordeliers*. S. *Francis de Sales*, who made Four thousand Sermons to the People, was Bishop of this See.

The Lake of Geneva.

Having thus seen *Geneva*, I made towards *Swisserland*, leaving the Lake on my right hand, or rather taking it on my right hand, for it would needs accompany me to *Lausanna*.

This Lake is absolutely the fairest I have seen; it's fairer than either the Lake *major*, the Lake of *Como*, the Lake of *Zuric*, the Lake of *Wallinstade*, the Lake of *Isee*, the Lake of *Murat*, or the Lake of *Garda*. In some places this Lake of *Geneva* is eight miles broad, and well nigh fifty miles long. I have read of a stranger who travelling that way alone in Winter, when the Lake was all frozen over, and covered with Snow, took the Lake for a large Plain, and rid upon it eight or ten miles, to the Town, where lighting at his Inn, and commending the fine Plain, over which he had ridden, was given to understand, that he had ridden, if not in the Air, at least fifteen fathom above ground; at which the poor man, reflecting upon the danger he had been in, fell down dead with the conceit of it. Thus we are troubled not only at evils to come, but at evils past, and are never so near the danger of death, as when we are newly past it. No Animal, but Man, hath this Folly.

Lausanna.

Lausanna is a Town in *Swisserland*, belonging to the Canton of *Berne*. Here I saw an ancient Church of a noble Structure; and once a Bi-

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ſhops Cathedral, but now poſſeſſed by Miniſters of *Calvin*'s Communion; and the man that ſhewed us the Church (tho' not a *Papiſt*) told us, That the *Records* of that Church bore, that Maſs had been ſaid in it thirteen hundred years ago.

From *Lauſanna* I went towards *Soleur*, skirting through the Cantons, ſometimes of *Berne*, ſometimes of *Friburg*, and ſometimes in one days Journey I paſſed into a *Papal Canton*, and by and by into a *Proteſtant Canton* again, for here Papiſt and Proteſtant Villages are mingl'd together, and make the Country look like the back-ſide of a pair of Tables, chequer'd with white and black. In one Village you have a Croſs ſet up, to ſignifie that it is Papal, belonging to the Canton of *Friburg*; by and by, in another Village, a high Flag with the picture of a Bear in it, to ſignifie that it belongs to the Canton of *Berne*, and is Proteſtant; and yet they live civilly and neighbourly together, without quarreling about Religion. *Switzerland.* *Berne ſignifies as much as* Bear.

Paſſing thus along, I came to *Soleur*, (*Solodurum* in Latin) a neat Town, and head of a Canton: they are all *Papiſts* here; and here it is that the *French Embaſſadors* to the *Swiſſers* alwaies reſide, as the *Spaniſh Embaſſadors* do at *Lucerna*. This Town is very ancient, as the golden Letters upon the Clock teſtifie, for thoſe words make *Soleur* to be only younger than her Siſter *Trevers*, which, as *Æneas Sylvius* writes, was built 1300 years before *Rome*. As for *Soleur*, I find in good Chronologers that it was built 2030 years after the Creation of the World. *Soleur.* *Petrus Rotmullus in Cronolog. Treſor. to. 1. pag. 83. in fol.*

Murat. From *Soleur* I went to *Murat*, a little Town famous for a great Battle fought hard by it, by the Duke of *Burgundy* and the *Swiſſers*; for the Duke of *Burgundy* beſieging *Murat*, the *Swiſſers* came upon him with a great Army, and defeated him. I was told here, that the Duke ſeeing his Army defeated, and himſelf environ'd on one ſide by a Lake that is here, and on the other ſide by the Enemies conquering Army, choſe rather to truſt himſelf to the Lake than to his Enemies; whereupon ſpurring his Horſe into the Lake, one of his Pages, to ſave himſelf alſo, leaped up behind him as he took Water; the Duke out of fear either perceived him not at firſt, or diſſembled it till he came to the other ſide of the Lake, which is two miles broad: the ſtout Horſe tugged through with them both, and ſaved them both from drowning, but not both from death; for the Duke ſeeing in what danger his Page had put him, ſtabbed the Page with his Dagger. Poor Prince! thou might'ſt have given another Offering of Thankſgiving to God for thy eſcape than this; nay, thou might'ſt have been as civil as thy Horſe; thou might'ſt at leaſt have ſav'd thy Honour, hadſt thou ſav'd a wretched Page, who had offended rather out of fear of Death than out of Malice; and thereby too have truly ſaid, thou hadſt not loſt all thy Men in that Battel: but Paſſion is a blind thing; nothing is ſo dangerous to Man as Man; and as I obſerved above, we are never in greater danger than when we think our ſelves eſcap'd. The Bones of the *Burgundians* ſlain in this Battel are ſeen in a great Chapel, which ſtands a little

The Lake of Murat.

little diſtant from the Town, and upon the Road, with an Inſcription upon it touching the time and circumſtances of this Defeat.

From *Murat* I made towards *Zuric*, a head Town alſo of a Canton. It ſtands moſt ſweetly upon a Lake, whoſe Cryſtalline Waters would delight any body elſe but *Swiſſers*. They are all here Followers of *Zwinglius*, and they tell us, when Mareſchal *d'Eſtrée*, the *French Embaſſador* to *Rome*, paſſed that way, and lodged at the great Inn of the *Sword*, as he was combing his Head one morning in his Combing-cloth, with his Chamber-window open, ſome of the Townſmen, who ſaw him (from another oppoſite Window) putting on that Combing-cloth, and thinking it had been a Prieſt putting on the Amice, and veſting himſelf for to ſay Maſs before the *Embaſſador* in his Chamber, began with a Dutch clamour to ſtir up the People to a Mutiny about the Embaſſador's Houſe, and to call for the Prieſt that was ſaying of Maſs: the Embaſſador at firſt, not underſtanding the cauſe of this Uproar about his Houſe, ran down with Sword in hand, and in his Combing-cloth, to check the firſt Man that ſhould dare to enter his Lodgings; but underſtanding at laſt that his Combing-cloth had cauſed this Jealouſie, he laughed at their Folly, and retired away contented.

The beſt things to be ſeen in *Zurie* are theſe:

1. The neat *Arſenal*, furniſh'd with ſtore of fair Cannons and Arms of all ſorts.

2. The great *Library*, but in this much leſs eſteem'd by me, becauſe a *Woman* had the Key of

of it, and let us in to see it. This piece of false Latin at the entrance disgusted me with all that I saw there, and made me hasten out quickly: Good Libraries should not fall *en quenouille*.

3. The Wheels which draw up Water from the Lake of themselves, and empty it into several Pipes, and so convey it all over the Town.

4. The publick great *Drinking Hall*, where there are a world of little tables for Men of several Corporations or Trades to meet at, and either talk there of their Business, or make drinking their Business. Over every Table hangs the sign of each Trade; as, a *Last* for Shoemakers, a *Saddle* for Sadlers, a *Sword* for Cutlers, *&c.* there is a great Bell that rings to this meeting-place every day at two a clock, and when I heard so solemn a ringing, I thought it had been to some *Church-devotion*, not to a drinking Assembly.

A long Bridge. From *Zuric* I went by Water, that is upon the Lake, a whole days Journey, and passed under a Bridge of Wood which crossed quite over the Lake for two miles. It's entertained at the cost of the King of *Spain*, to pass the Souldiers which he often raiseth in the adjacent Countries.

Coire. From hence I went to *Coire*, or *Cear*, the head Town of the *Grisons*; the Bishop and the Clergy of the great Church, with some few other living within the Precincts of the Cloyster of the great Church, are *Papists*, and perform their Devotions in the Church without controul; the rest of the Inhabitants are

Zwin-

Zuinglians, and poſſeſs the Town, yet they ſuffer the Biſhop and his Clergy to live quietly in the midſt of them. They ſhewed me here in this Church divers fine Relicks, eſpecially the Head (enchaſed in Silver) of our ancient *Britiſh* King *Lucius*, the firſt Chriſtian King that ever made profeſſion of Chriſtian Religion, and the firſt who help'd to plant it here. The ancient *Church-Office* here relates all this, as their Books ſhewed me. *S.* Lucius *the firſt Chriſtian King.*

From the *Griſons* I went to the Country of the *Valtaline*, a Country ſubject to the *Griſons*, and keeping its Fidelity to them, even when it would not have wanted aſſiſtance from *Spain* and *Italy*, if it would have been falſe to its Superiours the *Griſons*, under the colour of Religion; thoſe of the *Valtaline* being all *Papiſts*, and their Soveraigns the *Griſons*, *Calviniſts*. In a little Town of the *Griſons* (called *Herberga*) I was ſhew'd a Cheeſe (and given to taſt of it too) by mine Hoſt, the Mayor of the Town, a *Calviniſt* in Religion, and a venerable old man, who aſſured me ſeriouſly, that that Cheeſe was an hundred years old: a Venerable *Cheeſe* indeed. The *Valtaline*.

Between theſe two Countries of the *Griſons* and the *Valtaline* ſtands the great Hill *Berlino*, over which I paſſed, and fell from thence upon *Poſciavo*, a little Bourg, and ſo to our Ladies of *Tirano*, a neat Church, with a fair Inn hard by it. *Mount Berlino.*

Others, to avoid the Snow of *Berlino*, are forced now and then (as I was once) to paſs over the Mountain *Splug*, which is Hill enough for any Traveller. *Le Splug.*

From

Mount Aurigo. The Lakes of Wallinſtade, *and* Iſee.

From our Ladies of *Tirano* I went up a ſmart Hill called *Mount Aurigo*, and ſo making towards the Lake of *Wallinſtade*, I paſſed it over in a Boat, as I did alſo ſoon after that of *Iſee*, and ſo fell into the Territories of *Breſcia* in *Italy*, belonging to the State of *Venice*.

My fourth Voyage.

MY fourth Voyage into *Italy* was from *Lyons* again and *Geneva*, where I now took the Lake on my left hand, and paſſing along the skirts of *Savoy*, I came to *Boveretta*, a little Village, and ſo to St. *Maurice*, the firſt Town in the *Valeſians* Country. This Town is ſo called from St. *Maurice*, the brave Commander of the *Theban* Legion, in the primitive times, and who was martyr'd here for the profeſſion of Chriſtian Religion, together with his whole Legion. Hence an Abbey was built here by *Sigiſmund* King of *Burgundy*, and called St. *Maurice*.

S. Maurice.

The Valeſians.

Now this Country is called the Country of the *Valeſians*, from the perpetual Valley in which it lieth. The People have for their *Prince* the Biſhop of *Sion*, the chief Town of the Country: their Valley is above four days Journey long, beſides their Hills, which are two more: Moſt of their little Towns and Villages ſtand upon Hill-ſides, leaving all the plain Country for tillage and paſturage: their Houſes are low and dark, many of them having no Windows, and the reſt very little ones. *Sed caſa pugnaces Curios anguſta tegebat.* As for the People here, they are all *Papiſts*, and ſeem to be honeſt Men,

Men, of ſtout courage, and of innocent lives, much Snow quenching their Luſt, and high Mountains ſtaving off from them all Luxury and Vice: they have ſhort Hair on their Heads, but Beards in *folio*: they are got ſo far into the *grande mode*, as to wear Breeches and Doublets, but that's all, for otherwiſe their Clothes look as if they had been made by the *Taylors* of the old *Patriarchs*, or as if the Faſhion of them had been taken out of old Hangings and Tapeſtry. In fine, both Men and Women here are great and maſſive, and not eaſily to be blown away; ſo that I may juſtly ſay of this People as Cardinal *Bentivoglio* ſaid of the *Swiſſers*, that *They are good for the Alpes, and the Alpes for them.* One thing I obſerved particularly in this windy Country, which is, that they have many natural Fools here, which makes me think it no vulgar Error which is commonly ſaid, that *the Climates that are moſt agitated with Winds produce more Fools than other Climates do.*

As for their Strength, upon a defenſive occaſion, they can aſſemble Forty thouſand Men together under their known Commanders, who are oftentimes the Innkeepers, in whoſe Houſes we lodge; but out of their own Pit they are not to be feared, having neither Spirits nor Sinews, that is, neither Ambition nor Money to carry on a foreign War. *Their Strength.*

From S. *Maurice* I went to *Martigni*, a great Inn in a poor Village, and from thence to *Sion*. *Martigni.*

Sion (anciently *Sedunum*) is the chief Town of the Country, and ſtands in the center of it. Here the Biſhop, who is Prince, reſideth with his *Sion.*

his Chapter and Cathedral on one Hill, and his Caſtle ſtands on another Hill hard by. The Court of this Prince is not great, becauſe of his and his Peoples quality. A good Biſhop hath ſomething elſe to do than to be courted, and good plain People muſt follow their *Trades*, not *Courts*. This Prince hath no Guards, becauſe no Fears; and if Dangers ſhould threaten him, his People, whoſe Love is his only Arſenal, have hands enough to defend him. So that the Prince and People, that is, the Body Politick of this State, and the Soul that animates it, ſeem'd to me like the Body natural in Man, where the Soul and the Body conſpire together for their mutual Felicity.

The beſt Guards of a Prince.

Plus tutatur amor.

Lucia. From *Sion* I went to *Lucia*, but lodged a quarter of a mile from the Town, and from thence I reached *Briga* at night.

Briga. *Briga* is a little Village, ſtanding at the foot of great Hills; where having reſted well all night at the Colonel's Houſe (the beſt *Inn* here) we began the next morning to climb the Hills for a Breakfaſt. For the ſpace of three hours our Horſes eaſed us, the aſcent not being ſo ſurly as we expected from ſo rugged a brow of Hills; but when we came to the ſteep of the Hill it ſelf, *Mount Sampion*, (one of the great Stair-caſes of *Italy*) we were forced to complement our Horſes, and go a foot. It was towards the very beginning of *October* when we paſſed that way, and therefore found that Hill in a good humour, otherwiſe it's froward enough. Having in one hours time crawl'd up the ſteep of the Hill, we had two hours more riding to the Village and Inn of *Sampion*, where ar-

Mount Sampion.

arriving, we found little Meat, and poor Drink; cold Entertainment, tho' in a hot Seaſon.

At laſt, having paid for a Dinner here, tho' we ſaw nothing we could eat, we were the lighter in Purſe, as well as in Body, to walk well that afternoon, rather than that after-dinner. To deſcribe you the rough way we had between *Sampion* and *Devedra*, down Hill always, or fetching about Hills upon a narrow way artificially made out of the ſide of thoſe Hills, and ſometimes ſticking out of them, as if it had been plaiſter'd to them, were able to make my Pen ake in writing it, as well as my Legs in walking it. And here I found the Proverb falſe, which ſaith, That *it's good walking with a Horſe in ones Hand*; for here we could neither ride nor lead our Horſes ſecurely, but either the one or the other were in danger of ſtumbling, that is, of falling five hundred fathom deep; for here, as well as in War, *ſemel tantum peccatur*, a Man need but ſtumble once for all his life-time: yet by letting our Horſes go looſe, with the Bridle on their Necks, and making a Man go before each Horſe, leſt they ſhould jumble one-another down, as I once ſaw the like done by Horſes in *Swiſſerland*, we arrived ſafely at *Devedra* that night. You would do well alſo to light from Horſe at the going over all the little trembling Bridges of Wood which you will find there, remembring the *Italian* Proverb, which ſaith, *Quando tu Vedi un Ponte, falli piu honore che tu non fai a un Conte.* *Devedra.*

Ha-

Having repoſed all night in the Houſe of the Signor *Caſtellano*, we went the next Morning to *Domodoſcela*, a little Garriſon Town of the State of *Milan*, troubleſome enough to Travellers that paſs from *Milan* this way, and carry Piſtols and Guns without Licenſe.

Domodoſcela.

From *Domodoſcela* we paſſed through a fine plain Country to *Marguzzi*, a little Village ſtanding upon the *Lake Major*, (anciently call'd *Lacus Verbanus*) where making our bargain with our Boat-men, to carry us in one day from thence to *Seſto*, and keep aloof off from the command of all the Caſtles, which now and then warn Boats to come in, and under pretence of ſearching them for Merchandiſe, ſtop Paſſengers till they have ſcrew'd a piece of Money out of them.

Marguzzi.
Lake Major.

Arriving ſafe at *Seſto* that night, we took Coach the next day for *Milan*, and Dining at *Civita Caſtellanza*, arrived betimes at that great Town which was call'd anciently *Altera Roma*, *a ſecond Rome.*

Seſto.
Civita Caſtellanza.

My Fifth Voyage.

MY Fifth Voyage into *Italy* was ſtill from *Lyons*, but now by the way of *Mount Cenis* and *Turin*, the ordinary Poſt-road, and I think the eaſieſt way of all the reſt.

Parting then from *Lyons* on Horſeback, we paſſed through *Verpillier*, *La Tour du Pin*, *Beauvoyſin*, (whoſe Bridge parts *France* and *Savoy*) and came in two days to the foot of *Mount Aiguebellet*, the Threſhold of the *Alpes*: this is a pretty breathing Hill, and may be called

Mount Aiguebellet.

a fooil

a foul Draught of the Alpes, or *the Alpes in a running Hand*, and not in that fair *Text-hand* which I found *Mount Cenis* to be in. It hath all the Lineaments and Shapes of the great *Alpes*; that is, much winding and turning, deep Precipices, Marons, or Men with little open Chairs, to carry you up and down the Hill for a Crown, and much ſtumbling work. In fine, this Hill reſembles *Mount Cenis*, as a proper Man may do a Giant.

Having paſſed this Hill, and by it through the very Clouds, we fell as it were out of the Skies upon *Chambery*, the chief Town of *Savoy*, and where the Parliament reſides. *Chambery.*

We caſt to be there at the ſolemn Entry, which this Duke made for his new Spouſe, the third Daughter of the late Duke of *Orleans*, when ſhe came firſt into this Country. To deſcribe all the *Triumphal Arches* in the Streets, with their Emblems and Motto's rarely painted; the ſtately *Throne* a little out of the Town, where the *Duke* and *Ducheſs* received the complements of their Subjects; the rich Liveries of the young Townſmen on Horſeback; the Gallantry of the *Noblemen* and *Gentlemen* of the Country (800 in all) with their Horſes as fine as they; the *Parliament-men*, and other Officers of *Juſtice* all in black Velvet Gowns; the *Clergy* and *Religious* marching in the mean time humbly a foot, and in proceſſion; the *Duke*'s two Companies of Horſe in Velvet Coats of crimſon colour, embroider'd with Gold and Silver, the Pages and Footmen of the *Duke* and *Ducheſs* in crimſon Velvet laid thick with Gold and Silver Lace: in fine, the *Duke* and *Ducheſs* on Horſe- *The Entry of the Duke and Ducheſs of Savoy.*

back, as brillant as the Sun; would fill a Book alone, which I have no mind to do, seeing there is one extant already in a just Volume.

Montmelian. Leaving then *Chambery* the next day after the Show, we went to *Montmelian* to dinner. This is a strong *Castle* upon a high Rock, over-looking the River *Isere*, and commanding the *Isere.* passage here, which is streight between the hills. The Strength of this Castle appear'd when it withstood the *Royal Army* of *Lewis* the XIII. of *France* for fifteen months, and made him raise the Siege when he had done. Here is still a strong Garrison in it, and store of Ammunition, and all things necessary for the defence of a strong place. They shew'd us in it their deep Well for fresh Water, in the midst of a high Rock; their excellent pieces of *Artillery*, one of which is said to carry four miles, that is, to *Fort Barreau*, a little Fort belonging to *France*, which is two leagues from hence, and which you see from this Castle.

Aiguebelle. S. John Morian. Lasneburg. From *Montmelian* we had rough way to *Aiguebelle*, thence to *S. John Morian*, to *S. Michel*, and at last to *Lasneburg*, which stands at the foot of *Mount Cenis*, the highest of all the Hills I passed over in my several Voyages into *Italy*, or out of it, to wit, *Sampion*, *Berlin*, *Spling*, and S. *Godard*.

This Hill of *Mount Cenis* parting *Savoy* and *Italy*, shall be the place where I will now begin my *Description* of *Italy*, having hitherto only described the several Ways into it.

Italy

Italy *deſcribed, in a Voyage thither.*

BEing arriv'd at the foot of *Mount Cenis*, anciently called *Ciniſium*, and having reſted all night at *Laſnebourg*, we agreed with the Marons to carry us up the Hill, and down the Hill, as alſo over the Plain, and in fine, all the way to *Novaleſe* it ſelf. All this is to be expreſſed in your bargain with them, otherwiſe they will cavil with you, and make you go over the Plain a foot: the price is, a *Spaniſh Piſtole* for every Man that's carried; thoſe that are ſtrong and vigorous ride up upon Mules, and walk down on foot. *Mount Cenis.*

We began to mount at our going out of our Inn at *Laſnebourg*, and having paſſed by *La Ramaſſa*, (where Men are poſted down the Hill upon the Snow in Sledges with great Celerity and Pleaſure) after two hours tugging of our Chairmen or Marons, we came to the top of the Hill, and a little after to the *Poſthouſe*, and a little *Hoſpital* upon the Plain; thence paſſing by the *Chapel* of the *Tranſis*, (that is, of thoſe who are found dead of cold in the Snow, and are buried here) we came to the *great Croſs* and *Tavern*, where we began to deſcend. This Hill of *Mount Cenis* is four miles

in the going up, four miles upon the plain, and two in its descent to *Novalese*.

Novalese. Arriving about noon at *Novalese*, we dined, horsed, and went that night to *Susa*.

Susa. *Susa*, anciently *Segesium*, is a strong Town, and one of the Gates of *Italy*; for this reason the *French*, in their long War with *Spain*, kept it a long time in their hands, as well as *Pignerol*, to let them into *Italy* when they pleas'd. Its Strength consists wholly in a *Castle* built upon a high Rock close to the Town, and commanding all the passage betwixt the two Mountains. This Town is famous in the latter History for the smart Action of the *French*, when they beat down the twelve several *Barriers*, whereby the Duke of *Savoy* thought to have choaked their passage: this Action is famous in History, by the name of *le pas de Suse*. Here at *Susa* begins *Piedmont*.

Le pas de Suse.

Piedmont.

S. Ambrosio. From *Susa* we went to S. *Ambrosio*, and passed by *Rivolle*, a fine House of the *Duke*'s, standing in a good Air, and at night we came to *Turin*.

Rivolle.

Turin. *Turin*, anciently called *Augusta Taurinorum*, is situated in a Plain, near the foot of the Hills, and upon the Banks of the River *Po*, which begins here to be navigable, and from hence carries Boats to *Ferrara*, *Chiosa*, and *Venice*. This *Po* is a noble River, and very large in some places, especially a little below *Ferrara*; yet I have read, that in a great drouth which happen'd in the year of the World 2470, it was dry'd up and render'd innavigable.

The River Po.

Petrus a S. Romualdo, Cro. to. 1.

This

This *Turin* is the Seat of one of the greateſt *Princes* in *Italy*, the Duke of *Savoy*, and *Prince* of *Piedmont*, who is alſo treated with the title of *Altezza Reale*, and *Vicario Generale del Imperio in Italia*. This Houſe of *Savoy*, which now governs here, came anciently from *Siguardo*, King of *Saxony*, in the year of Chriſt 636, and hath conſerved it ſelf ever ſince, that is, for a thouſand and odd years, in a continual ſeries of Heroical Princes, whoſe Pedigree was never vitiated nor interrupted by any degenerate Offspring. Five Emperors and four Kings have iſſued out of this Houſe. *The Duke of Savoy's Titles and Greatneſs.*

Anciently the Dukes of *Savoy* kept their Court at *Chambery*, or elſe at *Bourg en Breſſe*, a Country now belonging to *France*, upon exchange with the Marquiſate of *Saluzzo*, as many of their tombs curiouſly cut in Marble in the *Auguſtins* Church there, yet ſhew. It was *Amadeo*, the fifth of that Name, Duke of *Savoy*, that transferr'd the Court to *Turin*. It was alſo this *Amadeo*, who in the memory of his Grandfather *Amadeo* the IV, who had defended *Rhodes* ſo bravely, inſtituted the Knighthood of the *Annunciata*, with this ſingle Motto in the Collar of the Order, *F. E. R. T.* ſignifying, that *Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenuit.*

The *Subjects* of this *Prince* are ſaid to be about eighteen hundred thouſand Souls. His whole *Country* with *Piedmont* and all, is judged to be two hundred miles long, and fifty broad. His Forces thirty three thouſand Foot, and five thouſand Horſe: and his *Revennes* to be about a million of Crowns, beſides what he can now and then raiſe out of that fat Country of *Piedmont*. *His Subjects. His Countries extent. His Forces. Revennes.*

His Interest. *mont.* His *Interest* is to keep well with *France*, and not fall out with *Spain*.

The Town of Turin. As for the Town it self of *Turin*, it's almost square, and hath four Gates in it, a strong *Cittadel* with five Bastions to it; its well furnished with good Provisions in the Market,; it stands in a fat soil, which makes it a little too dirty in Winter; and it is a University.

The things to be seen in Turin. The chief things which I saw here, were these.

The Holy Syndon. 1. The *Domo*, or *Great Church*, in which is kept with great Devotion the *Holy Syndon*, wherein they say our Saviour's Body was wound up and buried: It's kept in a *Chapel* over the High Altar, and shown publickly upon certain days, and privatly to *Embassadors* and *Prelates* as they pass that way. The late Dutchess, Madam *Christiana*, began to make a fine *Chapel* for to keep it in, but it was not quite finished when I passed that way last. The Chapel is all of black Marble, adorned with stately black Marble Pillars: Indeed *winding Sheets* (such as this *Relick* is) are things of mourning, and are best set out in a mourning way.

Baronius *Eccl. Hist. ad An.* 34. *num.* 138.

The Cittadell. 2. The *Cittadell*, standing at the back of the Town, and keeping it in awe. This Duke and his Mother found the Convenience of this *Cittadell*, when by Factions within the Town against them, they were forced to this *Cittadell*, and there weather it out stoutly, still succour coming to them from *France*, made them Masters again of the Town, and their Enemies.

3. The

3. The Duke's new *Palace* handſomly built with a fair Court before it, a great *Piazza*, and a large open ſtreet leading up it. The *Chambers* are fair, and hung with hangings of Cloth of *Tyſſue*, of a new and rich Fabrick, with rich embroidered Beds, Chairs, Stools, Cloth of State, and Canopies. Here you have the *Dutcheſſes Cabinet*, the curious *Bathing place* above, hung round with the true Pictures in Little of the prime Ladies of *Europe*. The curious invention for the Dutcheſs to convey her ſelf up from her Bed-Chamber to that Bathing Room, by a Pully and a ſwing, with great eaſe and ſafety: the great Hall painted curiouſly: the Noble Stair Caſe: the old long Gallery 100 paces long, with the Pictures in it of the *Princes* and *Princeſſes* of the Houſe of *Savoy*, with the Statues of the antient Emperours and Philoſophers in marble, with a rare Library ſocked up in great Cupboards: Theſe are the chief Rooms and Ornaments of this Palace. I ſaw alſo the Apartments or Lodgings of the old Dutcheſs, Madam *Chriſtiana*, which joyn to the Old Gallery, and in her Cabinet I ſaw many choice Pictures.

The Palace.

The Bathing place

The old Gallery.

4. The New-ſtreet, which runneth from the *Palace* to the *Piazza Reale*, is a fair ſtreet, and built uniformly. The ſhops below afford great conveniency to the Towns-men, and the fair lodgings above to the Noblemen and Courtiers.

The New-ſtreet.

5. The *Piazza Reale* is built handſomely upon Pillars, like our *Covent Garden*: and is full of nothing elſe but Noblemens Houſes.

The Piazza Reale.

The Auguſtins *Church.*

6. The *Auguſtins Church*, called St. *Carlo*, ſtanding in this *Piazza*, adorns it much, being a neat Church, and the beſt contrived that I ſaw in this Town.

The Capuchins *Church.*

7. The *Capuchins Church* upon a hill out of the Town, is above the rate of *Capuchins:* but you muſt know who gave it, not who have it. From hence I had a perfect view of *Turin*, with the Country about it.

La Venery Royale.

8. Some three miles out of the Town, I ſaw a neat Houſe of the Dukes, called *La Venery Royale.* The Court ſet round with *Staggs-Heads*; the Chambers full of good Pictures; the Hall painted with great Pictures of the Duke, his Mother, his Siſters, and other Ladies all on Horſeback, as if they were going a Hunting; the Place where they keep *Pheſants*, *Partridges*, and other ſuchlike Birds; the Stable for 100 Horſe, and the neat Dogkennel, are the beſt things to be ſeen in this Houſe.

La Valentine.

9. On the other ſide of the Town, about a mile off, I ſaw the old Dutcheſſes Houſe called *La Valentine.* It ſtands pleaſantly upon the Banks of *Po*, and is adorned with great variety of Pictures. In five or ſix Rooms, on the right hand of the Houſe, they ſhewed me a world of Pictures of all ſorts of Flowers: on the left hand as many of all ſorts of Birds, with other Pictures curiouſly painted. The four Pictures repreſenting the four Elements, with all that belongs to them; as, all the Birds that fly in the *Air*; all the *Beaſts* that are found upon the *Earth*; all the *fiſhes* and *ſhells*, that are found in the *Water*; and all things that belong to *Fire*, are ſo curiouſly painted in their ſeveral particular

cular ſhapes and colours, that theſe four Pieces are an abridgment of all Nature, and the admiration of all that behold them. There are ſome other good pieces here too; as, the *Magdalen* fallen into an extaſie; the *Rapt* of the *Sabins*, and divers others.

The other Houſes about the Town, as *Milleſieur*, belonging to the Duke; the *Villa* of the Princeſs *Mary*; with divers others which ſhew themſelves upon the Hill ſide, are very ſtately, and worth ſeeing.

From Turin to Genoa.

Having thus ſeen *Turin*, we left the ordinary Road which leads to *Milan*, to wit, by the way of *Vercelle* and *Novara*, two ſtrong towns, frontier to one another, through which I paſſed in another Voyage, and to avoid two Armies which lay in the way, choſe to ſteer towards *Genoa* by the low way of *Savona*; and paſſing through a melancholy Country, by *Altare* and other little towns for the ſpace of three days, we came at laſt to *Savona*.

Savona.

Savona (anciently called *Sabatia* or *Sabatium*) is the ſecond Town, or eldeſt Daughter of *Genoa*, and like a good Daughter indeed ſhe ſtands always in her Mothers preſence, yet keeps her diſtance; it being within ſight of *Genoa*, yet five and twenty miles off. It ſtands upon the *Mediterranean Sea*, or, as they call it here, upon the *Riviera di Genoa*. It's fortified both by *Art* and *Nature*, that is, by regular Fortifications towards the Sea, and by luſty *Appennine* Hills towards the Land. Yet whilſt *Savona* fear'd no danger from either Sea or Land, it was almoſt ruin'd in the year 1648, by Fire from Heaven, to wit, *Lightning*, which falling upon a great

Tower

Tower in the midſt of the Town, where Gunpowder was kept, blew it up upon a ſudden, and with it threw down two hundred Houſes round about it, and Houſes of note. For, paſſing that way ſix months after, and walking among the Ruins, I ſaw in many of the Houſes, which were but half fallen down, curious painted Chambers, and fine gilt Roofs, which ſhew'd me of what Houſe many of theſe Houſes had been; and of what weak defence gilt Roofs and painted Walls are againſt the Artillery of Heaven, Thunder and Lightning.

This Town is famous in Hiſtory for the Interview of two great Kings here, to wit, *Lewis* the XII of *France*, and *Ferdinand* King of *Naples*. This Interview paſſed with demonſtrations of mutual civilities, not ordinary in Interviews of Princes; for *Lewis* feared not to go into the Galleys and Ships of *Ferdinand* without Guards and unarm'd; and *Ferdinand* remain'd for many days together in this Town, belonging then to *Lewis*, whom he had lately ſtripp'd of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and beaten him to boot in a Battel.

Of this Town were *Julius Secundus* and *Sixtus Quartus*, two Popes of the Houſe of *Roveri*; and two great Cardinals, *Peter* and *Raphael Riarii*.

La Riviera di Genoa.

Embarking at *Savona* in a Felucca, we row'd along the Shore (call'd *la Riviere di Genoa*) unto *Genoa* it ſelf; and all the way long we ſaw ſuch a continual Suburbs of ſtately *Villas* and *Villages*, that theſe ſcantlings made us in love with the whole piece it ſelf, *Genoa*. I confeſs, I never ſaw a more ſtately abord to any City than

than to this; and if we had not had *Genoa* full in our ſight all the way long, we ſhould have taken ſome of theſe ſtately Villages for *Genoa* it ſelf, and have imitated *Hoſtingus*, the Leader of the *Normans*, who coming into *Italy* about the year 860, with a great Army, and finding *Luna* (a Town in the Confines of *Genoa*) ſo ſumptuouſly built, thought really it had been *Rome*, and thereupon taking it, he gloried that he had ſacked the Miſtriſs of the World; *Gratatur tenere ſe Monarchiam totius Imperii, per urbem quam putabat Romam*, ſaith his Hiſtorian. *Dreido a S. Quintino lib. 1, de morib. & Act. Norm.*

Sailing thus along this pleaſant Coaſt, we came betimes to *Genoa*.

Genoa is one of the chief Towns that ſtands upon the *Mediterranean Sea*, and one of the beſt in *Italy*; the common *Italian* Proverb calls it *Genua la Superba*: and if ever I ſaw a Town with its Holiday Clothes always on, it was *Genoa*. It ſtands upon the ſide of a Hill, and riſing by degrees, appears to thoſe that look upon it from the Sea, like an Amphitheatre. Heretofore it was only fortified by Marble Bulwarks, that is, great Hills of Marble, which backt it up, but ſome forty years ago it was environ'd with new Walls, carrying ſix miles in compaſs, and yet finiſh'd in eighteen months. *Genoa.* *The Walls.*

The Haven heretofore was very unſafe, and many Ships which had tug'd through the moſt dangerous Seas abroad, were ſeen to ſink here in the Haven and at home; the *French*, then Maſters of *Genoa*, not ſuffering her to ſhut up her Haven, leſt ſhe ſhould ſhut them out. But ſince ſhe hath ſhaken off the French Yoke, ſhe hath *The Haven*

lock-

locked up her Treasures, and bolted the door on the inside, by that admirable *Mola*, which crossing almost quite over the Bay or Haven, doth not only bolt out all Enemies, but even locks up the boisterous Sea it self, and makes it tame in the Haven. It's a prodigious Work, and able to have puzzl'd any two Kings in *Europe* to have done it.

The Pharos At one end of this *Mola* stands the *Pharos*, upon a little rock, with a *Lantern* upon it, to give notice, by known signs, what Ships, how many, and from what side they come; or else to guide their own Ships home safely in the night. At first it was only a little Fort, that might help to bridle *Genoa*, and it was built by *Lewis* XIII, of *France*.

The City it self. As for the Town it self of *Genoa*, it's most beautiful to behold, many of the Houses being painted on the outside, and looking as if they were turned inside out, and had their *Arras* Hangings hung on their outsides. The tops of their Houses are made with open Galleries, where the Women sit together at work in clusters, and where also they dry their *Hair* in the Sun, after they have wash'd it in a certain wash us'd on purpose to make it yellow, a colour much affected here by all Women.

The Streets The *Streets* are very narrow; so that they use here few Coaches, but many Sedans and Litters: this makes the noise in the Streets less and the expence in the Purse smaller. But, for want of Ground and Earth, they make Heaven pay for it, taking it out in the heighth of their Houses, what they want in breadth or length; so that *Genoa* look'd in my Eye like a proud

a proud young Lady in a ſtrait-bodied flower'd Gown, which makes her look tall indeed and fine, but hinders her from being at her eaſe, and taking breath freely.

Yet I muſt except the *Strada Nova* here, which for a ſpirt ſurpaſſeth all the Streets I ever ſaw any where elſe for neatneſs and proportion; and, if it had but Breath enough to hold out at the ſame rate a little longer, it would be the true *Queen-ſtreet* of *Europe*: Ordinary Houſes are ſo out of countenance here, that they dare not appear in this Street, where there's nothing but Palaces, and Palaces as fine as Art and Coſt, or as Marble and Painting, can make them. *Strada Nova.*

Having ſaid thus much of *Genoa* in general, I will now come to the particulars that are to be ſeen in it.

1. The *Domo*, or great *Church* of St. *Lawrence*, preſents it ſelf to my ſight; it's the Cathedral of the *Archbiſhop*. This Church is of a noble ſtructure, all of black and white Marble intermingled, and all maſſive ſquare Stones. In a Chapel over againſt the Pulpit is kept reverently an authentick Relick of St. *John Baptiſt*, under the Altar, as we are told; and the great Diſh of one *Emeraud*, in which, they ſay here, our Saviour eat the *Paſchal Lamb* with his Diſciples. Both theſe were given to the *Genoeſi* by *Baldwin* King of *Hieruſalem*, for their great Service done againſt the *Turks* in the *Holy Land*. Of the Relick of St. *John Baptiſt*, *Baronius* ſpeaks boldly in his Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; But for the Diſh of *Emeraud*, I find no Authority at all for it, either in *Baronius* or any other Author, that our *The Domo.* Baron. *ad An.* 1101. *n.* 13.

our Saviour uſed it; eſpecially ſeeing venera-
Beda, l. de loc. ſanct. c. 2. ble *Beda* writes, that the Diſh in which our Saviour eat the *Paſchal Lamb* was of Silver.

2. After the *Domo*, I ſaw the Church of the *Annunciata*, which draweth up the Ladder
The Annunciata. after it for neatneſs. It's ſtill in building, and not quite finiſh'd. It's thus beautified at the
Gli Signori Lomelini. coſt of two Brothers, rich Gentlemen, and Merchants of this Town, who allow the third part of their Gains to the adorning of this Church. The Roof of it is all gilt, and ſet with curious Pictures in *Platfound*; the Altars round about the Church are cheeked with exquiſite Pillars, and adorn'd with rare pictures; the two rows of *vaſt Pillars* which hold up the Roof of the Church, are ſo beautiful, being of a red and white Marble, that they look like Jaſper, and raviſh the Beholders, whilſt they gaze on their curious Work.

S. Ambroſio. 3. The Church of S. *Ambroſio*, belonging to the *Jeſuits*, is neatly overcruſted with Marble, and gilt above in the Roof. It wants a little length, for want of room to build on; it being too near the *Doge*'s Palace, and not daring to advance a ſtep further, for fear of treading upon his Heels.

S. Cyro. 4. The Church of the *Theatins*, call'd S. *Cyro*, Is very handſom, with its double row of white Marble Pillars, which ſet it out very gracefully. The Cloyſter alſo is very neat, and the Fathers very civil.

The Palaces. 5. The *Palaces* here are moſt ſumptuous: thoſe of *Strada Nova* are the beſt, and the beſt of thoſe is that of the Prince *d' Oria*; it's built upon white round Marble Pillars, which ſup-

port

port its Galleries, and those Galleries let you into noble Rooms, adorn'd with all the *Abellimenti* of *Italian* Palaces. The other Palaces too in this Street deserve particular mention in this description of *Genoa*, and may take it ill I say nothing of them; but they must excuse my brevity, and impute the fault partly to themselves, seeing admirable things are liable to this inconvenience, that they are also unexpressible.

6. I saw also the two Palaces of the *Signori Balbi*, in the Street of the *Annunciata*; in the one whereof (on the left hand) I saw, among other rich things, a Looking-glass, valued at threescore thousand Crowns; it's much of the size of those Looking-glasses which *Seneca* calls *specula toti corpori paria*, that is, as big and brittle as those that look themselves in them: the Frame of it is all of Silver, set thick with a thousand little armed Figures like *Cupids*, as if the plain Mirrour of this Looking-glass were the plain Field where *Cupid* pitcheth his *Tents*, and begins his Conquests over fair Ladies. The round Pillars set in the Porch of this House, and the *Giuochi di Acqua* in the Garden, will make themselves be taken notice of. *The Palaces of* Signori Balba.

7. The Palace of the *Doge*, or biennial Prince here, with the several *Chambers* of *Justice*, and the *Armory* in it for thirty thousand Men, ought to be carefully seen. In one of the great Halls of this *Palace* you have twelve *Statues* of white Marble, representing twelve famous Men of this Town, who had render'd great Service to the Commonwealth. In the foresaid *Armory* you see a Halbard with two Pistol-barrels in the *The* Doges *Palace.* *The Armory.*

the lower end of it. You ſee alſo the Armour of the *Genoeſian Amazons*, who went to the War in the *Holy Land*, and carried themſelves gallantly. Here's alſo a Cannon of Leather ſo light, that a Man may carry it.

San Pietro *in* Arena.

8. But that which is the moſt taking in *Genoa*, is that which is out of *Genoa*, I mean, the ſtately Suburbs of *San Pietro* in *Arena*, where for a mile together Villa's adorn'd with Marbles, Painting, Statues, Gardens, Arbours of Gelſomin, Orange and Limon Trees, Grotts, Ponds, *Giuochi d'Acqua*, Fountains, high Walls, with Shades born up by Marble Pillars, *&c.* compos'd of many Palaces and Gardens, ſuch a beautiful Landskip, that the whole place ſeem'd to me to be the charming Paradiſe of the King of the *Mountains* anciently, and I was almoſt going to ſay, that we durſt not bleſs our ſelves, leſt this enchanted place ſhould have vaniſh'd. The beſt Villa's or Palaces here, are thoſe of *Hieronymo Negro*, and that of the *Imperiali*; the firſt beautified with all the graces of *Italian* Furniture, as alſo with Gardens, Walks, Ponds, Water-works, Allys, *&c.* the other, beſides all theſe, hath an excellent proſpect; for the Maſter of this Houſe can ſee out of one Window of it, Twelve thouſand Crowns a year of his own, only in let Houſes. The other Palaces here expect I ſhould ſay ſomething of them, and they deſerve it well; but really, to give them their full due, I can only ſay this of them, That they ought to be ſeen by the Eye, not deſcribed by the Pen.

9. As

9. As you return from *San Pietro in Arena* to the Town, not far from the Gates, ſtands the Villa, or Palace of the Duke *d' Oria*. I reſerved this for the laſt, *pour fair bonne bouche*. It ſtands upon the Seaſide, and its Garden towards the *Sea* is built upon three rows of *white Marble Rails*, born up by *white marble Pillars*, which aſcending by degrees, is ſo beautiful to behold from the Sea, that Strangers paſſing that way to *Genoa*, take this Garden for a ſecond *Paradiſe*. In the midſt of it ſtands the rare *Fountain* of *Neptune*, repreſenting the true looks of brave *Andrea d' Oria*, the *Neptune* of the *Ligurian Sea*, and the man who put his Country out of Livery, and taught it not to ſerve. All along one ſide of this Garden ſtands a *Cage* of *Iron*, about a hundred paces long, and ſo high, that it fetcheth in a world of Laurel and other Trees, clad with chirping Birds of ſeveral ſorts; and, to make the poor Birds believe that they are rather in a Wood than in a Priſon, the very Cage hath put even the Wood itſelf in Priſon. Then entring into the Palace, we found it moſt curiouſly adorn'd with Rarities and Riches ſuitable to the Country's humor and the Maſter's purſe. It's true, when this Queen of *Spain* paſſed from *Germany* into *Spain*, by way of *Milan* and *Genoa*, the *Governor* of *Milan* told her, that ſhe ſhould ſee in *d'Oria's* Palace here many fine things, but all borrow'd of the Townſmen. Which *d'Oria* hearing of beforehand, cauſed to be written over the great Gates of the Palace, where the Queen was to enter and lodge, theſe words in Spaniſh, *By the Grace of God, and the King's Favour, there's nothing here borrow'd.* It may be the cun-

The Villa of the Duke d'Oria.

cunning Governor of *Milan* thought by telling the Queen this, to oblige the Duke *d' Oria* to present some of his best things to the Queen, to shew her that they were his own; as it's said the late Duke of *Buckingham* did in *France*, by breaking his Diamond Hatband among the *Court* Ladies, who said he had only *borrow'd* it; but the wise *Italian* by this trick both kept his *own*, and yet satisfied the Queen. Indeed he hath things here both too good to be given away, and too great to be carried away; witness those rare *Silver Tables* which are in his *Wardrobe*, one whereof weigheth twenty four thousand pound weight. From the Palace we were led over the Street to his *great Garden* upon the Hill side, where all the Graces that can make up a Garden are found.

As for the Government, Fashions, Wealth, Strength, and Interest of *Genoa*, I found them to be thus:

The Government. Their Government is *Democratical* or *Popular*, by a *Doge* (chosen every two years) and eight *Senators*, who live with him in the *Palace*, and assist him with their Counsel. The Great Council here, which is the Foundation of the Government, consists of Four hundred men chosen indifferently out of all the Families of the Town; these deliberate with the *Signiora*, of all things that belong to War or Peace. Anciently, as I hinted before, *Genoa* was under the French Domination, till *Andrea d'Oria* set it free. Historians write of it, that *Berengarius* the third, and the *Saracens*, so ruin'd *Genoa*, that they left it swimming in its own Blood, which Ruin was *forewarn'd* by a Prodigy of a Fountain of

of Blood, which ran in the very Streets of *Genoa*. It had like to have ſwam a ſecond time in its Blood, when *Lewis* XII. of *France* entering into *Genoa* victoriouſly with Sword in hand threatning the utter ruine of that People, was pacified by the mournful Cries of Four thouſand little Children, who, clad in Sackcloth, and placed in the great *Piazza*, cry'd out to the King in a piercing accent, *Miſericordia e Pieta, Mercy and Pity*. But ſince *Genoa* ſhook off the French Yoke, it hath lived perpetually jealous of the French, eſpecially ſince it diſcover'd, ſome years paſt, divers attempts of *France* againſt it, whilſt the French had *Portolongone* and *Piombino*.

For this reaſon the *Genoeſi* lean much to the Spaniſh Faction; and Faſhions following Factions they lean much to the Spaniſh Faſhion both in Humor and Apparel. Hence I found here broad Hats without Hatbands, broad Leather Girdles with Steel Buckles, narrow Breeches, with long-waſted Doublets and hanging-ſleeves to be *a la mode*, as well as in *Madrid*. And I found all the great Ladies here to go like the Donna's of *Spain*, in * *Guardinfanta's*; that is, in horrible overgrown Fartingals of Whalebone, which being put about the Waſt of the Lady, and full as broad on both ſides as ſhe can reach with her hands, bear out her Coats in ſuch a huffing manner, that ſhe appears to be as broad as long I was told by one of their Noblemen, that a certain Lady of a Noble Houſe, when her Son was a condemn'd Priſoner, deliver'd him both from Captivity and Death, by taking him under her *Guardinfanta's*,

* *Child-preſerver.*

furia's, and carrying him thence, ſupported by her Women, from whence ſhe could privately ſend him out of the State. So that the Men here with their little cloſe Breeches looked like Tumblers that leap through the Hoops; and the Women like thoſe that danced anciently the *Hobby-horſe* in Country Mummings.

Their Riches. As for their *Riches*, I am told they paſs not a *Million* and *two hundred thouſand Crowns* a year. Indeed the *King* of *Spain*, *Philip* the II. above a hundred years ago, borrowed of this *Republick* the ſum of eleven Millions, and keeps them ſtill in his hands to keep this *Republick* in awe; yet paying the intereſt duly unto them. So that the *Common Purſe* here, is nothing ſo rich as that of *Venice*, though the particular Men here are far richer than thoſe of *Venice*. They have great Trading both with *France* and *Spain*; and are great *Banquiers*, making the *Change* in all the Banks of *Europe*, go as they pleaſe. Beſides they utter a world of *Taffataes*, *Velvets*, *Sattains*, *Points* of needle work, and divers other things of Value.

Their Strength. As for their *Strength*, it's enough to defend themſelves, ſcarce enough to offend others. For *Genova* is back'd up by the *Appennines*, where all paſſages are eaſily made good againſt Invaders; and it is ſo well fortified on the other ſide by the *Sea* it ſelf, twelve or fourteen good *Galies*, *twenty Ships of War*, and it's incomparable *Molo*, that they could ſcuffle notably in their own defence. Beſides, *Genova* is fortified not only with its Hills and Sea, but alſo with its new *Walls* and bull-warks of *Stone*; nay, and with its *Bone-walls* too, that is, with a *La-*

a *Lacedemonian Wall* of a world of Inhabitants, and with the illuſtrious Families of *d' Oria*, *Spinola*, *Grimaldi*, *Sauli*, *Durazzi*, *Catanei*, and others, whoſe ſeveral names would go almoſt for ſeveral Armies. Yet for a need, they can raiſe thirty thouſand Men, and arm them well out of their *Arſenal*. I confeſs heretofore they were ſtrong enough to offend others; for they made War againſt the *Piſani*, and worſted them: They ſet alſo upon the *Iſland* of *Corſica*, diſtant from *Genoa* about a hundred miles, and took it. This Iſland gave the *Republick* of *Genoa* more honour than profit: for, it being once a Kingdom, gives ſtill to *Genoa* the Title of *Sereniſſima*, and a *Cloſe Regal Crown* over its *Coat of Arms*. In fine, the *Genoeſe* were ſtrong enough heretofore, to lend great Succours to *Godfrey* of *Bulten* in his holy Conqueſt of *Hieruſalem*. Hence upon the very *Arca* of the *Holy Sepulchre* in *Hieruſalem*, are written theſe words: *Præpotens Genoenſium præſidium.*

Their Intereſt.

As for their Intereſt, it ſeemed to me to be far more *Spaniſh* than *French*, by reaſon of the great profit they draw from *Spain*, which correſponds with the rich *State* of *Milan* in Men and Moneys, by means of the *Genoeſe*: yet they are well with all Chriſtian Princes, except with the Duke of *Savoy*, who pretends to *Savona*.

Their Learned Men.

As for the learned men of this Town, I find them not to be ſo many. The rich *Banquier* is more eſteemed here, than the learned *Divine*. Yet I find here alſo ſome famous for learning, to wit, *Baptiſta Fregoſus*, or *Fulgoſus*, who for his ſingular parts being choſen *Doge*

of *Genoa*, and by his own diſloyal kindred chaſed from Government and Country, comforted himſelf in his Studies; and having obſerved many particular things in Hiſtory, he reduced them to Heads, and left us a juſt volume of Memorable Sayings and Deeds of the Antients: for which work, he is ſtiled by *Alberto Leandro*, the *Valerius Maximus* of *Italy*. He wro e in *Italian*, and dedicated his Book to his Son. The other learned Men of this Town are *Juſtinianus*, *Balus*, *Maſcardi*, and *Chriſtopher Columbus*.

Genoa alſo hath given to the Church of *Rome* three *Popes*, *Adrian* the V. *Innocent* the IV. and *Innocent* the VIII.

The Academy of Wits. Here is an *Academy of Wits* called the *Adormentati*; which together with the other *Academies* of the like nature in all the Towns of *Italy*, I would wiſh my *Traveller* to viſit particularly, that he may ſee how far the *Italians* excel us, in paſſing their time well; and how it's much better to ſpend the week in making of *Orations* and *Verſes*, than in drinking of *Ale* and ſmoaking of Tobacco.

Their Hiſtorian. He that deſires to know more of *Genoa*, let him read *Auguſtinus Juſtinianus* of the Hiſtory of *Genoa*.

Having ſpent ſix days in *Genoa*, we agreed with an honeſt *Vetturino* to conduct us to *Milan*, which is about four little days journey from hence. In another Voyage I went from *Genoa* *Monferrat*, to *Turin* by *Montferrat*, and ſaw in my way *Novi* (of which by and by) *Trino* *Caſſale*, one *Caſſal.* of the ſtrongeſt places of *Italy*, having a ſtrong *Cittadell*, a ſtrong *Caſtle*, ſtrong Town-walls and

and Ditches; and *Alexandria della Paglia*, a strong Town ſtanding upon the *Po*. Alexandria.

But now at this time leaving *Genoa*, and intending for *Milan*, we rid through *San Pietro d' Arena*, by the *Carthuſians Monaſtery*, over the *Apenvine Hills*, and in a day and a half came to *Novi*.

Novi is a little ſtrong Town belonging to the *Genoeſi*, and Frontier to *Milaneſi*. It's ſome twelve Miles diſtant from *Tortona*, the firſt Frontier Town of the State of *Milan*: and becauſe theſe Frontiers were then peſter'd with *Bandits*, a Nobleman of *Genoa*, who was in our company, begg'd of the *Governour* of *Novi* a Convoy for himſelf and us, to ſecure us to *Tortano*: The Governour preſently granted us a Convoy of eight or ten Horſe-men: but, thoſe very Men he gave us for our Convoy, were *Bandits* themſelves, who being baniſhed from the State and Town of *Genoa* for their miſdemeanors, had two Months a year allowed them to come freely into Frontier Towns, and negotiate with the State. Theſe Men were thought by the Governor to be our ſafeſt Guards in danger. Having been thus convoyed by our honeſt Rogues paſt all danger, we paid them ſome three Piſtoles; and feared no more danger, till we ſhould meet with ſuch Servants as theſe another time. I confeſs, it ſeemed at firſt a fearful thing, to ſee our ſelves in the hands of thoſe, who had their hands often in Blood: yet there is ſuch a charm in a Governors Parole, that we thought our ſelves as well armed with it, as if we had been ſhot-free, and had had all the *Spells* of *Lapland* about us. Novi.

Tortona. We had no ſooner parted from theſe our Guards, but paſſing over a little River on Horſeback, we entred into the *Milaneſe*, and came at night to *Tortona*, a ſtrong Frontier Town of the *Milaneſe*, where *Charles* the VIII. of *France*, in his return from the Conqueſt of *Naples*, beat the *Venetians*, and the *Milaneſi* in a Battle.

Pavia. From *Tortona* we went the next day to *Pavia*, the ſecond Town of the State of *Milan*, and once the Seat of twelve Kings of the *Longobards*. *Ticinum.* It ſtands upon the River *Ticinum*, and hence it's alſo called in Latin *Ticinum*. Here's an Univerſity, either founded or furniſhed at firſt, with Readers, or by Readers of the Univerſity of *Oxford*. The chief Colleges, *The Domo.* are, that of *Pius Quintus*, and that of S. *Charles Borromæus*. The other remarkable things here, are, 1. The *Domo*, in which lieth buried the Body of a holy Biſhop of this Town, called *Sauli*, who was contemporary to S. *Charles Borromæus*, and of the ſame ſpirit and zeal. Near the great door of this Church (on the inſide) they ſhew you a little *Maſt* of a *Boat*, which they make ignorant people believe (for ſport) to have been the Lance of *Orlando Furioſo*.

The Equeſtris Statua of Antoninus. 2. Near the *Domo*, in the *Piazza*, ſtands a *Brazen Statue*, which ſome affirm to be the Statue of *Conſtantine* the Great; others, more probably, of *Antoninus Pius*. It was brought from *Ravenna* hither by Victory; and it had like to have been carried back again to *Ravenna* by Victory. For *Lotrech* the *French General* in the taking of this Town, having granted this Statue

Statue to a Soldier of *Ravenna* (who ſerved under him, and who having mounted the Breach firſt, asked nothing for his recompence but that *Statue*, taken antiently from his Native Town.) Yet afterwards moved with the generoſity of the Townſmen (who having left all things elſe with ſome patience, to the prey of the Souldiers, burſt into Tears, when they heard that this *Statue* was to be taken from them.) *Lotrech* changed his Gift to the Souldier, and left the Citizens of *Pavia* their dear *Statue*.

3. I ſaw the *Auguſtins Church*, where the *Body* of that great Father of the Church S. *Auguſtin* lieth buried. It was tranſlated hither out of *Sardinia* by *Luitprandus King* of the *Longobards*; an Arm of which S. *Auguſtin* a *King* of *England* redeemed at a great rate, and yet cheap too, if it were his writing Arm, wherewith he wrote ſuch admirable Books. The new *Tomb* in the *Sacriſty* is all of white Marble, moſt exquiſitely carved with Hiſtorical Statues repreſenting the moſt remarkable actions of that Doctor. S. *Auguſtins Body.* *Baron. an.* 725. *Baron. an.* 1025.

4. In the ſame Church we were ſhown the *Tomb* of *Severinus Boetius*, Author of that great little Book *de Conſolatione Philoſophica*, which he wrote in his Exile, to comfort himſelf. He was a *Conſul* of *Rome* for dignity, another St. *Denys* for Learning and Loſing his Head; and held a Martyr by many. *The Tomb of Severinus Boetius.* *See Baron. an.* 525.

5. In the Cloiſter of this Convent of the *Auguſtins*, lie buried two *Engliſhmen* of note, the *Duke* of *Suffolk*, and an *Engliſh Biſhop* called *Parker*, of the Houſe of *Morley*, upon whoſe Tombs are handſome Epitaphs.

6. The

6. The Chapel where the *Bones* of the *Frenchmen* killed in the *Battle* of *Pavia* are kept and shown to Strangers.

7. In the *Franciscans Church* here, lies buried *Baldus* the famous Jurisconsult.

8. The long *Wooden-Bridge*, covered over head with a perpetual Penthouse, to defend men as well from the Sun, as from the Rain.

Learned Men. Of this Town were *Ennodius Ticinensis*, and *Lanfrancus*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who wrote against *Berengarius* for the *Real Presence*.

The Historians. He that desires to know the particular History of *Pavia*, let him read *Antonio Spelta*, and *Sacco*.

From *Pavia* we went to *Milan*, some twenty miles off; and in the way, saw the famous *Monastery* of the *Carthusians*, near unto which, upon S. *Matthias* his day (a day favourable to *Charles* the V. seeing he was *born* on that day, *Crowned Emperor* on that day, and got *this Victory* on that day) was fought that memorable Battle between the said Emperours Forces, and the *French King*, Anno 1525. where *The Battle of Pavia.* *Francis* the I. of *France* was taken Prisoner, having lost the day, not for want of courage, but conduct: for he had a little before, sent away half of his Army to the Conquest of *Naples*; by which he so weakened the rest of his Army here, that he both lost the day, and did nothing against the Kingdom of *Naples*; a great fault observed by one that was present there, to wit, *See Monluc's Commentaries.* *Monsieur Monluc*. *Francis* being thus taken prisoner, was presently conducted to the *Carthusian Monastery*, which was hard by. Entering into the *Church*, and finding the *Monks* sing-

ſinging in the *third hour* this *verſe* of the *Pſalm*, *Coagulatum eſt ſicut lac cor eorum, ego vero legem tuam meditatus ſum*, he ſtruck up with them at the next *verſe*, and ſung aloud with a piety as great as his loſs, or courage, *Bonum mihi quia humiliaſti me, ut diſcam juſtificationes tuas*: that is, *it's well for me, that thou haſt humbled me, that I may learn thy Juſtifications.* After he had heard *Maſs* here, he was carried to Dinner in the *Monaſtery*, and was ſerved by three Generals of the *Spaniſh Army*, *Launoy*, *Bourbon*, and the *Marquis* of *Vaſti*; the one holding the Baſin, the ſecond pouring *Water* upon his hands, and the third preſenting him the *Towel*. Some ſay he refuſed to be ſerved by *Bourbon*, looking upon him as a revolted Traytor, rather than as an Enemy: indeed the brave *French Knight Bayard* (ſirnamed the *Chevalier ſans peur*, who died in the Battle,) being found expiring in the Field by *Bourbon*, who ſaid to him, *Poor Bayard! I pity thee*; anſwered him with all the courage and life that was left him; *No, Traytor, I am not to be pitied, who die nobly, ſerving my King and Country: but, thou rather art to be pitied, who liveſt a Traytor to thy King and Country.* As for the King he was led Priſoner into *Spain*, where he was kept at *Madrid* till he paid his Ranſom. Hence the *Spaniards* brag, that they had once a *French King* Priſoner, and the *French* had never any King of *Spain* Priſoner: but the *French* anſwer; that their King had not been Priſoner had he fought as the Kings of *Spain* do of late, that is, by *Proxy*, and not in Perſon. However this *Francis* the firſt deſerved better Fortune, being a Prince of great Cou-

Courage and Honour, and a great lover of his Soldiers. For not long before, he had beaten the *Swiſſers* in the Battle of *San Donato*, where his Soldiers fought for him with ſingular Courage and Zeal. And he had deſerved it all: For he was ſo good to his Soldiers in that expedition, that he would ride up and down the Camp in the night to viſit the wounded Soldeers, and help them to all neceſſaries, commanding even His own *ſheets* to be cut in pieces to bind up their Wounds.

The Carthuſians Monaſtery. As for the Monaſtery it ſelf of the *Carthuſians*, it's one of the moſt ſtately Monaſteries of *Italy*, and, I believe, the ſecond of that *Order*. The great Cloiſter is all covered with Lead. The Church is one of the handſomeſt of *Italy* though built *a la Tedeſca*. The Frontiſpiece of it is adorned with a world of *Heads* and *Figures* of white marble. The *Chapels* within are richly adorned and painted. The *Tabernacle* is worth fourſcore thouſand Crowns. The Tomb of their *Founder*, *John Galazzo Viſcounti*, *Duke* of *Milan*, which ſtands a little without the *Quire*, with the *cumbent Statues* of *Ludovico Moro* the laſt *Duke* of *Milan* and his *Wife*, lying under the other, is a ſtately *Monument*. In the *Sacriſty* we were ſhown many fine *Relicks*, much rich *Church-plate*, and the curious *back* of an *Altar* of *Ivory* cut into Hiſtories after a rare manner.

Milan. Paſſing from hence we came to *Milan*. This Town is ſurnamed the *Great*; and rightly, ſeeing it carries full ten miles in compaſs within the Walls. It hath ten Gates to it; two hundred Churches within it, and three hundred thou-

thouſand ſouls dwelling in it. Hence it was anciently called *Altera Roma* a ſecond *Rome*, both becauſe of its Greatneſs, and becauſe of its other Titles, which made it look like *Rome*. It's the Head of the beſt *Dutchy* in *Europe*, which is a hundred miles long from *North* to *South*, and containeth four hundred *Towns* in it. It's called *Miland quaſi Midland*, being a pure *Mediterranean* Town, and having (which is a wonder not ſo much as a River of its own running in it; but is only ſerved by two Channels cut out of the *Ticine* and the *Adder*. This Town hath heretofore ſuffered much by War; great Towns being the faireſt marks to ſhoot at, and *Milan* hath been forty times ſhot at by Sieges, and twenty times hit, and taken, having had the misfortune to have been under divers Factions and Rulers: as the Emperours, the *Turriani*, the *Viſconti*, the *Sforze*, the *French* and the *Spaniards*, who now keep it, *merce al Caſtello*, which ſtaveth off all attempts of Strangers. *France* pretends to this Dutchy as Heir of *Valentia Viſconty*, who was married to *Lewis* Duke of *Orleans*, whoſe houſe was excluded from this Dutchy by *Francis Sforza*, who poſſeſſed himſelf of this State. *The Dutchy of Milan.*

As for the things which I ſaw in *Milan*, they are theſe.

1. A great number of Genty and Nobility here, which I perceived to be very numerous, becauſe of an hundred Coaches (no Hackneys) which I ſaw ſtanding before a Church upon a private *Feſtival-day* of that Church. *Store of Gentry.*

2. Great

Store of Artizans. 2. Great ſtore of *Artizans*, as Goldſmiths, Armourers, Gunſmiths, Weavers, Silkſtockin-makers, Refiners of Gold, thoſe that work in Cryſtal, and a world of others; which gives occaſion to the Proverb, which ſaith, That *he that would improve all* Italy, *muſt deſtroy* Milan *firſt*; for if *Milan* were deſtroy'd, the many Artizans that are there, would ſpread over all *Italy*, and furniſh the other Towns, which want Artizans.

S. Ambroſ.'s *Church.* 3. The *Churches* here, and firſt that of S. *Ambroſe*, where that glorious Father of the *Church* refus'd ſtoutly to *Theodoſius* the *Emperor*, entrance into that *Church*, becauſe of his paſſionate commanding the Maſſacre at *Theſſalonica*, where ſeven thouſand Men were murder'd for the fault of a few. Under the high Altar of this Church lieth the Body of S. *Ambroſe*, as alſo the Bodies of *Gervaſius* and *Protaſius*, two primitive Saints, whoſe Bodies were ſaid to be found whilſt S. *Auſtin* liv'd at *Milan*, and who alſo relates a famous Miracle, which, they ſay, was known to have been wrought by God, at the tranſlation of thoſe holy Martyrs Bodies into this *Church*. In this *Church* alſo is ſeen upon a high Pillar of a round form, a Brazen Serpent, like that erected by *Moſes* in the *Deſart*, and commanded by God himſelf to be made: I imagine it was ſet up here for the ſame end for which it was commanded by God to be ſet up myſtically in the Deſart, that is, to put Men in mind of our Saviour's exaltation upon the Croſs for Mankind, the frequent memory of which is a ſoveraign Antidote againſt the ſtings of the infernal Serpent, the Devil.

S. Ambroſe *his Tomb.*

Read S. Auguſtin, *lib.* 9. *Conf. c.* 7.

Numb. 21. 8.

John 3. 14.

4. Near

4. Near unto the 'foreſaid Church of S. *Ambroſe* ſtands the little *Chapel*, where S. *Auguſtin* with his little *Adeodatus*, and his Friend *Alippius*, was baptiz'd, as the Words over the Altar teſtifie; and from this little *Chapel* it's ſaid S. *Ambroſe* and S. *Auguſtin* (then become *Chriſtians*) going proceſſionally to the *great Church*, made the Hymn *Te Deum*, as they went, one making one Verſe, the other another. *The Hymn* Te Deum.

5. The other little *Chapel* on the other ſide of S. *Ambroſe*'s *Church*, is built upon the place where S. *Auguſtin* was firſt converted by a Voice, which ſaid to him, *Tolle lege, Tolle lege*: meaning S. *Paul*'s Epiſtles: Which he doing, pitch'd juſt upon thoſe Words to the *Romans*, *Non in cubilibus & impudicitiis, ſed induimini Jeſum Chriſtum*, &c. And ſo of an impure *Manichean* he became a chaſte *Chriſtian*. *The place of the Converſion of S.* Auſtin.

6. I ſaw adjoyning to this *Church* of S. *Ambroſe*, the ſtately Monaſtery, with *two* curious Cloyſters built upon round Pillars. The Monaſtery, as well as S. *Ambroſe*'s Church, belongs to the *Ciſiertian Monks*. *The* Ciſtertians *Monaſtery.*

7. Then I ſaw the Church of S. *Victor*, belonging to the *Olivetan Fathers*, with the admirable Picture of S. *George* killing the *Dragon*, of the hand of *Raphael Urbin*. This is a neat *Church* when it is adorn'd in its beſt Hangings, as it was when I *ſaw* it. The double Cloyſters here of the Monaſtery, built upon round Pillars, ought to be ſeen. *S.* Victor *his Church.*

8. In the Church of S. *Nazarius* are to be ſeen the Tombs of the *Trivultii*; ſtately Monuments. *S. Nazario*

9. In

S. Eustorgius. 9. In the Church of S. *Eustorgius* I *saw* the *Arca*, or old Tomb, in which repoſed the Bodies of the three *Magi* who came to adore our Saviour in *Bethlem*, whoſe Bodies were ſaid to be tranſlated from hence to *Colen* in *Germany*, where I have ſeen them, by reaſon of the deſtruction of *Milan*.

10. I ſaw alſo the Church of S. *Lawrence*, built like that of *Sancta Sophia* in *Conſtantinople*. Here lies buried *Placidia*, the Siſter of *Honorius* the Emperor.

11. There are divers other Churches here, all worth particular viſiting, by reaſon of ſome rare thing in them; as in that of S. *Mark*, the rare piece of *Simon Magus*'s fall from the Skies. In that of the Paſſion, the rare Picture of the laſt Supper, by *Chriſtophoro Cibo*. In that of S. *Celſo*, a rare Picture of *Raphael*'s hand in the Sacriſty. The *Theatins* and the *Jeſuits* Churches are very neat.

The Domo. 12. But the beſt of all the Churches of *Milan* is the new *Domo*, in the midſt of which lieth buried the new S. *Ambroſe* of *Milan*; I mean S. *Charles Borromaus*, another S. *Ambroſe* in Paſtoral Dignity, Zeal and Sanctity. This Church I take to be the ſecond in *Italy* for ſolid work, being built all of white Marble, with Iſles and Pillars, each Pillar worth ten thouſand crowns, and there are a hundred and threeſcore ſuch Pillars in all, of maſſive white Marble, not candied and frozen over with a thin cruſt of Marble, as moſt of the other fine Churches of *Italy* are. There are alſo ſix hundred white Marble Statues ſet round about the outſide of this Church, each of them coſt a thouſand crowns.

S. Lorenzo.

That

That of S. *Bartholomeus*, with his Skin upon his Arm, and that of *Adam*, are two pieces much admir'd, and are of the hand of *Chriſtophoro Cibo*. The Frontiſpiece is not yet finiſh'd, but if that be the true deſign of it, which I have ſeen in Pictures in the *Capuchins* Cloyſter in *Rome*, it will be moſt ſtately. The Church it ſelf is ſaid to be 250 cubits long. Near the Quire, and almoſt in the middle of the Church, lieth the Body of S. *Charles Borromæus*, in a low Vault, turn'd now into a Chapel, open at the top, with low Rails round about it: The inſide of this Chapel is hung with Hangings of Cloth of Gold, over which runs a Corniſh of *ſilver Plate* nailed to the Wall. Upon the Altar lieth the Body of S. *Charles* at length in a fair *Cryſtal Coffin* made of ſeveral great Squares of Cryſtal, thro' which (the wooden Caſe being open'd by ſpecial leave from the Archbiſhop) we ſaw his Body lying all along in his *Epiſcopal* Robes; his Face, Hands, and Feet are only ſeen, and his *Noſe* and *Lips* are ſhrunk and parched. The true Picture of this Saint hangs at the entrance below into this Chapel, and his Hiſtory and wonderful Actions are hung up in painting round about the Church, on high. Over the high Altar, in the very Roof of the *Church*, is kept one of the *Nails* of the *Croſs* of our *Saviour*, given anciently to the *Milaneſi*, by the Emperor *Theodoſius*. There burn always before it a number of little Lamps ſet croſs-wiſe, and drawn up thither with a Pulley, to ſhew the people where that holy Relick is. In fine, the Steeple of this Church is not to be forgotten, it's not quite finiſh'd yet, but it's high

The Holy Nail.

enough to tire any man, and to ſhew him from the top of it the whole Town of *Milan*, the whole compaſs and circumference of the rare Caſtle, and the whole Country round about for twenty miles on every ſide; a ſight ſo pleaſant, that I would wiſh my Traveller not only to mount up to the top of this Steeple, but (for this Steeples ſake) to make it his conſtant practiſe (as I did) to mount up the chief Steeple of all great Towns.

The Hoſpital.

13. The great *Hoſpital*, built in a quadrangle upon arches and round pillars, is a moſt magnificent thing. Really, if Sickneſs were not a little unwholeſome and troubleſome, a Man would almoſt wiſh to be a little ſick here, where a King, tho' in health, might lodge handſomly. The place where the ſick people are kept, is built croſs-wiſe, and in the middle of that croſs ſtands an open Altar, where all the ſick people from their ſeveral quarters, and from their very beds, may hear the Divine Service at once. Four thouſand Men are entertained daily in this Hoſpital, and therefore it hath great Revenues. S. *Charles* was a great Benefactor to it, and gave away to it and other pious uſes, in half an hour, five and twenty thouſand crowns of Inheritance, which were fallen to him (being a man of eminent birth) half an hour before. Indeed he had no other Wife than his *Church*, nor other Children than the *Poor*.

The Seminary. The College of the Swiſſers.

14. The ſtately *Seminary*, and the College for the *Swiſſers*, are noble Buildings, and the eternal Works of S. *Charles*.

15. The

15. The *Lazaretto* is a vaſt Building, carrying in compaſs a thouſand and eight hundred yards. It ſtands near the Town Walls, yet out of the Town, and is to receive into it thoſe that are ſick of the Plague. There are as many Chambers in it as there are Days in the Year. In the middle of the ſquare of this vaſt Court, or Quadrangle, ſtands a round Chapel, cover'd at the top, but open on all ſides in ſuch a manner, as that all the People, from their ſeveral Chambers and Beds, may behold the Prieſt ſaying Divine Service, and joyn their Devotions to his. I have read in the life of S. *Charles Borromæus*, that in a Plague time he viſited thoſe that were infected, and miniſtred the holy Sacraments to them himſelf in perſon, and went in a ſolemn Proceſſion in the head of the Clergy, with a Rope about his Neck, and barefoot upon the Stones, to move ſtony Hearts to repentance, and to appeaſe the Wrath of God, angry with his People. *The Lazaretto.*

16. The *Bibliotheca Ambroſiana* is one of the beſt Libraries in *Italy*, becauſe it is not ſo coy as the others, which ſcarce let themſelves be ſeen; whereas this opens its Doors publickly to all comers and goers, and ſuffers them to read what Book they pleaſe. It was begun to be built by S. *Charles*, and continued by his Nephew Cardinal *Frederico Borromæo*; but it was much augmented ſince by the acceſſion of *Vincentius Pinelli*'s Books, which, after his death, being ſhip'd by his Heirs for *Naples*, and taken by the *Turks*, were many of them thrown overboard by thoſe *Analphabet Rogue*, who looked for other Merchandiſe than Books; yet many *The Library.*

of them were recover'd again for Money, and ſet up here. Over the heads of the higheſt Shelves are ſet up the Pictures of learned men, a thing of more coſt than profit, ſeeing with that coſt many more Books might have been bought, and learned men are beſt ſeen in their Books and Writings: *Loquere ut te videam.*

The Gallery of Pictures.

17. Behind the Library ſtands the *Gallery* of Pictures, where I ſaw many choice *Originals* of prime Maſters, and ſome exquiſite Copies, as thoſe four pieces of the *four Elements*, which certainly are copied after thoſe that I deſcrib'd above, in the Houſe of the Ducheſs of *Savoy* near *Turin*, called *La Valentine*. But the rareſt Piece of all, either in the *Library* or here, is the rare Manuſcript kept here, of *Alberto Dureo*. Three hundred pounds have been refuſed for it.

The Dominicans Library.

18. The *Dominicans* Library is very conſiderable too: But you muſt not omit to ſee the *Refectory* here, where you ſhall find an admirable Picture of the Laſt Supper, made by rare *Laurentius Vincius*. The painted Cloyſter here deſerves a Viſit too.

The Gratie.

19. The Monaſtery alſo called the *Gratie*, is one of the beſt in *Europe*, in whoſe Church is a rare picture of Chriſt crown'd with Thorns, of the hand of *Titian*.

The Cabinet of Canonico Setali.

20. The famous Gallery and Curioſities of *Canonico Setali*, far better than that of Monſieur *Servier* in *Lyons*, of which above. And here I wiſh my Pen were as ingenious to deſcribe all the rare things of this *Gallery*, as the noble *Canon Setali* hath been in gathering them, and courteous in ſhewing them: ſome of theſe curious

rious things I yet remember, for my Reader's ſake; as, a great variety of *Burning-glaſſes*, and yet not *Convex*, as ours ordinarily are, one of them ſet fire preſently to a piece of board an inch thick that was brought forth. 2. A *Mandragora*. 3. A Bird without Feet, called by *Ariſtotle*, *Apodes*. 4. A Stone, out of which is drawn a thread, which being ſpun and woven, makes a Stuff-like Linnen, but of an incombuſtible nature: The Stone is called *Aſbeſtos*, and the Stuff *Amyanthus*, which being foul and ſoil'd, is not to be made clean by waſhing in Water, but by throwing into the Fire. *Baltazar Bonifacius* in his *Hiſtoria Ludicra* tells of many who had ſuch Stuff. 5. A world of rare Medals of the old Conſuls and Emperors in Silver, Gold, and Braſs. 6. A world of wooden things, as alſo Fruits and *Fungi*, all putrefied and turned into Stone, and yet no Metamorphoſis neither, the things retaining their priſtine forms. 7. Divers curious Clocks, whereof one ſhews the time of the *day* (ſtrange) even in the *night* by a *quadrant*. 8. The little round *Cabinet*, flat above like a Child's Drum, with a ſmooth Glaſs; the Maſter ſetting little Ships, Coaches, *&c.* upon the Glaſs, they wheel and move up and down as it were of themſelves, when all is done by a ſympathetical vertue, and by the Maſter's turning ſecretly a little Wheel, where there is faſten'd ſome Loadſtone, and the little Ships and Coaches having alſo ſome piece of Iron in their bottoms which touch the Glaſs, and ſo the Iron running after the Loadſtone moved by the Wheel, makes theſe Ships and Coaches ſeem to move of themſelves. 9. A piece of a *Thunderbolt*,

which the Canon himſelf ſaid he cut out of a Man's Thigh ſtrucken with it. 10. Divers pieces of Coral juſt as it grows in the Sea. 11. A little Pillar two handful high, of Marble, ſo cracked, that it gapeth wide on one ſide with the crack, and is yet firmly united on the other. 12. A world of rich *Jewels*, ſtrange *Stones*, *Camoes*, *Pictures*, *Cryſtals*, *little Infants in Wax* in glaſs Cafes, and many other exotick Rarities, which are better ſeen than deſcribed.

Some Palaces. 21. There are ſome Palaces here; as that of the *Governers*, rather vaſt than curious, and fitter to lodge *Regiments of Guards* in, than *Viceroys*. The Palace of *Marini* is of a noble ſtructure: That of the Archbiſhop is very handſom. I ſaw alſo the Palace of the *Borromei* painted within at the entrance, with the *Motto* of S. *Charles*, (who was of this Family) HUMILITAS. It's related in the Life of this holy Prelate, that in twenty years ſpace that he was Archbiſhop and Cardinal here, he went but twice to viſit his own near Relations in this Palace, and deſcended but twice into his own Garden in his Archiepiſcopal Palace. The *Palaces* alſo of the *Viſconti* of the *Sforze*, of the *Trivultii*, and many others, deſerve to be ſeen.

The Caſtle. 22. The *Caſtle* or *Citadelle* is one of the beſt in *Europe*, in the opinion of the Duke of *Rohan*, who was a competent Judge. It is ſituate on the back of the Town, and commands on every ſide. It's guarded by a Garriſon of five hundred natural *Spaniards*, with a ſpecial *Governor* of its own, independant of the Governor of *Milan*. It looks more like a Town than a Caſtle, being a mile and a half about, and furniſh'd

nish'd with all Conveniences a Soldier can require. The large Streets in it, the ſtately Houſes and Palaces for the chief Commanders, the neat Piazza's, the number of well-furniſh'd Shops in all kinds, even Goldſmiths too, the five Fountains or Wells not to be dried up, the Mill, the Hoſpital; the Church, with eight or ten Chaplains in it, and a Curate; the fair place of Arms, capable of ſix thouſand Men; two hundred great pieces of Canon upon the Walls; the ſix Royal Baſtions, the regular Fortifications or Outworks; the underground way from one Baſtion to another; the infinite heaps of Cannon bullets, ſome whereof weigh 800 pound weight; the three large and deep Ditches round about the Caſtle; the ſtately Entrance, Gate, and two ſtrong Towers, make this Caſtle one of the moſt Cavalier Curioſities a Man can ſee in *Italy*. They ſhew'd me here the Cannon which kill'd Mareſchal *Crequy* before *Breme*, and for that Service it's allow'd to reſt here for ever.

23. The Shops of Cryſtals, where you have a world of Curioſities in Cryſtal; as Watch-caſes, Twizer-caſes, little Boxes, Pictures cut in Cryſtal, Croſſes and Beads of Cryſtal, *&c.* The Shops alſo of Silk-ſtockings, which are hugely eſteem'd in *Italy*, becauſe they are twice as ſtrong as ours, and very maſſive. The Shops, in fine, of *Embroiderers*, whoſe Embroidery in Gold and Silver is the beſt in the World, and the cheapeſt. *The Shops.*

24. Here is an *Academy of Wits*, call'd the *Naſcoſti*, or *Hidden Men*. But why hidden? *Wit*, like the Sun, ſhould ſhine publickly, and *The Academy of Wits.*

not bury it ſelf, except it be to ſhew us, that as the Sun never ſhines brighter than after he hath been hidden in a Cloud, ſo Wit never ſhines more, than after it hath been hidden in Study. Hence was that Saying of a grave Philoſopher, *abſconde vitam*, that is, *lye hidden a while, at the Dug of the Book.* Indeed *Demoſthenes* cauſed his Hair to be ſhaved off, that by that Deformity he might be aſham'd to go abroad, and ſo be obliged to ſtudy at home. As for this Academy, it helps much to *animate* with Wit this great Town, which otherwiſe would look like *Polyphemus*, (having loſt his Eye) great, but blind; *Tumor non eſt magnitudo.*

The learned Men. 25. The moſt famous Men of this Town for learning have been theſe: *Valerius Maximus* for Hiſtory; *Alciatus, Decius* and *Jaſon*, for Law; *Cardan* for Philoſophy; *Panigarola* and *Paulus Areſius* for Sermons; *Bonacina* for Canon Law; and *Octavius Ferrarius* (whom I knew lately in *Padua*) for *belle lettere.*

A ſtrong Body. Leandro Alberto. 26. Two other Men here are famous for other things, to wit, *Uberto Crucio*, and *Gulielmo Puſterula*; the firſt ſo ſtrong, that he could ſtop a Horſe in his full gallop with one hand, lift up upon his Back a Horſe laden with Corn, and ſtand ſo ſtifly upon his Legs that no Man, tho' running againſt him with all his force, could puſh him out of his place or poſture. The other without any Learning at all, except his firſt Grammar Rudiments, could with his natural Wit only, decide Law-caſes, and make ſuch good Orders, that the beſt Lawyers could not find what to add to them. It's

A ſtrong mind.

pity

pity these two Men had not been melted into one, to have made one excellent Man, by their clubbing *Wit* and *Force* together, and their mingling of *Sana mens* with *Corpore sano*.

The *Revenues* that *Spain* draws from *Milan* yearly are two millions and four hundred thousand Crowns, besides the Thirds, to which they are obliged in time of War. *Its Revenues.*

This State, for a need, can raise fifty thousand Men. *Its Strength.*

He that desires to know the History of *Milan*, let him read *Corio* of the History of *Milan*, *Ripamontius*, *Scipio Barbono* of the Lives of the Dukes of *Milan*, and *Paola Morigi*. *Its Historians.*

Having thus seen *Milan* in six days time, we took Horse for *Bologna*, six days Journey from hence, and passed through *Marignano*, *Lodi*, *Piacenza*, *Parma*, *Regio*, *Modena*, *Fort Urbano*, and so to *Bologna*; of each I will say something.

Marignano is a little Town about ten miles distant from *Milan*, and from thence to *Lodi* the way is most pleasant, and level as an Alley. Near to this Town *Francis* the First of *France* fought with the *Swissers* a famous Battel, and killed 16000 of them, and took *Ludovicus Sforza* the Duke of *Milan*, who thought to have escaped in the *Swissers* Clothes, but was discover'd. *Marignano.*

Lodi is a good Town, and Frontier upon the *Venetians*; the River *Adda* runs under its Walls. It's call'd *Lodi* either because it's built upon the Ruins, or near to old *Lodi*, which was call'd *Laus Pompeia*, because *Pompey* had restor'd it. This Town is famous for excellent Neats Tongues, and Cheeses as big as Mill-stones. A Gentleman of this Town caus'd four *Lodi.*

Cheeses

Cheeſes to be made, each one weighing 500 pound weight. The People here mow their Hay three times a year, and I am afraid they are polled as often with Taxes.

Piacenza. *Piacenza*, or *Pleaſance*, deſerves its name, by reaſon of its ſweet ſituation in a rich Country near the *Po* and *Trebia*, two great Rivers. Near the laſt of which *Hannibal* overcame *Sempronius* the *Roman* Conſul. The Country round about this Town is very rich in Paſturage; hence their excellent Cheeſes and rare Cream. It aboundeth alſo in Salt-pits, which afford no ſmall profit. This Town belongs to the Duke of *Parma*.

Its Rarities. The beſt things to be ſeen here, are, the *Equeſtris Statua* of the ſecond *Alexander the Great*, or the firſt *Alexander of Parma*. It's in Braſs in the Market-place. The old Fountain made by *Auguſtus Cæſar*; the rare Picture of *Raphael*'s hand, in the *Benedictins* Church, behind the high Altar; the Churches of the *Dominicans*, and *Canon Regulars*, are no contemptible ones.

A piece of Thriftineſs. I obſerved in this Town a notable piece of Thriftineſs uſed by the Gentlewomen, who make no ſcruple to be carried to their Country Houſes near the Town in Coaches drawn by two Cows yoked together; theſe will carry the *Signora* a pretty round trot under her *Villa*; they afford her alſo a diſh of their Milk, and after collation, bring her home again at night, without ſpending a penny.

Its Hiſtory. He that deſires to know more of *Piacenza*, let him read *Umberto Loccati*.

Of

Of *Piacenza*, where *Cornelius Muſſo*, Biſhop of *Bivonti*, a great preacher, and a *Trent* Father; as alſo *Ferrante Paltavicini*.

Parma belongs alſo to the Duke of *Parma*, of the Houſe of *Farneſe*. This Dutchy was given to *Pier Luigi Farneſe*, by *Paulus* III, upon condition it ſhould hold of the Pope, and pay him yearly ten thouſand Crowns; it's worth to the Duke two hundred thouſand Crowns. This Town of *Parma* is three miles in compaſs, hath the River *Parma* running thro' it, over which is built a handſom Stone Bridge. The Country round about the Town is moſt fertile, and begets ſuch credit to the Cheeſes, that *Parmeſan* Cheeſes are famous over all the World. *Parma.*

The chief things to be ſeen in *Parma*, are theſe; the Duke's Palace, with the Gardens, Fountains, wild Beaſts, the admirable Theatre to exhibit *Opera's* in; the exquiſite Coaches of the Duke, one whereof is all of beaten Silver, with the Seats and Curtains embroider'd with Gold and Silver; another ſo well gilt and adorn'd, that it's almoſt as rich as the former. Laſtly, the Stables, where I ſaw Horſes ſuitable both in ſtrength and beauty to the foreſaid Coaches. *The Duke's Palace.*

Then I went to the *Domo*, whoſe *Cupola* was painted by the rare hand of *Coreggio*. *The Domo.*

Laſtly, to the *Capuchins*, in whoſe Church lies buried my noble Hero *Alexander Farneſe*, Duke of *Parma*, whom I cannot meet in this my Voyage without a Complement. He was the *third Duke of Parma*, but the *tenth Worthy*. Indeed his leaping the firſt Man into the *Turks* Galleys, in the Battel of *Lepanto*, with Sword *The Capuchins. Alexander Farneſe.*

in

in hand, and in the eighteenth year only of his age, was such a Prognostick of his future worth, his reducing *Flanders* again, with the prodigious Actions done by him at the taking of *Antwerp*, was such a making good of the Prognostick; and his coming into *France* in his Slippers and Sedan, to succour *Rouen*, besieg'd by *Henry* IV, was such a crowning of all his other Actions, that his History begets belief to *Quintus Curtius*, and makes Men believe, that *Alexander*'s can do any thing.

Some Critics hold Quintus Curtius to be a Romance.

The Duke's Revenues. The *Revenues* of this Prince are said to be *Six hundred thousand Crowns* a year. He is now of the French Faction, and in all his Territories he can raise 28000 Men.

His Interest.

His Forces.

The Academy of Wits Here is an Academy of Wits, call'd the *Innominati*, as they that had rather be wise than be talked of, or famed for such.

This Town hath furnish'd *Italy* with two excellent Painters, *Coreggio* and *Parmigiano*.

Its History He that would know the particular History of *Parma*, let him read *Bonaventura Arrighi*.

Regio. From *Parma* we went to *Regio*, a Town belonging to the Duke of *Modena*; here is a neat Cathedral Church, of which Church S. *Prosper* was Bishop. Of this Town were these three learned men, *Guido Pancirola*, Cardinal *Tosco*, and snarling *Castelvetro*.

Modena. *Modena* is the Town where the Duke keeps his Court. It's a handsome Town, and by its high Steeple shews it self to Travellers long before they come to it. It hath also a strong *Cittadel*, which lying flat and even with the Town, sheweth the Town, that indeed it can be even with it whensoever it shall rebel.

The

The Palace of the Duke hath ſome Rooms in it as neat, and rich, as any I ſaw in *Italy*, witneſs thoſe Chambers hung round with the Pictures of thoſe of his Family, and Wainſcoted with great *Looking-Glaſſes* and rich guilding.

This Duke is of the Family of *Eſte*, but not of the true Line: Wherefore for want of lawful Heirs Male, *Ferrara* and *Commachio* fell to the Church in *Clement* the VIII's time, and remain there ever ſince. *The Family of* Eſte.

Of the true Houſe of *Eſte*, was the brave *Counteſs Matilda* the *Dry-Nurſe*, as I may ſay, of the *Roman Church*. For it was ſhe defended *Gregory* the VII. againſt the *Emperor Henry* the VI. and brought him to acknowledge his fault, and cry the *Pope* mercy. It was ſhe alſo that by *Will* and *Teſtament* left the *Pope Parma*, *Regio*, *Mantua*, and *Ferrara*. Hence *Urban* the VIII. out of gratitude to this Princeſs, cauſed her Statue and Tomb to be ſet up in St. *Peter*'s Church in *Rome*. The Will and Teſtament of this Princeſs are kept in *Lucca* to this day. *Counteſs* Matilda.

Hard by *Modena* was fought the famous Battle where *Hirtius* and *Panſa* being Conſuls, the Senate loſt in them its Authority. *The laſt true Conſuls.*

Of *Modena* were theſe Famous Men in learning, Cardinal *Sadoletus*, *Carolus Sigonius*, and *Gabriel Falopius*. *Its Learned Men.*

In *Modena* are made the beſt Viſards for Maſquerades; and it's no ſmall profit which they draw from this fooliſh Commodity, ſeeing *Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.*

The Revenues of this Duke are Three hundred thouſand Crowns a year: and he is now of the *French* Faction. He can raiſe 30000 Men. *The Duke's Revenues.* *His Intereſt.*

From

His Forces Fort Urban. From thence passing the River we came soon to Fort *Urban*, a Cittadal most regularly built by the Command of Pope *Urban* the VIII. from whom it's called. It's so strong, that it is not afraid to stand night and day alone in the fields, and upon the *Frontiers* of the Pope's Estate.

Castel Franco. Passing from hence through *Castel Franco*, antiently called *Forum Gallorum*, we arrived betimes at *Bologna*.

Bologna. *Bologna* is one of the greatest Towns of *Italy*, and one of the handsomest. It's the second of the Pope's Dominions; and the chief University of *Italy* for Law. Hence the *Jurists* say it is, *Musarum domus, atque omnis nutricula Juris*, and the very common Coin of the Country tells you that *Bononia docet*.

It's named by the Common Proverb, *Bologna la grassa*: because of the fertil Soyl in which it stands, to wit, in the very end of *Lombardy*; and the many Springs which humect it from the *Apennine Hills*, at whose feet it stands.

This Country was antiently called *Felsina*, *Gallia Cisalpina*, *Gallia Togata*, to distinguish it from *Gallia Braccata*, the Country in *France* near *Narbonne*, and from *Gallia Comata*, the Country in *France* called *La Guienne*. In middling Ages it was called *Romagnola*, because *Bologna*, *Ravenna*, *Cezena*, *Forli*, *Faenza*, and *Imola* stood constant to the City of *Rome* against the *Lombards* for a long time.

The Town it self. As for the Town of *Bologna* now, it's excellently well built, and for the most part upon *Arches*, like the *Covent-Garden* in *London*; only the Pillars are round. These *Arches* bring great conveniency to the Inhabitants, who can walk

all

all the Town over *cool* and *dry*, even in *July* and *January*. It's five miles in compass, and an excellent Summer Town, were it not that the Air is not altogether so pure, and the Wines heating. It's governed by a *Legat* a *Latere*, sent hither by the Pope, and in change, it sends and Embassador to *Rome* to reside there: so that *Bologna* is treated by *Rome* rather like a *Sister*, than a *Subject*: and deservedly, seeing *Bologna* fell not to the *Church* any other way but by her free giving her self to the *Pope*, reserving only to her self some particular Privileges; as power to send Embassadors to *Rome*; and that if any Townsman kill another, and can but escape away, his goods cannot be confiscated.

Its Government.

Its Priviledges.

I staid six days here, in which time I saw these things.

The Dominicans Church.

1. The *Dominicans Church* and *Convent*. In the Church, I saw the *Tomb* of S. *Dominick Founder* of that *Order*. It's all of *White Marble* cut with curious Figures relating to his Life. In this Church is kept a Famous Manuscript, to wit the Bible it self written in Parchment by *Esdras* himself, saith *Leandro Alberto*, the *Cambden* of *Italy*, and a *Friar* of this Convent. They shew you also here a curious Lamp sent to St. *Dominick's Tomb* by the new converted *Indians*. It's of a most rare Workmanship. Behind the *high Altar* stands the *Quire*, so famous for the *Seats*, which are of rare *Mosaick* work of Coloured Wood, inlaid into Pictures representing the *Old* and *New Testaments*, and all wrought by one *Lay Brother* called *Fra. Damiano di Bergamo*. This kind of *Mosaick Work* in Wood was antiently (saith *Vasari*) called *Tarsia*, and in this kind

kind of Work *Brunelleſchi* and *Adaiano* did good things in *Florence*. But *John Veroneſe* improved it much afterwards by boiling Wood into ſeveral colours, and then inlaying it into what Poſtures and Figures he pleaſed. This *Quire* is ſhewn to Strangers as a rare thing; and worthily, ſince the Emperor *Charles* the V. had the curioſity to ſee it, and with the point of his Dagger to try whether it was inlaid, or only painted; and the piece which he picked out with his Dagger, was never put in again for a Memorandum. In this Church, as alſo in the Chapterhouſe and Cloiſter of this Convent, lie buried many Readers of the Law, who having lived here by the Law, died here alſo by the Law of Nature.

The Dominicans Convent. 2. The Convent here is one of the faireſt in *Europe*, in which 150 Friars conſtantly live and ſtudy. The little Chapel, which was once S. *Dominick's Chamber*; the vaſt *Dormitory*; the fair *Library*; the great *Refectory*, and curious *Celler* are ſhewn courteouſly to Strangers.

The Body Beata Catherina. 3. The Nunnery of *Corpus Chriſti*. It's of S. *Clare's Order*, and famous for the Body of *Beata Catherina di Bologna* a moſt holy Nun of this Order and Convent. I ſaw her Body ſitting ſtraight up in a Chair, in her Religious Habit: She holds her Rules in her right hand; and we ſee her Face and Feet plainly, but thoſe black and dried up.

The Corſo. 4. From hence I went on to the Town Gate, a little out of which Gate lies a fair Street where they make the Corſo of Coaches in Summer Evenings.

5. Turn-

5. Turning from hence on the left hand, I went to S. *Michael* in *Boſco* a ſtately Monaſtery of *Olivetan Fathers*, ſtanding upon a high Hill. From this Hill I had a perfect view of *Bologna* under me, and of all the Country about it: which being level and ſtrowed with a world of white Houſes and *Villa*'s, looked like a Sea loaden with Ships under ſail. Entering into this Monaſtery, I ſaw the Oval Court painted by ſeveral Prime Maſters, of which *Guido Rheni* of *Bologna* was one. Then mounting up to the Dormitory, I found it to be one of the faireſt I had ever ſeen. *S. Michael in Boſco.*

6. The Monaſtery, or Convent of the *Franciſcans*, with the rare row of Pillars, and Portico towards the Street, the excellent Cloiſters, and the curious Cellar. *Other ſtately Monaſteries.*

7. The Monaſtery of St. *Salvatore* with its two vaſt Courts or double Cloiſter built upon Galleries above, it's a noble Building.

8. The Monaſtery of the *Servits*, that of the *Auguſtins*, and that of the *Carmalites*, are all of them ſuch ſtately Buildings, that I may boldly ſay, that no Town in *Europe* is comparable to *Bologna* for fair Monaſteries.

9. Then I viſited *San Petronio*, ſtanding in the end of the great Piazza. of which Church *Leandro Alberto* writ a hundred years ago, that he thought it would not be ended but with the World. And I am half of his opinion: for when I paſſed that way laſt, I found the Scafolds yet ſtanding, which I had found there one and twenty years before; and yet in all my five Voyages into *Italy*, I found them always knocking and making as much noiſe and *S.* Petronio's *Church.*

duſt, as if this Church ſhould be finiſhed within half a year, when as yet half of it is only finiſhed. In this Church *Charles* the V. was crowned Emperor by *Clement* the VII.

The Domo. 10. The *Domo*, which is not yet half finiſhed neither: yet that part which is finiſhed promiſeth fair for the reſt.

Other Churches. 11. The New Church of St. *Paul* hath a curious High Altar. In the Church of St. *Giovanni in Morte* is the rare Picture of St. *Cecily* of the hand of *Raphael Urbin*. The Jeſuits Church, the Church of St. *Stephen*, and that of the *Paſſion*, deſerve to be ſeen.

The Legats Palace. 12. After the Churches and Monaſteries, we went on with viſiting the reſt of the Town, and ſaw the Palace of the Popes Legate: in this Palace I ſaw the rare Cabinet and Study of *Aldrovandus*, to whom *Pliny* the Second if he were now alive, would but be *Pliny* the Sixth, for he hath printed ſix great Volumes of the nature of things, each Volume being as big as all *Pliny*'s Works. They ſhewed me here two or three hundred Manuſcripts, all of this Mans own hand-writing, and all of them Notes out of the beſt Authors; out of which Notes he compiled his ſix great Volumes which are now in print. Seeing theſe Manuſcripts, I asked whether the Man had lived three hundred years, or no, as it is ſaid *Joannes de Temporibus* in *Charles* the *Great*'s time did: but it was anſwered me, that he lived only fourſcore and three: a ſhort age for ſuch a long Work: but it ſheweth us how far a Man may travel in Sciences in his Life time if he riſe early and ſpur on all his Life time with obſtinate Labour. Certainly had he wrote

Aldrovandus *his Study and Cabinet.*

wrote before *Solomon*, that wiſe Man would have changed his ſaying, and inſtead of ſending the ſlothful Man to learn of the *Piſmire* how to labour, he would have ſent him to *Aldrovandus* his Study and Example: *Vade ad Aldrovandum piger.*

13. The Great Schools here where the Doctors of the Univerſity read, are ſtately both within and without. *The Schools*

14. The *Spaniſh College* founded here by noble *Cardinal Albernozzo*, deſerves to be taken notice of. It's well built with a handſome Church and five Prieſts to ſerve it. The intention of his College is to furniſh all the King of *Spains* Dominions in *Italy* with able Magiſtrates and Officers of Juſtice. None can live in it but natural *Spaniards* (except the Chaplains,) and thoſe *Spaniards* muſt be Doctors of the Law before they can be admitted here; they only learn the language and Cuſtoms of the Countries, and perfect themſelves in the ſtudy of the Law, that they may be fit to fill up the firſt vacant places of Judicature that fall either in the State of *Milan*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, or in *Sicily*. They have a revenue of twelve thouſand Crowns a year. They keep two Coaches, live very nobly, and lodge all *Spaniſh Embaſſadors*, *Cardinals* and *Prelates* of their Nation that paſs this way. In the College you ſee the Pictures of many great Stateſmen and Cardinals and others who have been of this College: but no Picture pleaſed me like that of their brave Founder, Noble Cardinal *Albernozzo*, which is in the Church, *The Spaniſh College.*

and repreſenting him in the ſame poſture he was in, when he recovered all the Pope's State in *Italy*, unto the Pope then at *Avignon*; of which I have ſpoken ſufficiently above in deſcribing *Avignon*.

The two Towers. 15. The two *Towers* here in the midſt of the Town, the one very high and ſtreight, called *De gli Aſinelli*; the other low and bending, called, *La Cariſſenda*. They would make us believe that this bending *Tower* was made crooked a-purpoſe; and it's ſtrange to ſee how moſt Men make it their buſineſs rather to *ſee* this low crooked Tower, than the other, which is both higher and ſtreighter. But there's no Myſtery to make things ill, and to miſs of our aims; and I rather think the *Cariſſenda* or low Tower went not up higher, becauſe the Architect perceiv'd it went up awry. But we ſtrangers admire every thing in ſtrange Countries, and that makes that none admire us; upon which occaſion I would wiſh my young Traveller never to admire any thing in outward ſhew, but to look curiouſly at every thing, with crying out, *O che Bela Coſa!* This will get him and his Nation far more honour, for *Admiration* is but the Daughter of *Ignorance*; and *Magnanimus* (ſaith *Ariſtotle*) *nihil admiratur*.

Seneca.

The Houſes in Bologna 16. Then the *Houſes* here, which are generally well built, and in Summer-time ſetting open their Doors and Gates towards the Street, you may look quite through their Courts. Entries, Porches, Houſes, and a huge way into their Gardens, which, even from thence, will ſalute your Eye with a fair proſpect of Fountains, and freſh Verdure; and your Noſe too with de-

delicate ſmells of Jeſomin and Orange flowers. Now the beſt Palaces here are thoſe of *Malvezzi*, *Campeggi*, *Pepoli*, *Fachinetti*, *Ceſpi*, and others.

17. Theſe fine Houſes are full alſo of Nobility, and I remember to have ſeen here at a *Corſo di Paglio* upon *Midſummer-day*, the long great Street lined quite through with Coaches on both ſides, and thoſe Coaches double lin'd with Ladies and Cavaliers of *Garbo*. Indeed it would be pity that ſuch a ſtately Town as *Bologna* ſhould, like *Leyden* in *Holland*, be full only of *Houſes* and *Boren*. *The Nobility.*

18. Their *Traffick* here conſiſteth much in Silks, Velvets, Olives, Leather-bottles, Gellies, Waſhballs, and little Dogs for Ladies, which here are ſo little, that the Ladies carrying them in their Muffs, have place enough for their Hands too. *The Traffick*

19. Their Markets here are alſo well furniſh'd with all Proviſions; witneſs their *Salſicci* only, which are a *Regalo* for a Prince. *The Markets.*

20. But that you may not think them better fed than taught; they have erected here an *Academy of Wits*, called *Gli Otioſi*, or *Idlemen*, *per antiphraſin*, becauſe they are not idle. It's this *Academy* (I believe) which hath helpt to ſet out three excellent modern Writers of this Town, Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, the Marquiſs of *Malvezzi* and *John Baptiſta Manzini*; the firſt, a *Titus Livius*; the ſecond, a *Lucius Florus*; and the third, a *Marcus Tullius* of his time. To whom I may add *Leandro Alberti*, the *Camden* of *Italy*. *The Academy of Wits.* *The Learned Men.*

The Hiſtorians.

21. He that deſires to know the particular Hiſtory of *Bologna*, let him read *Bartholomeo*, *Galeotti*, and *Giovanni Garzo*, where he ſhall find how *Bologna* ſuffer'd much anciently by the two oppoſite Factions of the *Lambartazzi* and the *Ceremei*. But now they enjoy quiet and repoſe under the Pope.

Remember this Bolettina, *Traveller.*

Having thus ſeen *Bologna*, and being arm'd with a *Bolettina di Sanita*, taken here, to make us be let paſs into the State of *Florence*, we ſteered on Horſeback towards *Florence*, and reach'd it in two days, the firſt days Journey by *Pianora*, *Loiano*, *Scargo*, *L'Azino*, *Pietra Mala*, and over

The Apennine Fillls.

the *Apennines*, was long and tedious enough, till the night came, at which time we were much recreated with the ſight of a Fire which appeared ſome two miles off, in the ſide of a Mountain on our left hand. This Fire appears here frequently, eſpecially in cloudy weather; and it appear'd to me for an hour together as I rode along, to be ſtill of the ſame bigneſs, and of the ſame glowy colour (Furnace like) and of a perfect round form, and not pyramidial, as other flames are: the Country People here call this Fire, *La Bocca d' Inferno*, *Hell's Mouth*; and I know not why they may not as well call this Fire ſo, as *Tertullian* calls *Veſuvius* and *Ætna* (*two burning Mountains*) *Fumariola Inferni*, *Hell's Chimneys*. Taken in fine, with this fixed Meteor, we forgot the tedioufneſs of the way, and came to *Fiorenzuola*; the next morning paſſing by *Scarperia* and *Il Ponte*, we arriv'd betimes at *Florence*.

Tertul. l. de Pœnitent. c. 12.

Fiorenzuola.

I con-

I confeſs I ſtirred not out of my Inn that night, becauſe *Fair Florence* (as the Proverb calls her) is not to be ſeen in foul Linnen and Riding-boots; but riſing betimes the next Morning, I made my Eyes ſurvey ſuch Beauty, as even Princes Eyes might feaſt upon. *My arrival at Florence.*

But before I come to the particulars of what I ſaw in *Florence*, I will conſider it in great, and then come to the retail of it.

Divers good Authors are of opinion that this Town was firſt built by *Sylla*'s Soldiers, to whom he had given this Soyl, for their ſervices done him in his Civil Wars. They built it near the Current of two Rivers (*Arno* and *Munio*) and from thence it was called at firſt *Fluentia* (as *Coblentz* in *Germany*, from the meeting of Rivers, is called *Confluentia*. Afterwards by the Inhabitants it was called *Florentia*, by reaſon of the fruitful ſoyl which made it flouriſh with all delicacies; as alſo for the flouriſhing Wits of the Inhabitants, who were ſo famous antiently in point of Wit, that the very *Romans* uſed to ſend their Children firſt into *Tuſcany*, to be bred in *Learning* and *Religion*, and then into *Greece*, to learn *Greek* and *Philoſophy*. Florence.

I ſpent a month in this Town, and the things I obſerved moſt were theſe:

1. The Chapel of St. *Laurence*, which is the neateſt thing that ever eye beheld. All the inſide of it is to be over-cruſted with *Jaſper* Stones, of ſeveral Colours and Countries, with other rich Stones, all above Marble, and all ſo neatly poliſhed and ſhining, that the Art here exceeds the Materials. This Chapel is round, and round about are to be fixed within *The Chapel of Saint* Laurence.

the Walls, as high as a Man can reach, the Tombs of all he great Dukes of *Florence*, in a moſt gallant manner, and of moſt exquiſite poliſhed Stones, with a great Cuſhion of ſome richer Stone, and a Ducal Crown of Precious Stones repoſing upon that Cuſhion. Over theſe *Tombs* the Statues of all the Great Dukes, at full length, and in their Ducal Habits, all of Braſs guilt, are to be placed in *Niches* round about the Chapel. The Roof is to be vaulted all over with an over-cruſting of *Lapis Lazuli* (a blue precious Stone with veins of Gold in it) which will make it look like Heaven it ſelf. Between each Tomb are inlaid in the Walls, the Arms, or Scutchions of the ſeveral Towns of the Great Dukes Dominions, all blazoned according to their ſeveral Colours in Heraldry by ſeveral precious Stones which compoſe them: and theſe are not made in little, but are fair great Scutchions made purpoſely of a large ſize for to fill up the void places between the *Tombs*: the Towns are theſe *Florence*, *Siena*, *Piſa*, *Livorno*, *Volterra*, *Arezzo*, *Piſtoia*, *Cortona*, *Monte Pulciano*, &c. which contributed (I ſuppoſe) ſomething each of them to this Coſtly Fabrick. In fine, this Chapel is ſo rich within with its own ſhining bare Walls, that it ſcorns all Hangings, Painting, Gilding, Moſaick Work, and ſuch like helpers off of bare Walls, becauſe it can find nothing richer and handſomer than its own precious Walls. It's now above threeſcore years ſince it was begun, and there are ordinarily threeſcore Men at work daily here, and yet there's only the Tomb of *Ferdinand* the Second, perfectly finiſhed. The ve-

ry

ry Cuſhion which lieth upon his Tomb, coſt threeſcore thouſand Crowns, by which you may gueſs at the reſt. Indeed theſe ſtately Tombs make almoſt death it ſelf look lovely, and dead mens aſhes grown proud again. As for the Altar and Tabernacle of this Chapel, I will ſpeak of them by and by, when I will deſcribe the Gallery of the Great Duke, where they are kept till the Chapel be finiſhed.

2. The Church of St. *Laurence*, to which belongs the Chapel, or rather to which this Chapel belongs; is a very handſome Church deſigned by *Brunelleſchi* himſelf. The things that grace this Church are the neat double-row of round Pillars which hold up the Roof of this Fabrick. The Picture over the Quire painted in the Roof, repreſenting the general Judgment. It's a bold piece, and of *Pontorno*: The two *Brazen Pulpits* wrought into Hiſtories by rare *Donatello*: The curious deſigned Picture of S. *Anne* and our Bleſſed Lady, in *chiaro è oſcuro*, by *Fra. Bartolomeo*, commonly called *Del Frate*, is ſo well a deſigned Piece, that a Duke of *Mantua* having ſeen it, offered to buy it at any rate, but was refuſed. The new *Sacriſty* made to ſerve the fine Chapel deſcribed above) deſerves to be carefully viſited, becauſe of the Bodies of the Princes of the Family of *Medices*, which are depoſited here, till the Chapel mentioned above be finiſhed. In this new Sacriſty alſo are ſeen the four Statues made by *Michael Angelo*, repreſenting the *Day*, the *Night*, *Aurora*, and the *Evening*; the four parts which compoſe Time, by which all Men are brought to their Graves: That which repreſents

The Church of St. Lorenzo.

preſents *Night* is a rare Statue, and hugely cryed up by all Sculptors and Virtuoſi. See alſo in the Wall of the old Sacriſty the neat *Tomb* of *John* and *Peter Medices*, Sons of *Coſmus*, ſirnamed *Peter Patriæ*: It's the work of *Andrea Varochio*. In the midſt of this Church before the High Altar, lies buried *Coſmus Peter Patriæ*, the raiſer of the *Medicean* Family. In the *Cloiſter* joyning to this Church, is erected the Statue of *Paulus Jovius* the Hiſtorian; and near to this Statue you mount up a pair of Stairs to the rare Library of Manuſcripts, called *Bibliotheca Laurentiana*, the Catalogue of whoſe Books is Printed at *Amſterdam* Anno 1622. in *Octavo*.

The Library.

3. The Gallery of the old Palace. This is that Gallery ſo famous, and ſo freequently viſited by all Strangers. At your entrance into this Gallery you ſee a vaſt long Room made like an L: on the left hand of this Gallery, there runs a perpetual glaſs Window; on the other ſide are ſet a row of Pictures in great, of thoſe of the *Medicean* Family: under the Windows, and alſo under the ſaid Pictures ſtand a row of curious *Marble Statues*, antient ones all, and of prime hands. Over the ſaid Windows and Pictures runs a cloſe row of leſs Pictures, repreſenting to the Life, the moſt famous Men of Latter times for Learning and Arms; the Soldiers being on the right hand, and the Scholars on the left. The Statues aforeſaid are well nigh a hundred in all, but all rare ones: Some whereof I yet remember, and they are theſe: that of *Leda*, of *Diana*, of *Bacchus*, of *Hercules*, of the *Gladiator* ſtanding on his Guard,

The great Dukes Gallery.

Guard, of *Scipio Africanus* in Braſs, ſhewing the ancient Habit and Dreſs of the old *Romans*, far different from our modes, that of a little young youth in Braſs, with his Sword in his hand, that of a little Boy ſleeping upon a Touchſtone, the Head of *Cicero* in Marble, that of *Seneca*, the Head of *Michael Angelo Bonarota* in Braſs of his own hand making: in fine, the Head of *Brutus*, one of *Caſar*'s Murderers. It was begun in Marble by *Michael Angelo*, but informidly; and ſo left by him: If you will know the reaſon why he finiſhed it not, read the diſtich written in Braſs, under this Head by the ſaid ſculptor himſelf, thus:

M. *Dum Bruti effigiem Sculptor* A.
de marmore ducit,
B. *In mentem ſceleris Venit, &* F.
abſtinuit.

The four Corner letters ſignifying that *Michael Angelus Bonarota Fecit.* Among the Pictures I took particular notice of theſe Soldiers, of *Hannibal* that frighted *Rome*, of *Scipio* that took *Carthage* and vanquiſhed *Hannibal*, of *Pyrrhus* that made the *Romans* glad to make Peace with him, of *Scanderbeg* that made the great *Turk* afraid to fight with him, of *Venerius* that helpt to win the Battle of *Lepanta*, of *Alexander Farneſe* that never loſt Battle, of *Corteſius* that found out new Countries, of *Magellanus* that found out new Seas, of *Andrea d' Oria* who beat the *French* by Sea, of *Guſton de Foix* who had beat the *Spaniards* by Land, if he had but known how to uſe his Victory, of the Duke of *Alva*, who

Pictures of Famous Soldiers.

who only lamented dying, that he had never fought a pitch'd Battle with the *Turks*, of *Anne de Montmorancy*, who died in a pitch'd Battel againſt the *Hugnots*, of *Ecclino* the *Pauduan Tyrant*, of whom no Man can ſpeak any good, of *Caſtrutio*, of whom no Man can ſpeak any ill; with a world of other brave *Heroes*, with whoſe true looks I was very glad to be acquainted.

Pictures of Learned Men.

Among the Pictures of the learned Men, I took particular notice of theſe *Italians*, to wit, *Petrarch*, *Arioſto*, *Joannes Caſa*, *Poggio*, *Macchiavel*, *Guicciardin*, *Paulo Jovio*, *Sannazario*, *Bocaccio*, *Platina*, *Brunelleſchi*, *Michael Angelo*, *Raphel Urbin*, *Columbus*, *Americus*, and *Galileo*, with many others too long to relate, and too many to be remembred. Having thus gazed our fill at theſe Statues and Pictures, and by particular taking notice of them, complimented the great Worthies they repreſent, we were let into the great Cabinets, or Chambers which joyn upon this Gallery.

The Armory.

Firſt, we ſaw the Armory, that is, three or four great Chambers full of exotick curioſities: as the Habits of two *Indian Kings* made of Parrats Feathers ſowed together; the Habits of ſome Janiſaries in *Turkey*, of red Velvet ſet thick with little Nails of gold, which they can take out and dreſs up other ſuits with; the habit of the King of *China*; the skin of a Horſe paſted upon a Wooden Horſe, the Mane of which Horſe is kept there in a Box all at length, and it is above five Ells long: This Horſe had been ſent to the Great Duke by the Duke of *Lorain*. Then we were ſhown *Hannibal*'s Helmet; the

Helmet

Helmet of *Charles* the V. the Sword of *Henry* the IV. of *France*, a curious Helmet thin and light, and yet of Musket proof, a huge heavy Helmet and Sword of one of the old *Paladins* of *France*; the true Sword of *Scanderbeg*, a world of Cimetars, *Scabbards*, *Caps*, *Saddles*, and other *Turkiſh* Furniture ſet thick with *Turquoiſes* in Gold, a great Gun, whoſe thick Barrel is of pure Gold, and yet as long as an ordinary fowling piece, and as heavy as a ſtrong Man can well level with: It's valued at 1500 Piſtols, and ſhoots twice as far as another Gun of Iron doth, but kills (I believe) with the ſame pain that others do, though with a little more honour. Here is a great Piſtol of Gold. Then the *buona notte*, or Set of Piſtols, (five Piſtol Barrels ſet together in an Iron Frame) to put into your Hat, and to be all ſhot off at once from thence, as you ſeem to ſalute your Enemy, and bid him Good night. The Piſtole with eighteen Barrels in it, all to be ſhot off at once, and ſcattering deſperately about a Room, ſix little Cannons ſet in Star-wiſe. The little *Braſs Cannon* which may be taken in pieces preſently, and ſet together as ſoon, and ſo be carried eaſily into any Steeple, or Tower: ſuch Cannons as theſe might eaſily be carried in deep Countries, and over high Mountains, every Soldier carrying a Piece. The Statue in Braſs of the *King of Spain*, *Philp the Fourth* on Horſeback, juſt of the brightneſs of that of Gold which the Great Duke ſent to the ſaid King of *Spain* for a Preſent: It was made by rare *John di Bologna*. Then I ſaw the Armour for Horſe and Man of two Kings of *Perſia*. The Armour of the *Great Duke Ferdinad*, a good-

ly

ly Man. The King of *Sweede*'s Cornet taken in *Germany* in a Battle. The *Buckler* with the *Meduſa*'s Head on it, painted by *Michael Angelo*. A *Turkiſh Bell* to ring in time of Battle. A Horn uſed in *Turkey* to call Men to their Moſques in ſtead of *Bells*, as we have. The head of a Halbard ringing like a Bell. A Halbard to fold up in three, and to carry under your Cloak privately. A *Staff of white Cane*, in which are curiouſly engraven in black, the Hiſtories of the *Apocalypſe*. It was the Duke of *Urbin*'s. In fine, the *Loadſtone* holding up threeſcore pound weight of Iron; and holding one Key to another, for a matter of five or ſix Keys.

The 1. Cabinet. After the Armory, we were let into the five Cabinets full of precious Jewels, Pictures, and other rare curioſities. In the firſt Cabinet I was ſhown a curious Candleſtick to hang up in the middle of a Room, with ſeveral Branches ſpreading from it, and all of yellow *Amber*, including within it a world of little figures of white Marble or Wax, neatly cut in little, and appearing through the tranſparent yellow Amber: This Candleſtick was given by the Dutcheſs of *Lunenburg*, to the Duke of *Saxony*, and by him to Prince *Matthias* Brother to this Great Duke of *Florence*. In the ſame Cabinet I ſaw a Table of poliſhed ſtones of ſeveral colours and luſtre, inlaid into Birds and Flowers. The head of *Tiberius Ceſar* in one Turkey ſtone, as big as a Ducks egg, and of an ineſtimable value. A curious Cabinet, or two of *Ivory Cups*, brought out of *Germany* by Prince *Matthias*. In the ſame Cabinet I ſaw the picture of Cardinal *Bembo* in a neat *Moſaick* work; and another piece of divers

divers Birds in Moſaik alſo, rarely done by *Marcellus Provincialis*. I ſaw alſo there divers little old Pagan Idols in Iron and Braſs, a deſign of *Raphael*'s own hand; and ſome good Pictures.

In the ſecond Cabinet I ſaw two great *Globes*, which were made in this Room, being too great ever to be carried out, or brought into it by the Door. I ſaw alſo here a curious Table of poliſh'd ſtones, repreſenting a Town in *Bohemia*, with divers Pictures of Men, Horſes, and Landskips: where there is a Tree repreſented moſt naturally, becauſe it is repreſented by the very Wood of a *Tree Petrified* into ſtone, and looking like Wood as it was; and ſhining like poliſhed ſtone, as it now is. The Statues, or *Buſto*'s of three or four of the Great Dukes, in *Porphyry*. A curious looking Glaſs over the inſide of the Door, which placed directly over the Picture of a Man, contracts into it the Picture of a Woman that Man's Wife) which you ſee plainly in it; drawing thus *Eve* out of *Adam* again by a curious reflexion. *The 2. Cabinet.*

In the third Cabinet I was ſhown a curious Table of poliſhed Stones reprenting perfectly the Town and Haven of *Legorne*, A great *Cabinet* of *Ebony* beſet with precious Stones on the outſide, and with the Hiſtory of the Holy *Scriptures* curiouſly expreſſed in miniature in ſeveral little Squares of rich Stones ſet here and there. In the top of it there is a *German Clock*, now out of order, and no Man dare mend it. Within this great *Cabinet* I ſaw the *paſſion of our Saviour* curiouſly cut by *Michael Angelo* in Ivory (ſay they) but I believe it's in white Wax. There *The 3. Cabinet.*

is

is alſo in it the figures of our Saviour and his twelve Apoſtles in yellow Amber, with their Heads in white Amber: All theſe ſeveral pieces are not ſeen at once, but come up into ſight one after another, as the Man turns them.

This *Ebony Cabinet* was ſent to the *Great Duke* by the Duke of *Bavaria*, and it's valued at four-ſcore thouſand Crowns: I believe, if it were to be ſold, it would not yield forty thouſand Crowns; but it's handſome, ſaith *Seneca*, for thoſe that receive courteſies, to value them high. Here are alſo ſome Pictures of great value, as the *Adam* and *Eve* of the hand of *Alberto Dureo*, an Original piece, valued at 1500 Crowns. An original *Venus* of *Titian*, that in the *Poggio Imperiale* here (of which below) looking but like a good copy of this. Here are alſo ſeveral *Perſian* Chairs, and other good Originals of prime Hands.

The 4th. Cabinet.

In the 4th Cabinet, called *Il Tribuno* we ſaw more riches than in all the others. This *Tribuno* is a great Room built round with a *Cupola*, whoſe Vault is painted with a deep ſanguin red, ſet full with the ſhells of Mother of Pearl. The Walls of this Room are hung with green Silk, and loaden with excellent Pictures of the prime Maſters of the World, *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *Vinci*, *Hans Holbain*, *Vandike* and others. The St. *John Baptiſt* is of *Raphael*'s hand; as is alſo that of *Leo* the X. with two Cardinals, *Julio Medici*, and Cardinal *Roſſi* behind him. The Picture of *Southwel*, Privy Counſeller to *Henry* the VIII. is of the hand of rare *Hans Holbain*. The Picture of our Lady with our Saviour in her Arms, is of the hand of *Andrea del Sarto*.

The

The Picture of Cardinal *Bentivoglio* ſitting in a Chair, is of the hand of *Vandike*. There is alſo a rare Picture in *miniature* of *Giulio Clovio*'s hand, and three fair pieces in *miniature* of an *Auguſtin Friar* yet living, and a Man of great eſteem, having taken the right courſe to be famous, that is, to make but few pieces, but theſe finiſhed with all the patience which *miniature* requires. In this Tribuno I ſaw alſo the famous Nail, half Gold, half Iron; made by the famous *Alchymiſt Thurnheuſer*. They ſhewed me alſo a great Lump of Gold, not yet ſtamped into Coyn; two ſhells of Mother *of Pearl* with their two *Pearls* ſtill ſticking to them, and juſt as they grow: The *Pearls* are rich *Pearls* and round. The two pieces of Emerauld-Rock, the one ſcarce formed yet into perfect Emerauld, but only begun: the other quite finiſhed and green. Then two cloſe Cupboards within the Walls of this Room, in which I ſaw a world of curious Cups and Vaſes of Cryſtal, *Agate*, *Lapis*, *Lazuli*, and other ſuch curious, but brittle matter, yet of rare Fabrick and Shape: they value them at two hundred thouſand Crowns. The *Unicorns Horn*, and the Alabaſter Pillar, are not to be forgotten. The great *Cabinet* of *Ebony* ſtanding at the further end of this *Tribuno*, full of ancient Medals of Gold, Silver and Braſs, of the ancient Conſuls and Emperours, all digeſted into their ſeveral Series; and yet this *Cabinet* is almoſt as rich without, as it contains riches within; being ſet without with precious ſtones of a vaſt bigneſs and value; to wit, a *Saphir* as broad as a twenty ſhillings piece, and half an inch thick; a *Ruby* full as great, but far richer; an *Emerauld*

merauld not inferiour to the reſt; a *Pearl* as big as an ordinary Walnut; a world of Diamonds and other leſſer Stones, but all of ſo great value, that this *Cabinet*, with that which is in it, is valued to be worth five hundred thouſand Crowns. Laſtly, I ſaw here the great round Table made of inlaid precious ſtones poliſhed neatly; A Table would make the moſt hungry Stomach forget its grumbling, whilſt the eyes are fed upon the unroaſted Birds, which together with curious flowers compoſe this admirable piece; *Pearls*, *Rubies*, *Sapphires*, *Cornelian*, *Emeraulds*, *Lapis Lazuli*, &c. are employed here artificially to the making of theſe Birds and Flowers. You'll conceive better of this Table, when I ſhall tell you, that it's worth a hundred thouſand Crowns, and that it was fifteen years in making, and yet thirty Men wrought at it daily. In the midſt of it is the great Ball of the Arms of the Duke of *Florence* in precious ſtones.

The 5th. Cabinet.

The 5*th.* Cabinet ſtanding at the further end of this Gallery, containeth the Altar and Tabernacle, which are to be ſet up in the new Chapel of S. *Laurence* deſcribed above. The Cryſtal Pillars curiouſly wrought, and being a full Ell long, with their *Capitelli* of pure Gold; the four like Pictures of precious Stones which were five years each of them in cutting: the Variety of other precious ſtones ſet thick here and there, and of great ſize: the neat contexture of other poliſhed Stones of ſeveral colours and luſtre: the pictures of inlaid precious ſtones, which compoſe the *Antependium* of the Altar: the variety of rich *Cameos* which

are

are ſet here and there, and cut into Pictures: In fine, the whole compoſure of this Altar and Tabernacle, being the height of Wit and Riches, I can neither deſcribe enough, nor you admire ſufficiently.

The Argentaria.

4. Having thus ſeen the *Gallery* and adjoyning *Cabinets*, I was preſently led into another quarter of this Palace, where I ſaw the Great Duke's *Argentaria*, or *Plate*. Entring into this great ſquare Room I ſaw *twelve great Cupboards*, as high as the Room, ſet with excellent Plate in all kinds. In one of them they ſhewed me a whole ſervice of beaten Gold, as Diſhes, Plates, Forks, Spoons, Knives, with a world of other rich Veſſels ſet in Gold; alſo little Pictures in *miniature*; curious little Cabinets beſet with Gold and Jewels; a *Turkiſh Scimetar* whoſe Handle and Scabbard of Gold, are thick ſet with Diamonds and precious Stones; two other Swords with their Hilts of Gold curiouſly wrought with Diamonds; a Dagger ſuitable to one of them, and of the ſame richneſs; a great Croſs ſet thick with Diamonds, and other precious Stones, a rare Cup of one great *Emerauld*, with a cover to it of the ſame; a Baſon and Ewre of Gold ſet very thick with *Turky* Stones. In another Cupboard I ſaw great variety of Silver Plate in all kinds. In another they ſhewed me a Saddle and Bridle with Stirrups of Gold, all ſet thick with *Turky* Stones, Diamonds, Pearls, and other rich Stones, with the Saddle Cloth, or *Houſſe*, all embroidered with Gold and Pearl: this was a Preſent from the Emperor to the Grand Duke. In another Cupboard they ſhew-

ed me the four great Silver Bed-posts enammel'd here and there, and set with polished Stones of divers Colours: They were made for the Marriage Bed of the Great Princess, Daughter to the late Duke of *Orleans*. In another they shewed me a curious *Antependium* for for an Altar, all of beaten Gold set with Pearl, precious Stones, and the Picture of *Cosmus* the Second in the middle of it, of curious enammel'd work, with his Ducal Crown set with Diamonds very richly: all along this *Antependium* above runs an Inscription in Letters composed of many Rubies each Letter being two fingers long, and importing these words:

COSMUS II. DEI GRATIA MAGNUS DUX ETRURIÆ EX VOTO.

In another Cupboard I was shown the Foot of an *Elan*, and a *Visard* all set, and covered with *Turky* Stones.

The great Hall. 5. Descending from hence, we were led into the great Hall of this Palace, a vast Room, painted on all sides of the Walls with bold Painting, representing the Victories of the *Florentines* antiently. Here it is that on *Midsummer-day* the Country People come and Dance before the Great Duke, and the best Dancers are recompensed with an Honourable reward.

The long Corridor. 6. From hence I was let into the long *Corridor*, or close Gallery, which runs from the New Palace to the Old, over the River, and over the tops of Houses, for the space of half a mile, with many Turnings and Windings. It's very

very uſefull for the Prince when he will go ſee his precious Treaſure in the old Palace, or elſe go privately and hear how Juſtice is miniſtred there. For the Great Duke *Francis* gave order to *Buontalenti*, a rare Architect, to break a Window from this *Corridor* into the great Room in the old Palace, where the Magiſtrates render Juſtice, but yet ſo privately, that none ſhould perceive it. The Architect did it, by ſetting up there the Dukes Arms at large, and breaking a Window behind them ſo imperceptibly, that the Great Duke thro' the little Holes made in the ſix Boule's of his Arms, could both hear and ſee how Juſtice was rendred there by his Officers. And one day hearing a poor Woman oppreſſed by an unjuſt Sentence, he ſent for the Judges, and reprehending them ſeverely, he reverſed the former Sentence, and hearing the Cauſe a-new himſelf, pronounced Sentence for the poor Woman.

7. This long *Corridor* led us to the new Palace, called the *Palazzo di Piti*, becauſe it was begun to be built by *Luca Piti*, after the deſign of *Brunelleſchi*: but the expences growing too great for *Piti*'s Purſe, it was bought by the Mother of great *Coſmus* the II. and afterwards carried on by her to that perfection we now ſee it in, and which makes it one of the prime Palaces of *Europe*. The deſign of it (for it is not yet all quite built) is to be a perfect Roman H, with double Rooms on all ſides. As you aſcend up to it, by an eaſie aſcent from the ſtreet, it preſents you with a fair Broad-ſide of building, in which I counted two and twenty great Windows all in a row, and all alike, and all of them *The new Palace.*

cheekt up on either ſide by fine Stone Pillars. The faſhion of building in this Palace, as in moſt of the beſt Palaces of *Florence*, is that which they call in Architecture, *la maniera ruſtica*; where great Free-ſtones are made advancing a little one over the other. Entering into the Palace, we ſaw the fair Court; and in the end of it, the *Grotta* or Fountain with a large Baſon, in which they keep Fiſh for preſent uſe. This Court is ſquare, and open only on one ſide towards the Garden, but hedged in with a high Terraſs of Stone, whoſe top is level with the ground of the Garden. Beyond this Terraſs and Court, lies a fine green ſpot of ground level with the firſt Story of the Palace, and half compaſſed about with a demicircle of Laurel Trees high and thick. Under theſe Trees of the demicircle, riſe up ſtone ſeats, ſix rows high, like the ſeats in an *Amphitheater*, and capable of two thouſand Men, who may all ſit here with eaſe, and behold the ſports of Cavalry which are often exhibited upon this fair green ſpot of ground by the Nobility: the Great Duke and the Court beholding all this from the Windows of the Palace, while the reſt of the Nobility and Ladies are ſeated conveniently in the *Amphitheater* under the Trees. The reſt of this Garden is curiouſly ſet forth with Thickets of Bays, cloſe ſhady Walks, fine high open Walks over-looking both the Town and Country, great Ponds of Water, a world of Statues of Marble and Stone, a rare round Baſon of Water, with Fountains, and much wetting ſports; the place for Birds and Beaſts, the curious Ice-Houſe, and cool Cellar under it, where the melting

The Garden.

melting Ice dropping down upon the Barrels of Wine, refresh it so exceedingly, that in all my Life time I never drunk so cool as I did at the Tap in this Cellar. But to return again to the Palace from whence this Garden hath led me; from the Garden we ascended into the Chambers of the *Great Dukes* Apartment, and found them most sumptuous, both for contrivance and furniture. Some of them are painted over head by *Pietro di Cortona* the prime Painter now living: others expect his return again from *Rome*, and scorn to be painted by any hand but his: In another Chamber we were shown the History of *Seleucus*, giving to his only Son *Antiochus* (languishing and pining away with the love of his Mother-in-Law) his own beloved Wife *Stratonica*; shewing by this strange and unick example, that Paternal Love is greater than Conjugal. All this is rarely painted upon the Wall over the Hangings. In annother Chamber (the *Great Dukes* Chamber of Audience) I saw a Suit of Hangings valued at a hundred and fifty thousand Crowns: The Ground of them is Cloth of Gold, upon which are embroidered a world of Birds, Beasts, Flowers, Trees, Rivers, Landskips in Silk and Silver; and in such a rich manner, that I take this to be one of the fairest Suits of Hangings in *Europe*. In another Chamber here I saw a rare Collection of Pictures, all Originals, and of the best hands in the world, *Titian*'s, *Raphael*'s, *Michael Angelo*'s, *Andrea del Sarto*'s, and many others. The best of them is that of *Raphael*, and painted by his own hand. This is the best Collection of Pictures that I ever saw, and

The Duke's Apartment.

A rare Suit of Hangings.

it belongs to Prince *Leopold* the Great Dukes Brother and a great *Virtuoso*. In the Great Dutcheſſes Chamber I ſaw half a dozen of excellent pieces of *Raphael* and others. In another Chamber (the Dukes Bed chamber) we ſaw his curious *Therometers*, or Weather-Glaſſes, which are moſt curious. In another Chamber (the Doors being ſet open for the nonce) we looked through ſixteen Chambers at once, and all of them fair great Rooms upon one Floor. And after all the Rooms of this Houſe (as, the Cool, low Summer Room, the Masking Room, the ſeveral Apartments of the Great Prince Son of the Great Duke, and of Cardinal *John Carlo*, *Prince Matthias*, and *Prince Leopold*, all three Brothers of the *Great Duke*, and all lodging at once in this great Palace) by ſpecial favour we got the ſight of the *Great Dukes fair Diamond*, which he always keeps under Lock and Key. It's abſolutely the faireſt in *Europe*, it weigheth 138 *Carats*, and it's almoſt an inch thick: and then our Jewellers will tell you what it's worth. I am ſure *Monſieur Simonet* in *Lyons* (a famous Jeweller) to whom I ſhewed the weight and thickneſs of it, valued it to be richly worth a hundred thouſand Crowns between Merchant and Merchant, and a hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns between Prince and Prince.

The famous Diamond.

The Auguſtins Church.

8. Going from the Great Dukes Palace, we fell preſently upon the *Auguſtins Church*. This is a neat Church deſigned by *Brunelleſchi*, and much beautified with handſome Pillars. The Tabernacle and high Altar coſt a hundred thouſand Crowns, and yields to few in *Italy* for neatneſs and ſtate. Behind the High Altar in the

the very end of the Church, is a rare Picture of our *Saviour* abſolving the poor Woman catched in Adultery. The confuſion that appears in the Face of this Woman, makes it appear what a rare Painter *Allori* was, who made this Picture.

9. Paſſing from hence over the Bridge (where four white Marble Statues repreſenting the four ſeaſons of the year, ſtand, all made by *Michael Angelo*) we came to the *Piazza* of the *Gran Duca*, where I ſaw the *Equeſtrian Statue* of *Coſmus* the Great in *Bronze*, with his Victories and prime actions in the Pedeſtal of the ſame Metal. At the corner of the old Palace in this *Piazza*, ſtands the brave Fountain, with a *Neptune*, *Tritons*, and *Nereides*. Near the Gates of the Palace here, ſtand two Statues of more than Gygantean bulk: that of *David* is the hand of *Michael Angelo*: and that of *Hercules* killing *Cacus* is of the hand of *Bandinelli*. The other Statues here in the *Portico* hard by, are much cry'd up for rare Pieces, as that of *Perſeus* in Braſs; that of the rape of the *Sabins* in Marble; and that of *Judith* in Braſs, holding a Sword in one hand, and *Holofernes* his head in the other. *The Piazza.*

10. Looking up from this *Piazza* to the top of the Palace, I beheld the high *Tower* mounted thereupon. It's a hundred and fifty yards from the ground, and which is the wonder, it hath no other foundation than the Wall of the Palace and the top of the Houſe: Hence it's ſaid that the *Florentines* have three wonderful Towers: one in the Air, to wit, this Tower: another in the Water, to wit, the *Fanal* of *Legorne*: and *Three admirable Towers.*

and the third in the Earth, to wit, the *Campanile* of *Florence*, whose Foundations are exceeding deep in the ground.

The Church of Saint Michael.

11. Going from the *Piazza* towards the *Domo*, we were presently stopt by the Church of *S. Michael*, a square flat Church, whose outside is adorned with rare Statues. The best are, that of S. *Matthew* in brass made by *Lanrentius Cion* : that of S. *Thomas* in brass touching the side of our Saviour, with great demonstration of diffidence in his looks, is of *Andrea Varrochios* hand. That of S. *Peter* in Marble is excellent for the *Drapery* of it. That of S. *George* in Marble is compared to the best in *Rome*, and hath been praised both in *Prose* and *Verse* : that of St. *Mark* hath so grave and honest a Countenance, that *Michael Angelo* (a competent Judge) stopping one day to behold it, and being asked what he thought of it, answered, if St. *Mark* had such a countenance as this, as it's likely he had, a Man might almost, for his looks sake, believe all that he wrote.

The Domo.

12. Going from hence we were presently at the *Domo*. This, I believe, was the finest Church in *Italy* when it was built. It was anciently called S. *Reparatas* Church; but since it is called *Santa Maria Florida*, a fit name for the *Cathedral* of *Florence*. The Foundations and Architecture of it were contrived by *Arrolfo di Lapo*, a *Dutchman*, and *a la maniera rustica*, saith *Vasari* of it, in his Lives of Painters. It's one of the neatest Churches without that I ever beheld; being clad in white, red, and black Marble, but it's only white plastered within, with

Pillars

Pillars of a dark coloured Free-ſtone. It ſeems as if the Architect of this Church had been ſomewhat of *Diogenes* his mind: and as the latter thought the World would be turned up-ſide down one day; ſo the former might be of opinion that the World would be turned inſide out, and that then this Church would be the faireſt in the World, and all lined with Marble: As it is, it looks a little Hypocritically; tho' the Structure within be of a notable contrivance. On the top of it ſtands mounted a fair *Cupola*, (or *Tholus*) made by *Brunelleſchi* a *Florentine*. This was the firſt *Cupola* in *Europe*; and therefore the more admirable for having no Idea after which it was framed; and for being the Original even of that of S. *Peters* in *Rome*, after which ſo many young *Cupola*'s in *Rome*, and elſewhere, have been made ſince. Hence it is ſaid, that *Michael Angelo* coming now and then to *Florence* (his Native Country) whiles he was making the *Cupola* in *Rome* of S. *Peters* Church, and viewing attentively this *Cupola* of *Florence*, uſed to ſay to it; *Come te non voglio: meglio di te non poſſo.* It's ſaid alſo, that *Brunelleſchi* making this *Cupola*, cauſed Taverns, Cook-ſhops and Lodgings to be ſet in it, that the Workmen might find all things neceſſary there, and not ſpend time in going up and down: and he had reaſon, for this *Cupola* from the ground below, to the top of all the *Lantern*, is *two hundred and two Braccie* or yards high. The ſtraight Paſſage from the top of the *Cupola* to the round Brazen Ball, is thirty ſix yards high. The Ball is four yards wide, and capable of four and twenty Men: and the Croſs at the top of this Ball eight yards

The Cupola.

yards long, The ſtraight Paſſage upon the Ball is neatly contrived like a round Chimney of white Marble, with holes on both ſides, and brazen ſteps croſs thoſe holes to climb up eaſily by hand and foot, the paſſage being clean and ſmooth. From the top of this *Cupola*, taking a perfect view of *Florence* under us, and of the whole Country about it, with the ſight of two thouſand Villa's or Country Houſes, ſcattered here and there, round about the Town, we came down again to view the inſide of this Church. It is about three hundred Foot long, from the great Door to the Quire, and from thence to the end almoſt two hundred more. The Quire is round and perpendicularly under the *Cupola*, being of the ſame bigneſs; and, upon ſolemn days, when the wax Candles are lighted round about it, it looks glorioufly: otherwiſe in winter time it ſeems too dark. The High Altar, which ſtands in this Quire, is plain like thoſe of ancient Cathedrals, and adorned with a rare Statue of a dead Jeſus in white Marble, made by the hand of *Bandinelli*. Looking up from the Quire to the Cupola, you ſee it painted on the inſide with a repreſentation of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory. The Painters were *Georgio Vaſari*, and *Thaddeo Zucchari*. Behind the Higher Altar are the rare Statues of *Adam* and *Eve*, by the hand of *Bandinelli*. Near the Door of the Sacriſty you may read an inſcription, importing how that in this Town of *Florence* had been held a General Council, where the Re-union of the *Latin* and *Greek Church* had been made. The Golden *Diploma* of this union written both in *Latin* and *Greek*, and ſubſcrib'd

unto

unto by the hands of the Pope and Cardinals on the one side; and by the Emperor of *Constantinople*, with the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and the *Greek* Bishops on the other side; to which are put the Leaden Seal of the Pope, and the Golden Seal of the said Emperor; It is kept in the Archives, or Registers of *Bologna*. In this Council both the Pope of *Rome*, *Eugenius* IV. and *Paleologus* the Emperour of *Constantinople*, were present, with the Cream of Bishops, both of the Eastern and Western Churches; and in this Council not only the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son was favourably vindicated; but also that there was an Essay that Purgatory should be proved to the *Greeks*, out of their own Fathers as well as from the *Latins*; and divers other points of Ceremony and Practice were asserted and great endeavours made that they should be established. Unto all which it is pretended that the said Emperor and Patriarch, and the other *Greek* Bishops (except only *Marcus Ephesinus*) subscribed; as did also the *Armenians*, *Ethiopians*, *Georgians*, and *Jacobites*, who all hereupon were admitted to Communion by the Roman Church. In fine, in this Church you see the Statues of divers Saints, who have been Archbishops of this Town; and the Tombs of divers Famous Men; as of *Marsilius Ficinus* the Platonick Christian Philosopher; of *Dante* the *Florentine Poet*, whose true Picture is yet to be seen here in a red Gown: of *Joannes Acutius* an *English* Knight, and sometimes General of the *Pisani*, as the old Gothick Letters set high upon the Wall under his Picture on Horseback, told me. Yet

Leandro Alberti Descript. Ital.

The Council of Florence.

Ver-

In his reſtitution of decayed Intelligence.

Verſtegan will not have him to have been called Sir *John Sharp*, but Sir *John Hankwood*. But it imports little to me what his name was, ſeeing he was a brave *Engliſhman*, and deſerved to have his Tomb and Inſcription here, and his Picture among the other Worthies in the *Dukes Gallery*. Here's alſo in this Church the Tomb of *Brunelleſchi*, or *Philippus Brunaltius*, who made the *Cupola* of this Church; as alſo the Tomb of *Giotto*, who made the *Campanile*, or fine Steeple here. And in fine, here lies *Cimabue* the famous Painter of his time. It was he that firſt reſtored Painting again, which had been loſt for many year in *Italy*, and taught it to *Giotto*, *Gaddi*, *Taffi*, and others, who carried it on to a great height.

See Baker *in* Edward *the Third.*

Vaſſari in the Lives of Painters, in Cimabue.

The Campanile.

13. Near to the *Domo* ſtands the *Campanile*, or *high Steeple of Florence* made by *Giotto*. It's a hundred and fifty *Braccie*, or little yards high, and half as deep in the ground. It's flat at top and cruſted all over with curious little poliſhed Marble Stones, Marble Pillars, and Statues; ſo that, (as *Charles* the V. ſaid of it) if it had a caſe to cover it withal, and hinder it from being ſeen too frequently, Men would flock thither at the taking off of this cover, as to ſee a wonder. Indeed it's a kind of wonder, to ſee that in three hundred years ſpace, not the leaſt part of that Steeple (all cruſted over with Marble) is periſhed. There are divers good Statues on all ſides of it, but the beſt of them all is that of the *Zuccone*, or *Bald Man*, made by *Donatello*, which he himſelf eſteemed ſo much, that when he would affirm any thing ſeriouſly, he uſed to ſay, *Alla fe ch'io porto al mio Zuccone*: and the ſame

ſame *Donatello* having finiſhed it, ſpoke to it, in Jeſt, and ſaid; *Favella, horſu, favella; o ti venga il cacaſangue*; ſuch good conceits have fantaſtical Men of themſelves and their own works.

14. Near to the *Domo* alſo, ſtands the *Baptiſtery*, or round Church of St. *John*, where all the Children of the Town are Baptized. The Brazen Doors of it (three in all) are admirable, eſpecially that which looks towards the Great Church, of which *Michael Angelo* being asked his opinion, anſwer'd, That it was ſo well made, that it might ſtand at the entrance of Paradiſe. Theſe Doors are all of Braſs hiſtoried into figures, containing the Remarkable Hiſtories of both the Teſtaments. They were the work of brave *Laurentius Cion*, who ſpent fifty years in making them: a long time, I confeſs; but, this is it which *Appelles* called *æternitati pingere*, to work things that will out-laſt Braſs, and be famous for ever. Within this *Baptiſtery* I ſaw a Statue of St. *Mary Magdalen* of the hand of *Donatello*; and it's a rare piece, if you conſider *Magdalen* in her Pennance. Here's alſo a neat Tomb of *Baltaſſar Coſſa*, once called *John* the XXIV, but depoſed in the Council of *Conſtance* for the Peace of the Church. The Tomb of this *Baltaſſar* looking ſomewhat like a Cradle, may be called the Cradle of the greatneſs of the *Medicean* Family. For ſome Writers ſay, that *Coſmus Medices*, ſirnam'd afterwards *Pater Patriæ*, being Heir of this *Baltaſſar Coſſa* (who died at *Florence*, in the Houſe of *John Medices*) with the Money that he found belonging to him after his death, did ſuch good Deeds to the people

The Baptiſterio.

Alfonſo Loſchi in his Compend. Hiſto.

ple, that he won to himſelf the name of *Pater Patriæ*; and to his Family that credit, which got it afterwards the ſupream command.

15. I cannot omit here to take notice of a little round *Pillar* in the *Piazza*, near this Baptiſtery, with the figure of a Tree in iron nail'd to it, and old words engraven upon it, importing, that in this very place ſtood anciently an Elm-Tree, which being touched caſually by the Hearſe of St. *Zenobius*, as they carried it here in Proceſſion, the Tree preſently hereupon budded forth with green Leaves of ſweet Odour, though in the Month of *January*. In memory of which Miracle, this Pillar was ſet up in the ſame place for a memorial.

The Church of S. Mark. 16. From thence going to the Church of S. *Mark* belonging to the *Dominicans*, I ſaw there the Tomb of S. *Antoninus*, Archbiſhop once of this Town, and Friar of this order. The Tomb is under the Altar, in a neat Chapel on the left hand, made by *John di Bologna*. In this Church alſo I ſaw a rare Picture of S. *Mark*, made by *Bartholomeo del Frate*, it ſtands full in your ſight as you enter into the Church; and a Man muſt be blind not to ſee it, and dull not to like it. On the left hand, as you enter into the Church, is the Tomb of *Picus Mirandula*, commonly called the Phœnix of Princes, with this Epitaph written upon the ſide of the Wall;

Joannes jacet hic Mirandula, cætera norunt.
Et Tagus & Ganges, forſan & Antipodes.

Near

Near this Tomb is a fine Picture upon an Altar, where two little Angels are made playing upon Musical Instruments. These Angels are held to be the rarest Pieces that can be seen in Painting. They are of the hand of *Bartholomeo del Frate*. In the Convent of these Friars I saw often their Still-House, where they make and sell excellent Extractions and Cordial Waters. There is also a neat Library here filled with good Books.

17. Turning from hence on the left hand, I came presently to the *Annunciata*, a place of great Devotion. The Pictures of Faith and Charity over the Arch in the *Antiporto*, or open Porch built upon Pillars, are of the hand of *Jacomo Pontorno*, being but yet nineteen years old; which, when *Michael Angelo* first saw, he said, This *Jacomo*, if he continue thus, will carry up Painting to the skies. Entering into the little Court that stands before the *Church Door*, you see it painted round about in *Fresco* by rare hands. Those Pieces that *Andrea del Sarto* made, are the best, and his Head in white Marble is set in the Wall. In the Cloister, over the door that goes into the Chuch, is seen a rare Picture in *Fresco*, upon the Wall of the hand of *Andrea del Sarto*. It represents the Virgin Mother with our Saviour upon her knee, and St. *Joseph* in a cumbent posture, leaning upon a Sack full stuft and reading in a Book. The Picture is admirable for sweetness and majesty, and is called *La Madonna del Sacco*, and it got *Andrea* such credit, that *Titian* himself preferred it before all the pieces he had ever seen, and used often to say, that it grieved him, that he could not *The Annunciata.*

often ſatiate his ſight with the beholding of ſo rare a Picture; and *Michael Angelo* talking once in *Rome* with *Raphael Urbin* concerning Painters, ſaid thus to him: There is *vn huom corto*, a little fellow in *Florence* (meaning this *Andrea*) who had he been employed in great matters as thou art, would make thee ſweat again. *Virtuoſi* make a great diſpute which of thoſe three Painters was the moſt excellent: *Raphael Urbin*, *Michael Angelo* or *Andrea del Sarto*. But the wiſeſt give every one his particular praiſe or excellency: *Raphael* was excellent in *colori*: *Michael Angelo* in *deſign*: and *Andrea* in making things ſeem to be of *relievo*, and look as God made them, that is, pulpy, and riſing up like living fleſh. Having thus admired the work of *Andrea*, we entred into the Church of the *Annunciata*, and there ſaw the curious Silver Altar, behind which, upon the Wall, is kept the miraculous Picture of the *Annunciation*, which gives the name of *Annunciata* to this Church. The little Picture of our Saviour, about a foot and half long, which is ſeen upon the out-ſide of the Tabernacle, is of the foreſaid *Andrea*'s hand, and much eſteemed. In this Church lieth buried *Baccio Bandinelli*, a famous Sculptor, in a curious Marble Tomb, with his own and his Wives Pictures engraven in Marble with his own hand. Behind the Quire lies buried *Joannes di Bologna*, a famous Sculptor alſo, as his ſeveral works in *Florence* ſhew him to have been; as the *Rapt* of the *Sabins* before the old Palace. The *Centaure* in the Streets. The Chapel of S. *Antoninus* in S. *Marks* Church. This Chapel in the *Annunciata* here, and the golden Horſe and Man

Man ſpoken of above in the Duke's Armory, do witneſs.

18. From hence, having firſt ſeen the *Statue* of the Great Duke *Ferdinand* on Horſeback in Braſs, which ſtands in the *Piazza* before the *Annunciata*, I went to the Church of the *Franciſcans*, called *Santo Croce*. This Church is of a large bulk and height, but ſomewhat too dark. The ſide Altars are many, and cheeked with round Pillars, and adorned with excellent Pictures. The *Pulpit* would become a *Chryſoſtome*, or a *Chryſologue*: It's of white Marble, in which are graven the moſt notable Actions of S. *Francis* in *a baſſo relievo*. I never beheld it, but I found ſome new graces in it. Somewhat behind it, near to a little door, is the Tomb of *Michael Angelo*, the *Triſmegiſt* of *Italy*, being the greateſt *Painter*, the greateſt *Sculptor*, the greateſt Architect of his time. Hence over his Tomb, and under his Picture, are placed three Women in white Marble repreſenting Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, holding in their hands the ſeveral Inſtruments belonging to theſe profeſſions. If you ask me whither of the two, Painting, or Sculpture, is to be preferred, though a blind Man being choſen judge once of this queſtion, when he was given to underſtand that in the ſmooth Painting there were Heads, Arms, Legs, Hands and Feet, as well as in the bulky Statue which he had felt, judged preſently for Painting; yet *Michael Angelo* himſelf preferred Sculpture before Painting as the Body is to be preferred before the Superfices of a Body. But to return again to the Tomb of this great Artiſt, I found ſome words upon *Sancta Croces.*

upon the Tombſtone, but thoſe ſo dull and hard to be read in that dark corner, that one in the Company choſe rather to make him a new Epitaph, than read that which is written there: and it was this;

Cur indignemur mortales morte perire?
Ecce, ſtupor mundi! hic Angelus ipſe perit.

And I think the modern *Roman* was of the ſame mind too, when he choſe alſo to make him this Epitaph:

Roma mihi mortem tribuit, Florentia vitam:
Nemo aliis vellet naſci, & obire, locis.

In the midſt of this Church I found buried an *Engliſh* Biſhop, called *Catrick*, who had been Embaſſador here from *England*, and likely in the time of the Council of *Florence*. His Arms were three Cats Argent in a Sable Field. In fine, at the very end of this *Church*, on the left hand ſtands a neat Chapel, with a painted Cupola, belonging to the Family of the *Nicolini*, in which Chapel there are excellent Statues and Pictures.

The Abbey. 19. Not far from hence ſtands the *Abbadia*, an Abbey of *Benedictin Monks*. In the Church is the Tomb of the Founder of this Abbey, a *German* Nobleman, call'd *Conte Hugo*, who commanded *Toſcany* under the Emperor *Otho* the III. The occaſion of building this Monaſtery and many others by this *Hugo*, is too long to tell, and perchance would not find belief every where. It's told publickly every year upon S. *Tho-*

S. *Thomas* his day in high Maſs time here, by ſome one or other of the chief Wits of the *Academy* of the *Cruſca*: But I muſt beg pardon of the curious, if I deſire them to go and hear it there, as I did.

20. From thence I went to the Church of *Santa Maria Novella* belonging to the *Dominicans*. Here it is, that the Council of *Florence*, ſpoken of above, was held. There are many good Pictures in this Church, as alſo divers neat Tombs of holy Men and Women, and others: among which, that of *Joſeph*, Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*. *S. Maria Novella.*

21. Returning from hence along the River ſide, we came to the High Pillar with the Statue of Juſtice in *Porphyry* upon it. It was erected here, becauſe it was in this very place where *Coſmus* the Great heard the news of the reduction of *Siena*. A witty Nobleman ſeeing this Statue of Juſtice upon ſo high a Pillar, ſaid, that Juſtice here was too high placed for poor Men to arrive to it. Another obſerv'd, that Juſtice there turns her back to the Courts of Juſtice, which ſtand not far from thence. *The Statue of Juſtice.*

22. Having ſeen the chief things in the Town, I viſited ſome places out of the Town; and chiefly, the *Poggio Imperiale*, a Villa, belonging to the Great Dutcheſs, and about a good mile diſtant from the Town. In this houſe I ſaw rare Pictures, and great ſtore of them, the Houſe being furniſhed with nothing elſe. In one Gallery are the true Pictures of divers late Princes of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, of the Houſe of *Medices*, and of other Princes their Allies. In other Rooms we ſaw a world of rare Pictures *Poggio Imperiale.*

as the *Venus* of *Titian*, though I think it be but a Copy: the admirable S. *Hierom* of *Alberto Dureo*: a *Magdalen* of *Raphael*'s hand: a St. *John Baptiſt* of *Caravagio*'s hand: an *Adam* and *Eve* of *Alberto Dureo*: A Piece of *Pietro Perugino*'s, Virgin Mother with our Saviour dead upon her knee: S. *John Evangelliſt*, and three other Perſons ſtanding, or kneeling by, with weeping Faces, and moſt ſad looks; it's one of the moſt moving Pieces that I ever beheld. Then the Picture of the Aſſumption of our Lady in the Chapel, of the hand of *Andrea del Sarto*; with a World of other moſt exquiſite Pictures. The little neat Oratory in this Houſe, called the Oratory of the *Great Dutcheſs*, curiouſly inlaid into Flowers, by poliſhed Stones of divers colours; that is, a whole cloſet of ſhining Marble inlaid into Flowers, is the neateſt little Room that ever I ſaw. In fine, the little *Grotto*, and the Statue of *Adonis* made by the hand of *Michael Angelo* are much eſteemed.

Pratolino. 23. Another day we went to *Pratolino*, a Villa of the Great Duke, ſome ſix miles diſtant from *Florence*. Here we ſaw in the Garden excellent Grots, Fountains, Water-works, Shady-Walks, Groves, and the like, all upon the ſide of a Hill. Here you have the *Grotto* of *Cupid* with the wetting-ſtools, upon which, ſitting down, a great Spout of Water comes full in your Face. The *Fountain of the Tritons* overtakes you ſo too, and waſheth you ſoundly. Then being led about this Garden, where there are ſtore of Fonntains under the Laurel Trees, we were carried back to the *Grots* that are under

der the ſteirs, and ſaw there the ſeveral *Guiochi d' Aqua*: as that of *Pan* ſtriking up a melodious tune upon his Mouth-Organ at the ſight of his *Miſtriſs*, appearing over againſt him: that where the *Angel* carries a Trumpet to his Mouth, and ſonndeth it; and where the *Country Clown* offers a Diſh of Water to a *Serpent*, who drinks of it, and lifteh up his head when he hath drunk: that of the *Mill* which ſeems to break and grind Olives: the *Paper Mill*: the *Man* with the *Grinding-Stone*: the *Sarazens* head gaping and ſpewing out Water: the *Grotto* of *Galatea*, who comes out of a Door in a *Sea Chariot* with two *Nymphs*, and ſaileth a while upon the Water, and ſo returns again in at the ſame Door: the curious round *Table* capable of twelve or fifteen Men, with a curious *Fountain* playing conſtantly in the midſt of it, and places between every Trencher or Perſon, for every Man to ſet his bottle of Wine in cold Water: the *Samaritan Woman* coming out of her Houſe with her Buckets to fetch Water at the Fountain, and having filled her Buckets, returns back again the ſame way: in the mean time you ſee Smiths thumping, Birds chirping in Trees, Mills grinding, and all this is done by water, which ſets theſe little inventions a-work, and makes them move as it were of themſelves: in the mean time an Organ plays to you, while you dine there in *Freſco* at that Table, if you have meat. Then the neat Bathing Place, the Pillar of petrefied Water, and laſtly, the great Pond and *Grotta* before the Houſe, with the huge *Gyant* ſtooping to catch at a *Rock* to throw it at *Heaven*. This Gyant is ſo big, that within the very Tigh of

him is a great *Grotto* of Water, called the *Grotto* of *Thetis*, and the Shell-Fishes all spouting out Water.

Lampeggio. 24. I went also to *Lampeggio*, a Villa some five miles distant from *Florence*, belonging to Prince *Matthias*. It's curiously adorned with Pictures, especially Battles of the hand of *Tempesta*. Here I saw a curious Cabinet of Coral and enamell'd work. The fine *Guioco di Mecha* or *Turkish play*, the curious Glasses, and little Armory.

The Stables. 25. Returning to the Town again, we saw the Great Duke's Stables full of excellent well managed Horses.

The Wild Beasts. 26. Near to the Stables stands the Seraglio where the Wild Beasts are kept, which are often made to fight one with another. Here I saw Lyons, Leopards, Tygers, Bears, Wolves, Wild Boars and Foxes, all which they can let out severally at the Doors of their several Dens, into a fair Court to fight, and when they have done, they can bring them back again into their Dens by a fearful *Machine* of wood made like a great *Green Dragon*, which a Man within it rouls upon wheeles; and holding out two lighted Torches at the Eyes of it, frights the fiercest Beast thereby into his Den. The Prince and the Court in the mean time standing high above may see the Combats of these wild Beasts with ease and without danger. I have read, that a *Lyon* here once escaping out of this place by chance, and running up and down the Streets, met at last (all others flying into houses) a little Child, who had neither fear nor wit enough to retire: and seized upon him. The

In the Chronology of Petrus Romualdus *to.* 1. *pag.* 15.

Mo-

Mother of the Child hearing in what caſe he was, ran out preſently, and caſting her ſelf upon her knees with Tears in her eyes, and humble poſtures of Supplication, moved ſo the *Lyon* to pity, that he rendered her the Child without hurting it, or her.

27. I ſaw alſo here divers Palaces of Noblemen upon occaſion of their Feſtine. For it is the Cuſtom here in Winter to invite the Chief Ladies of the Town (Married Women only) to come to play at Cards in Winter Evenings for three or four hours ſpace; and this one night in one Palace, another night in another Palace. Thither the Ladies go, and find the Houſe open to all Comers and Goers both Ladies and Gentlemen, that are of any Garb. In every Chamber the doors are ſet open, and for the moſt part you ſhall ſee eight or ten Chambers on a floor, going out of one another, with a ſquare Table holding eight Perſons, as many Chairs, two Silver Candleſticks with Wax lights in them, and ſtore of lights round about the Room. At the hour appointed, Company being come, they ſit down to play, a Cavalier ſitting between every Lady, and all the Women as fine in Clothes and Jewels, as if they were going to a Ball. The Doors of all theſe Rooms being open, the light great, the Women glittering, and all glorious, you would take theſe Palaces to be the Enchanted Palaces of the old King of the Mountains. Any Gentlemen may come into theſe Palaces and ſtand behind the Gameſters, and ſee both how modeſtly they play, and how little they play for. In the mean time there's a Side-Chamber always open for

for Gentlemen to into, and refreſh themſelves with Wine ſtanding in Snow, or with Limonade, or ſome ſuch cooling Drinks, which are alſo offered to the Ladies. In a great Room below, at the entrance of the Palace, there is a long Table for Gameſters that love to play deep, that is, that love to play only for Money.

Their Sports.

The *Florentines* enjoying by the goodneſs and Wiſdom of their excellent Prince, the fruits of Peace, have many other Recreations, where the People paſs their time chearfully, and think not of Rebellion by muttering in corners. For this reaſon, both in Winter and Summer they have their ſeveral Divertiſements. In Winter their *Giuoco di Calcio* (a play ſomething like our Foot-ball, but that they play with their hands) every night from the Epiphany till Lent, with their *Principi di Calcio*. This being a thing particular to *Florence*, deſerves to be deſcribed. The two Factions of the *Calcio*, the Red and the Green, chooſe each of them a Prince, ſome young Cavalier of a good Purſe. Theſe Princes being choſen, chooſe a world of Officers, and lodge, for the time, in ſome great Palace; where they keep their *Courts*, receive Embaſſadors, from one another, and give them publick Audience in State, ſend Poſt to one another complain of one anothers Subjects, and take Priſoners from one another; hear their Councellors one after another, diſſwading from, or perſwading to War; give Orders for ſettling their Affairs at home, hear the Complaints of their Subjects, jeer their Enemy Princes in Embaſſies, and at laſt reſolve to fight, with proclaiming

Il Giuoco di Calcio.

claiming War. During theſe ſerious Treaties, which laſt for many nights, the Secretaries of State (two prime wits) read before their ſeveral *Princes Bills* for regulating and reforming the abuſes of their Subjects; and read openly Petitions and Secret Advices: in all which they jeer a world of people in the Town, and ſhow prodigious Wit. In fine, having ſpun out thus the time till near *Carnavale* or *Shrove-tide*, the two Princes reſolve on a Battle at *Calcio*, to be fought in the Piazza of *Santa Croce*, before the Great Duke and Court. Upon the day appointed, the two Princes of the *Calcio* come to the place in a moſt ſtately *Cavalcata*, with all the young Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Town, upon the beſt Horſes they can find, with Scarffs red or green, about their Arms. Having made their ſeveral *Cavalcatacs* before the Great Dukes Throne or Scaffold, they light from their Horſes and enter into the Liſts with Trumpets ſounding before them, and accompanied with a Stately Train, and with their Combatants in their ſeveral Liveries. Having ranked themſelves a pretty diſtance one from the other, their Standard Bearers at ſound of Trumpet, carry both at once, their Standards to the foot of the *Great Dukes Scaffold*. This done, the Ball, or Ballon is thrown up in the midſt between them, and to it they go with great nimbleneſs, ſlight and diſcretion; and ſometimes they fall to it indeed, and cuff handſomely: but upon pain of Death, no Man muſt reſent, afterwards out of the Liſts, what ever happened here; but all animoſities ariſing here, end here too. At laſt, that ſide which

throws

throws or ſtrikes the *Ballan* over the Rails of the other ſide, wins the day, and runs to the Standards, which they carry away till night, at what time the Conquering Prince entertains them at a *Feſtino di Ballo* at Court, made to ſome Lady, and where all his Chief Officers and Combatants dance alone with the Ladies at the Ball, none elſe being permitted to dance with them that night. Beſides theſe Paſtimes, they have once a week, dancing at the Court, from Twelfth-day till Lent, at which Balls, all the Ladies of the Town are invited, to the number ſometimes of two hundred, and theſe all married Women, and all invited by a particular Ticket. Then the ſeveral Opera's or Muſical *Dramata* are acted and ſung with rare Coſt and Art. Laſtly, their publick running at the Ring, or at the *Fauchin*, for a piece of Plate. And in Summer, they have their ſeveral Dancing days, and their frequent *Corſi di Palio* upon certain known days, and for known *Prizes*, and all before the good Prince, who countenanceth all theſe Sports with his Preſence, thinking wiſely, that there's leſs hurt in publick Mirth, than in private Mutinies.

Other Paſtimes.

The Court. Having ſaid thus much of *Florence*, I will now ſay ſomething of the Court, the Government, Strength, Gentry, Riches, Intereſt, Language, and Learned Men of this Town.

For the Court, it's clearly one of the beſt of *Italy*. Great Riches make it look plump, and give it an excellent *en bon point*. The Noble *Palace*, the Prince, his Title of *Sereniſſimo*, his Train and Retinue of Noble Officers and Gentlemen, his ſtore of *Pages*, *Palfreniers*, *Guards* of

of *Swiſſers* with Halbards, his Troop of Horſe, waiting upon him, make this *Court* appear ſplendid. The Duke himſelf alſo, who makes this Court, makes it a fine Court. His extraordinary Civility to Strangers, made us think our ſelves at home there. He was above Fifty, and hath an Auſtrian Look and Lip, which his Mother *Magdalena* of *Auſtria*, Siſter to the Emperor *Ferdinand* the II. lent him. He admits willingly of the viſits of Strangers, if they be Men of condition; and he receives them in the midſt of his Audience-Chamber ſtanding; and will not diſcourſe with them, till they be covered too. It's impoſſible to depart from him diſguſted, becauſe he pays your Viſit with as much Wit as Civility: and having entertain'd you in his Chamber with Wiſe diſcourſe, he will entertain you in your own Chamber too with a *Regalo* of dainty Meats and Wines, which he will be ſure to ſend you. The *Great Dutcheſs* too is another main Pillar of this Court. She is of the Houſe of the Duke of *Urbin*, once a Soveraign Prince in *Italy*, but now extinct in her Father, who was the laſt Duke: and ſhe had been Soveraign of that Dutchy, had ſhe been of the Soveraign Sex: but what Nature refuſed her in Sex, it hath given her in Beauty, and ſo made her a Greater Soveraign, ever of *Florence*. Of her the Great Duke hath two Sons. *Coſmus* the Prince of *Toſcany* married one of the Daughters of the late Duke of *Orleans*. A great Traveller, and one that viſited moſt of the Princes Courts of *Chriſtendom*. The Name of this Family is *Medices*; a Family which hath given to the Church four Popes, and

The Great Duke.

The Great Dutcheſs.

to

The Medican Family.

to *France* two Queens. This Family is ancient, and came first out of *Athens*. It was always considerable during the Republick of *Florence*, but far more, since it hath got the start of all the other Families so far, as to become their Sovereign. The beginning of the greatness of this Family came from *Cosmus Medices*, sirnamed *Pater Patriæ*. This Man being very rich and of a liberal mind, spent four hundred thousand Crowns in publick and private buildings, one hundred thousand Crowns more in loan Moneys to the poor Citizens. These Generous Actions, which should have got him the love of all Men, purchased him the hatred of some of the great Ones, who accusing him of affecting Soveraignty, raised a strong Faction against him. The heads of this Faction were *Rinaldo Albizzi*, *Pala Strozzi*, *Ridolfo Peruzzi*, and *Nicolo Barbadori*. These Men corrupting the Suffrages of the *Senate*, caused *Cosmus* to be clapt up, with an intention to take away his Life. *Cosmus* in Prison fearing poyson, abstained from Meats four days together, and almost died of Hunger, for fear of being killed with poyson: At last he was rescued from this melancholy humor by his honest Keeper; who gave him such assurances: that he should not be poysón'd that he took Meat again, and kept in his vital Breath, which was almost come to his lips. Then his Keeper (not content to be half courteous) having recover'd his Body, strove to recover his Mind too, which was sore spent with Fears and Melancholy; and for this purpose brought unto him the *Buffon* of *Bernardo Guadagni* then *Confanoliero*, the Chief Magistrate of the Republick,

See Alfonso Loschi *in his compend.* Histor.

Republick, who with his Witty Jeſts, ſo cheered him up with mirth, that he began not only to think of living again, but alſo of getting out from thence, that he might live long. To this end he works with the *Buffon* to carry a promiſe in Writing from him to the *Confaloniero*, of 1000 Crowns of Gold, upon condition he would free him. The *Buffon* undertakes it, and money takes with the *Confanoliero*, who under pretence of exaimining the Cauſe to put him to Death, finds him only worthy of Baniſhment, to which he condemns him; and the place of his Baniſhment was *Venice*. This was it that he deſired, for being at *Venice*, he wrought ſo well by Friends with the People, that loved him, that he was reſtored again to his Country, and got the Title of *Pater Patriæ* by a publick decree. By this Title his Family grew into that eſteem, that it overtopt the reſt, and in time wrought it ſelf into Soveraignty.

For the *Government* of *Florence*, it is now Monarchical and Deſpotical, the Great Dukes Will being abſolute, all great buſineſſes paſſing thro' his knowledge and liking: ſo that he wants nothing of a King, but the Name; and that too he almoſt hath under the Name of Great Duke. *The Government*

As for the Strength of this State, it hath 20 Epiſcopal Cities; 500 little Walled Towns; ſtrong Forts on the Confines: and can make an Army of Forty thouſand Foot, three thouſand Horſe, twelve Gallies, two Galleaſſes, two Galleons, and twenty Ships of War. *The Strength.*

For

The Gentry of Florence.

For the Gentry, they are both Ingenious and Rich. The ſubtil Air of this Country, and the Academy of the *Cruſca* have ſharpned them into much Wit; and their good Husbandry, and under-hand Traffick hath put them notably into Purſe. For they think it no diſgrace to have a *Banco* at home, and meet daily at the Exchange about Traffick and Trading; while their Wives take their Pleaſure in riding in a good Coach and attended by handſom Liveries. This makes them hold up their Nobility by the Chin, and not only preſerves their Families from ſinking, but rather makes them ſwim in a full Sea of Honour; for they are by this means enabled to buy Great Offices for their Children in other Courts, whereby they often make them mount to the Higheſt Dignities; when they are there, no Man reproaches unto them the way they took to come thither, whether by Water, or by Land; by Traffick, or by the Sword; by the School-Book, or Count-Book. If the *French* Gentry would follow this way, they might have Shooes and Stockings for their Children (which ſome of them want in the Country) wherewith to keep their Noble Blood warm in Winter.

Riches.

For the Riches of this Prince, they are about a *Million and a half of Piaſtri*, or Crowns. Theſe are his Annual Revenues; beſides his Jewels, Forfeitures, and his *Datii*: which laſt, are of vaſt profit to him.

Intereſt.

The Intereſt of this Prince is much *Auſtrian*, and conſequently *Spaniſh*; yet not ſo far, as to break with *France*, to which he opens his Ports and Paſſages for his own ſake. He loves to have

have no War in *Italy*, becauſe he hath ſomething to loſe: and though he loves to have the *Pope* his Friend, yet he cares not for having any of his Subjects *Pope*. A *Pope* of his Family, *Clement* VII. having made him what he is, he is afraid a *Pope* of ſome other *Florentine* Family would ſtrive to make him what he was.

As for the Language of *Florence*, it's pure, but in their Books, not in their mouths: They do ſo choak it in the Throat, that it's almoſt quite drown'd there: nor doth it recover it ſelf again till it come to *Rome*, where *Lingua Toſcana in bocca Romana* is a moſt ſweet Language. The *Academy of the Cruſca*, hath much contributed to the enriching of this Language with choice words. The rich *Dictionary* made by this famous Company, and called from them the *Cruſca*, was forty years in compiling, but it will be in *vogue* as long as Men ſhall ſpeak *Italian*. *The Language.* *The Academy of Wits.*

Finally, for the Learned Men of this Town in latter times, they are theſe; *Marſilius Ficinus* the Chriſtian Platonick; *Dante* and *Petrarck* in *Poetry*: *Guicciardin* in Hiſtory: *Poggio* in raillery: *Veſpucius* in Geography: *Accurſius* in Law: *Michael Angelo* in Painting: *Joannes Caſa* in Practical Morality: *Naclantus* in Divinity: *Galilæo* in Aſtronomy: *Doni*, *Luigi*, *Alemanni*, and others in *Belle Lettere*. *The Learned Men.*

He that deſires to know the Hiſtory of *Florence*, let him read *Giovanni Villani*, *Matthæo Villani*, *Scipione Ammirato*, and the Life of *Gran Coſimo*. *The Hiſtorians.*

Having thus ſeen Fair *Florence* we, deſired to ſee *Ligorne*, and make an excurſive Journey by *Piſtoia*, *Lucca* and *Piſa*. *Piſtoia*, is an ancient Town in a plain Country. Of this Town was Pope *Clement* the IX. of the ancient Family of *Roſpiglioſi*: and that is all I can ſay of it: for it looks baldly of it ſelf, either out of pure old age, elſe by reaſon of its Neighbourhood to *Florence*, which hath fleeced it, or, which I rather think, by reaſon of its Civil Factions heretofore which had almoſt quite ruin'd it.

Piſtoia.

Lucca is a pretty little Common-wealth, and yet it ſleeps quietly within the Boſom of the Great Dukes State. But that State may wiſely fear none, which no State fears; and the Great Duke may be unwilling to meaſure his Sword, with that of little *Lucca*, leſt the World ſhou'd cry ſhame upon him, and bid him meddle with his Match. This little Republick looked in my eye, like a perfect Map of old *Rome* in its beginning. It's governed by a *Confaloniero* and the Gentry. The great Counſel conſiſts of 160 Citizens who are changed every year. It's under the Emperors Protection; and it hath about thirty thouſand Souls in it. Approaching unto it, it looked like a pure Low-Country Town, with its Brick Walls, large Ramparts ſet round with Trees, and deep Moats round about the Walls. It hath eleven Baſtions well guarded by the Townſmen, and well furniſhed with Cannons of a large ſize. The Town is three miles in compaſs; it hath thirty thouſand Muskets or half Muskets in its *Arſenal*, eight thouſand Pikes, two thouſand Breſt pieces of Musket proof, and ſtore of great Artillery. The whole

Lucca.

Its Government.

Its Strength.

whole State, for a need, can arm eighteen thou- *Its Revenues.*
ſand Men of ſervice, and it hath about five hundred thouſand *French* Livres a year. It was in this Town that *Caſar*, *Pompey*, and *Craſſus* met, and agreed among themſelves that all things in *Rome* ſhould paſs as they pleaſed.

The chief things to be ſeen here are the Cathedral, called S. *Martins*, whoſe Biſhop hath the Enſigns of an Archbiſhop, to wit, the uſe of the *Pallium* and the Croſs, and whoſe Canons in the Quire wear a Rochet and Camail, and Miters of Silk like Biſhops.

2 The *Town-Houſe*, or *Senate-Houſe*, where the *Confaloniero* lives during the time of his Charge.

3. The Church of S *Erediano* belonging to the Canon Regulars, where in a Chapel on the left hand is the *Tomb of S. Richard King of England*, who died here in his Pilgrimage to *Rome*.

4 The *Auguſtins* Church, where is ſeen a hole where the Earth opened to ſwallow up a blaſpheming Gameſter.

Of this Town was Pope *Lucius* III. The two famous Men of this Town, the one for Soldiery, the other for Learning, were brave *Caſtrucio*, and *Sanctus Pagninus* a great *Hebrecian*.

There are five Towns more belonging to *Lucca*, to wit, *Ca-magior*, *Viareggia*, *Montignoſo*, *Caſtilione*, and *Minuceiano*.

From *Lucca* we went to *Piſa*, ſome ten miles *Piſa.*
off. This was once the head Town of a flouriſhing *Republick*, and then the *Numantia* of *Florence*, and ſcorning its yoke; but now it croucheth to it. It ſtands in no very good Air, and therefore hath been vex'd with divers plagues.

The Gras in the Streets of this *Univerſity* read me this Lecture, and I believed it, Whereupon I reſolved to ſtay here one day only, in which time I ſaw,

The Domo. 1. The *Domo*, whoſe *Canons* officiate in *Scarlet* like Cardinals. This is a neat Church for ſtructure, and for its three *Brazen Doors* hiſtoried with a fine *Baſſo relievo*. It's built after *La maniera Tedeſcha*, a faſhion of Building much uſed in *Italy* four or five hundred years ago, and brought in by *Germans* or *Tedeſchi*, ſaith *Vaſari*.

The bending Tower. 2. Near to the *Domo* ſtands (if leaning may be called *ſtanding*) the *bending Tower*, ſo artificially made, that it ſeems to be falling, and yet it ſtands firm: *Ruituraque ſemper ſtat (mirum) moles.*

3. On the other ſide of the *Domo*, is the *Campo Santo*, a great ſquare place cloiſtered about with a low Cloiſter curiouſly painted, It's called the *Campo Santo*, becauſe therein is conſerved the Holy Earth brought from *Hieruſalem* in 50 Gallies of this Republick, *an.* 1224. Theſe Gallies were ſent by the Republick of *Piſa*, to ſuccour the Emperor *Ænobarbe*, in the *Holy Land*; but hearing of his death when they came thither, they returned home again loaden with the Earth of the *Holy Land*, of which they made this *Campo Santo*.

Some Colleges. 4. Some good *Colleges* there are, but unfrequented then by reaſon of a late Plague: none running faſter from the Plague than Scholars, eſpecially when it comes near to the Schools.

The Library. 5. The publick Library is much enriched with the acceſſion of *Aldus Manutius* his Library.

The Phyſick Garden. 6. The Garden of Simples may be rare; but we not underſtanding this Herb Language, haſted

ſted to the Houſe of the *Knights of St. Stephen.*

7. This is the only *Order of Knighthood* that I perceived in *Florence*; and it's very common. They wear a Red Croſs of Satin upon their Cloaks, and profeſs to fight againſt the *Turks*. For this purpoſe they have here a good Houſe and Maintenance. Their Church is beautified without with a handſome *Facieta* of *White Marble*, and within with *Turkiſh Enſigns* and divers *Lanterns* of *Capitaneſſe Gallies*. In this Houſe the *Knights* live in common, and are well maintained. In their *Treaſury* they ſhew you a great *Buckler* all of Pearl and Diamonds, won in a Battle againſt the *Turks*. Indeed Bucklers of *Diamonds* do but ſhew our Enemies where we are, and what they may hope for by killing us. They have in their *Cancellaria*, a Catologue of thoſe Knights who have done notable Service againſt the *Turks*; which ſerves for a powerful exhortation to their Succeſſors, to do, and die bravely. In fine, theſe Knights may marry if they will, and live in their own particular Houſes, but many of them chooſe celebacy as more convenient for brave Soldiers; Wives and Children being the true *impedimenta exercitus.* *The Knights of S. Stephano.*

Heretofore, during the great diſorders of the *Guelfs* and the *Ghibelins*, Anno 1282. This Town was governed by *Ugolin* a proud Man, who ruled here deſpotically. This Man inviting one day all his Friends to a great Feaſt; began in the midſt of it to brag, that nothing was wanting to him: *Yes* (ſaid one of his beſt Friends, becauſe one who flattered him not) *there's one thing yet wanting to thee*, Ugolin, *to wit, the Anger of God, which is not far from thee.*

And

And it proved true, for presently after, the *Ghibelins* rushing into the Palace of *Ugolin* (chief of the *Guelfs*) killed in his sight, one of his Sons and his Nephew, and taking him with two other of his Sons and three Nephews, they shut him up in a strong Tower, and threw the *Keys* into *Arno*: where the poor Man that bragged even now in a Feast, died soon after of Hunger, having first seen his Children and Nephews die of hunger in his Arms. A rare example to teach proud Men, that there's often but one day between a *powerful* Man and a *poor* Man; between a great *Feast* and a great *Fast*. Here in *Pisa* were called two Councils, the one 1409, the other 1511.

Ligorne. From *Pisa* we went to *Ligorne*, (*Portus Libernus* in *Latin*) through a pleasant Forest. This is the only Haven the *Great Duke* hath; and the mouth which letteth in that food which fatteneth this State. We stayed not long here, the season pressing us to be gone, and the Town being soon seen, for it's but little, though one of the neatest Haven Towns a Man can see. Heretofore it was not sufferable by reason of the bad Air; but since *Ferdinand the first* built it anew, and dryed up the neighbouring *Fens* (gathering much of the Water into a cut Channel, which goes from hence to *Pisa*, and carries great Boats) the Town is twice as wholesome, and thrice as rich as it was.

The things I saw in this Town were these. 1. The *Mole* which shuts up the Haven. 2. The *Lantern* which with seven lights guides in Ships in the night. 3. The *Haven* it self where Ships lie safe, and the *little Haven*, within that, which

serves

ſerves for a withdrawing Room to the great Haven, where the Galleys themſelves retire. 4. The Statue of *Ferdinand* the firſt in marble, with the *Statue in bronze* of *four ſlaves* at his feet. Theſe are the 4 ſlaves that would have ſtoln away a Galley and have rowed here themſelves alone; but were taken in their great enterprize. 5. The *Greek Church*. 6. The *Caſtle*. 7. The Tower in the Sea where they keep Gunpowder. 8. The Jews Synagogue. 9. Two Windmills which are rare things in *Italy*, and therefore muſt have a place here among the rarities of this Town.

I found not any Academy of Wits here, nor any Records of any learned Men of this Town. All the *Latin* here is only *Meum* and *Tuum*, and their Wits are exerciſed here how to make good *Bargains*, not good *Books*. Indeed what ſhould the *Muſes* do here amongſt the horrible noiſe of Chains, of Carts, of bawling Sea-men, of clamerous Porters, and where the Slaves of *Barbary* are able to fright all Learning out of the Town with their looks, as all Latin with their Language. Yet I muſt confeſs they ſtudy here *belle Lettere*; for, if the true *belle Lettere* be Letters of Exchange, your Merchant here, if you preſent him a Letter of Exchange from his Correſpondent, will read it over and over again, and ſtudy upon it, before he give you the Contents of it in Money.

Having finiſhed this excurſive journey, we returned again to *Florence*; and having reſted our Horſes a day or two, we took a new riſe from thence to *Rome*, which ſeemed to beckon

us, and whither the main Torrent of our curiosity hurried us.

Some three miles beyond *Florence* we passed under a *Monastery* of *Carthusians*, seated upon a round hill, whose several *celles* and little Gardens (walled about) branching out on all sides like several Bastions, made this Monastery look like a spiritual Fort, or devout Cittadel.

San Cassiano. From hence passing through *San Cassiano*, we arrived at night at *Poggi Bonzi*, a little Town, famous for perfumed *Tabaco* in Powder which the *Italians* and *Spaniards* take far more frequently then we, as needing neither Candle nor Tinderbox to light it withal; nor using any other Pipes than their own Noses.

Poggi Bonzi.

Siena. From *Poggi-Bonzi* we came at Dinner to *Siena*. This is the second Town of the *Florentine* State. It was heretofore a powerful Republick, commanding threescore miles into the Country, and now and then beating the *Florentines*: but at last, after much struggling, this *Wolf* received the muzzle, and *Siena* is now the humble servant of *Florence*. This happened *Anno* 1555.

The Arms of Siena are a Wolf.

This Town is seated in a very wholesome Air and Soil, and therefore much frequented by Strangers. It's called *Senæ* in Latin, from the *Senones*, people of *Gaul*, who coming into *Italy* with *Brennus*, built this Town. The Streets are all paved with bricks set up edgeway, which makes the Town always dry and neat. It's built high and low, with many high Towers in it, built anciently in honour of it's well deserving Citizens, who had done some special Service in the *Republick*; and this makes

it

it ſeen thirty miles off on *Romes* ſide. The People here are very civil, and even ſociable too, which together with the good Air, the good Exerciſes for Gentlemen, the good Language, and the great Priveleges, make many Strangers draw Bridle here, and paſs the Summer at *Siena*, the *Orleans* of *Italy*.

The prime things I ſaw here, were theſe.

1. The *Domo*, one of the neateſt *Cathedrals* of *Italy*, though it be built *a la maniera Tedeſcha*. It's all of black and white Marble within and without. The Frontiſpiece is carved curiouſly and ſet thick with Statues. Yet it wants a larger Piazza before it, to give it it's full Grace. The inſide of this Church is very taking. Under the roof immediately runs a row of white marble heads of all the Popes till this time. The *Pavement* is the beſt in the World: and indeed too good to be trod on; hence they cover a great part of it, with Broads handſomely laid together, yet eaſie to be taken up, to ſhew Strangers the Beauty of it: Its of *Marble* inlaid with Pictures, and thoſe very great ones: ſeveral great Marbles of ſeveral Colours making the Shadows and the Lights, and compoſing all together ſuch a new kind of Moſaick work, as all Men admire, but none dare finiſh. This work was begun by *Duccio Saneſe*, and afterwards carried on by *Dominico Beccafumi*, but not finiſhed by him, ſaith *Vaſari*. They told me here, that it was *Meccharini*, that made this Pavement, but I had rather believe *Vaſari*. That part which they uncovered for us, repreſented the Hiſtory of *Abraham* going to Sacrifice his Son *Iſaac*; and the hiſtory of the

The Domo.

the *Maccabees*; and the like. I confeſs I ſcarce ſaw any thing in *Italy* which pleaſed me better than this Pavement. On the left hand (within the Church) ſtands the *Library*, painted with a rare *Freſco*, which is yet raviſhing and lively after two hundred years: Indeed, the brave actions of *Æneas Sylvius*, (afterwards *Pope Pius* II.) which theſe Pictures repreſent, deſerve to be painted by the Sun-beams. The Pictures are of the hand of *Pietro Perugino*, *Raphael*'s *Maſter*: but when all's done, give me Books in a *Library*, not *Pictures*. In the *Church* you ſee the Statues of *Alexander* the III, of *Pius* II, of *Paulus* V, and of *Alexander* the VII, all Popes, and Natives of *Siena*.

The Library.

S. Katherine of Siena.

2. I ſaw here the ſeveral places which S. *Katherine* of *Siena* had made famous by her Devotions: as, her Chamber, where ſhe received the holy *Stigmata*, now turned into a Chapel: the Chamber where ſhe lived, with other memorials of her Devotions, in the *Dominicans* Church; where they alſo ſhew her Head and Finger: her Body being transferred to *Rome*, and lying in a little Chapel within the Sacriſty of the *Dominicans*, at the *Minerva*.

Other Rareties.

3. The other things ordinarily ſhown here are the great Hoſpital: the Houſe of *Pius* II. of the Family of the *Piccolomoni*: the great Piazza: the Pillar with the Wolf of Braſs upon it: the Marble Pillar as you come into the Town from *Florence*, with the Arms of the Empire and of *Portugal* upon it; becauſe here it was that the Emperor met *Eleanora* of *Portugal*, and married her in preſence of *Æneas Sylvius* then Archbiſhop here, and afterwards Pope *Pius* the II.

4. I

4. I saw here the Academy of Wits, called *gli Intronati*: why they should take that ambitious name I know not, unless it be in reference to the saying of a Philosopher, who said, that then finally Kingdoms should be happy, when either Philosophers should be chosen Kings, or Kings played the Philosophers. Indeed *Aristotle* holds, that they that are strong of Body, are made to serve and tug at the Oar of Commands: and they that are strong in wit, are born by nature to sit at the Helm, and command others. *The Academy of Wits.*

5. This Town hath furnished the Latin Church with a General Councel of an hundred and thirty Bishops, call'd by *Nicolas* III. with three great Saints. S. *Bernardin*, reformer of the *Minorites*; St. *Katherine* the holy Virgin, and *Beatus Columbanus*, Institutor of the Order of the *Jesuati*, said to be a Man of great Learning and Sanctity: with four *Popes* to wit, *Alexander* III. of the House of *Bandinelli*; *Pius* II. of the House of *Piccolomini*; *Paulus* V. of the House of *Burgesi*; and *Alexander* VII. of the House of *Chisi*: And in fine, it hath furnished the World with two Champions in Learning *Ambrosius Politi* (or *Katharinus*) who wrote against *Luther* and *Erasmus*; and *Adriano Politi*, who wrote against Ignorance by his Learned Dictionary.

He that would know the particular History of *Siena*, let him read *Orlando Malevolto*. *The History.*

From *Siena* we want to *Bon Convento*, *Tornieri*, *San Quirico*, inconsiderable places upon the rode, and so to *Rodicosino*, a strong Castle upon a high Hill, built by *Desiderius* King of the *Longobards*. This is the last place of the *Florentine* State, but not the least in strength. *Rodicosino.*

Dining here at the Great Dukes Inn at the bottom of the Hill, we went to lodge at *Aquapendente*, which is some 12 miles off, and the first Town of the Popes State. *Aquapendente.*

This Town stands upon a Hill, from which the Waters trickling down softly are said to hang there, and give it the name of *Aquapendente*. Of late this

Town

Town is made a Biſhops Seat by the demoliſhment of *Caſtro*, and the removal of the Biſhops Seat from thence hither, which hath happened upon this occaſion. *Caſtro* was a Town belonging to the Duke of *Parma*, thither Pope *Innocent* X. ſent a good Biſhop to govern that Flock; but the Biſhop, upon his arrival being killed there, the Pope ſent *Conte Vidman* (General then of the Church) with order to demoliſh *Caſtro*: and he himſelf transferred the Biſhops Seat from thence to *Aquapendente*, all which was, according to the Canon Law, which ordains, that the City which kills its Biſhop ſhould be deprived of the Biſhops Seat ever after.

Can. Itanos 25. qu. 2.

Bolſena. From *Aquapendente* we came to a little Town called *San Lorenzo*, and not long after to *Bolſena*, anciently called *Urbs Volſinenſium*. Here it was that we were told of a famous Miracle, that they give out to have been done in this place, in confirmation of the real preſence of Chriſts Body and Blood in the Sacrament, which happened Anno 1263, and which gave occaſion to Pope *Urban* IV. to command that the Feaſt of *Corpus Chriſti* ſhould be kept Holy-day ever after. The Miracle is related by *Leandro Alberti* the *Camden* of *Italy*, and by *Onuphrius Panuinus*, in the Life of *Urban* IV.

The Lake of Bolſena. We paſſed alſo that morning by the ſide of the Lake of *Bolſena*, in the middle of which is a little Iſland, in which *Amalaſuinta* Queen of the *Oſtrogoths*, a Woman of ſingular parts, was miſerably murthered by her neareſt kindred. Here's alſo a little Convent of *Capuchins*.

Boſco Helerno. Having paſſed along this Lake a great while, we entered at laſt into a Wood called anciently *Lucus Volſinenſium*, and now, *Boſco Hilerno*. It was formerly a dangerous Paſſage for Bandito's: but now it's free from danger, ſince *Sixtus Quintus* purg'd the Eccleſiaſtical State of that Vermin, by making a Law, that whoſoever ſhould bring in the head of a Bandito, ſhould have pardon, impunity and recompenſe too, of ſome hundreds of Crowns, whereupon the Bandits ſoon deſtroyed one another. From

From this Wood we ſoon came to *Monteſiaſcone* ſtanding upon a Hill. It's a Biſhops Seat, and famous for excellent *Muſcatelo* Wine; and this Wine is famous for having killed a *Dutchman* here who drunk too much of it. The Story is true, and thus. A *Dutchman* of Condition travelling thro' *Italy*, ſent his Man before him always, with a charge to look out the Inns where the beſt Wine was, and there write upon the Wall of the Inn the word *EST*, that is to ſay, *Here it is.* The Servant coming hither a little before his Maſter, and finding the Wine excellently good, wrote upon the Wall *EST*, *EST*, *EST*, ſignifying thereby the ſuperlative goodneſs of this Wine. The Maſter arrives, looks for his Mans hand-writing; and finding three *ESTS*, is over-joyed. In he goes, and reſolves to lie there; and he did ſo indeed: for here he lies ſtill, buried firſt in Wine, and then in his Grave; for drinking too much of this good Wine, he dyed here, and was buried by his Servant, in a Church here below the Hill, with this Epitaph upon his Tomb, made by the ſame Servant, *Propter EST, EST, herus meus mortuus eſt.* It was here alſo, that the Gallantry of the brave *Roman* General *Camillus* appeared very much. For, while he was beſieging this Town, called then *Phaliſcum* or *Phaleris*, a Treacherous School-Maſter, having brought unto him the chief young Youths of the Town, whom he had deceitfully drawn unto the *Roman* Camp, under pretence of taking the Air abroad, by which means *Camillus* might have frighted their Parents to an unworthy Rendition: the brave *Roman* who ſcorned to overcome by any other way than that of Gallantry, cauſed the School-maſter to be ſtripped, and his hands to be tyed behind his back and to be led into the Town again, with the little youths whipping him as he went, till he had brought them home again. This nobleneſs of *Camillus* took the Town preſently, becauſe it took with the Townſmen; who admiring the *Roman* *Monteſiaſcone.*

Roman Generosity, submmitted willingly to *Camillus*, who had chosen rather to take Towns by his own Valour than by other Mens iniquity: Indeed, (as *Valerius Maximus* saith) it did not become *Rome*, built by the Son of *Mars*, to take Towns otherwise than Martially.

Viterbo. From *Montefiascone* we went down the Hill by an easie descent unto *Viterbo*. This is an Episcopal Seat, standing in a wholesome Air, and therefore called *Viterbium*, as it were, *Vita Urbium*. Here are excellent Fountains of Water, and store of them: but it's pity none of them run with good Wine, to make amends for the bad, which are most of them *Vini cotti*. The two Factions here of the *Gatti* and the *Maganesi*, (these standing for the *Ursini*, those for the *Colonesi*) ruined heretofore *Viterbo* over and over again. In the *Domo* there are the Tombs of four Popes, as also in the *Franciscans* Church some Tombs of Popes and of St. *Rosa*: you see the body of that Saint yet entire, though buried above 100 years ago. She lies along in her Tomb, and is seen by drawing of a Curtain from before her.

The Academy of Wits. Here's an Academy of Wits called *Gli Ostinati*, to shew perchance, that a Man cannot be learned without obstinate labour and pains. Hence the Poet makes the Learned Man to be one who *multum sudavit & alsit*: and *Persius* tells us, that his delight was to grow pale with obstinate night Study: *Velle suum cuique est*, &c.

At me nocturnis juvat impallescere chartis.

About a mile from *Viterbo* stands a neat Church and Convent, called *Madonna del Querco*, and as far again beyond that, a fine House, with a Garden of Water-works and Fountains, worth seeing.

Caprarola. From *Viterbo* (being upon our own Horses) we went to see *Caprarola*, a stately House belonging to the Duke of *Parma*. The House is held to be one of the finest in *Italy* for Architecture. It stands

a

a little out of the Travellers rode, but not of his way: for it's much in a Mans way to ſee ſuch a lovely Houſe as this. It ſtands upon the ſide of a Hill, and from one of the Balconies it ſhews you *Rome* ſome two and thirty miles off. It's built in a *Pentagone* (if I remember well) without, and round within. The Chambers for all that are ſquare, and well proportioned. The chief of theſe Chambers are painted by the hand of *Pietro Orbiſta*, flouriſhing thus upon the noble actions of *Paulus* III. Among the other Chambers, the whiſpering Chamber is curious, for four Men here ſtanding, each one in one of the four corners of this great Chamber, hear diſtinctly what any of them whiſpers in a low tone in his Corner, their Faces being turned to the Wall; and yet thoſe that ſtand in the midſt of the Chamber cannot hear it. The other Chamber is no leſs curious, where, ſtanding in the midſt of it, and ſtamping hard with your foot thoſe that are without at the door think that they hear the cracks or reports of Piſtols. The other Rooms here alſo, as the Kitchin, all of one Stone, the low Cave alſo with the Pillar in it, cut likewiſe out of a rock and bearing up the whole Pavement of the round Court which lets light into this Cave by divers round grates of Iron, are worth the beholding: Then the Garden upon the Hill-ſide with the great variety of Water-works, Grots and wetting ſports, are all curious things. Having walked this Garden about, you'll deſire after ſo much Water, a little Wine, which will not be wanting to you, from the rare Cellar lying under the great *Terraſſe* before the Houſe; and perchance you'll think the Wine-works here as fine as the Water-works.

From *Caprarola* we fell into our way again at *Monteroſa*, from whence paſſing by *Bacano*, and the *Hoſteria del Storto*, we came at night to *Rome*. *Monteroſa.*

All the way from *Monteroſa* to *Rome* almoſt, belonged anciently to the *Veientes* (ſo called, ſaith *Beroſus*,

roſus, from the carrying about with them in Carts, all their goods.) Near to *Bacan* is a Lake out of
Varca. which runs the River *Varca*, anciently called *Cremera*, near unto which the *Veientes* killed in one Battle, three hundred *Fabii*, that is, the whole family of the *Fabii*, (who had vowed themſelves to death for the Common-Wealth ſervice) except one little boy not able to bear arms, from whom *Fabius Maximus* the terror of *Hannibal*, and *Romes* buckler deſcended.

Veii. Upon this rode alſo ſtood anciently the Town *Veii*, a Town which held out ten Summers againſt the *Romans*, and ſtood in need of no leſs Man than *Camillus* to take it. This Town was once ſo great that *Rome* being deſtroyed almoſt by the *Gauls*, the Senators held a Conſultation in the *Comitium*, whether they ſhould retire to *Veii*, and leave *Rome* quite, or rebuild again *Romes* walls; but during this Conſultation, the Troops returning out of Garriſon, arrived by chance into the *Comitium*, where the *Centurion* entring, and not thinking the Senators had been there, cryed out to the Standerd-bearer,
Valer. Max, l. 1. c. 5. *Signifer ſtatue ſignum, hic optime manebimus*; which words the Senators hearing, cryed out to one another, *Accipimus omen*; and preſently laid aſide all further thought of retiring to *Veii*.

Some twelve miles before we came to *Rome*, we ſaw the *Cupola* of St. *Peters* Church, and were as glad to ſee it afar off, as the weary *Trojans* in *Æneas* his Company, were glad to ſee *Italy*, after ſo much wandering. Some few hours after, having paſſed by an old Tomb, which ſome call *Nero*'s Tomb, and over the *Ponte Molo* (of which more in my 2. Part) we entred into *Rome* by the *Via Flaminea*, and *Porta del Populo*.

The End of the firſt Part.

AN ITALIAN-VOYAGE, OR, A Compleat Journey THROUGH ITALY.

The Second PART.

With a Character of the People, and the Deſcription of the Chief Towns, Churches, Monaſteries, Tombs, Libraries, Pallaces, Villas, Gardens, Pictures, Statues, Antiquities:

AS ALSO,

Of the Intereſt, Government, Riches, Force, *&c.* of all the Princes.

By *RICHARD LASSELS*, Gent.

The Second Edition; with Large Additions, by a Modern Hand.

LONDON,
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A JOURNEY Through ITALY.

PART II.

BEING arrived at *Rome*, we Lodged in an *Inn* for three or four days, till we had found out, and furniſhed a Houſe to our ſatisfaction. That done, I began preſently my *Inqueſt*, and made *Hue* and *Cry* after every little thing which time ſeemed to have robbed us of.

But as we approach not to great Perſons in *Italy*, without informing our ſelves firſt of their *Titles*, that we may know how to *Stile* them: So before I bring my Reader acquainted with *Rome*, I think it not amiſs to tell him how this great City is commonly called.

And although *Rome* were anciently ſtiled *The Head and Miſtreſs of the World*; *an Earthly Goddeſs*; *the Eternal City*; *the Compendium of the World*; *the common Mother and Nurſe of all Vir-*

tues; (while ſhe was yet *Heathen*;) Yet ſince her Ladyſhip was Baptized and became *Chriſtian* (though ſhe have had great Elogies made of her by the Holy Fathers) I find no Title ſo honourable to her, as that of *Roma la Santa, Rome the Holy*; which is given her by the *Common Proverb*, and common Proverbs are nothing elſe but the obſervations of common Senſe: For whereas the other Cities of *Italy* are *Proverbially* called, either *Fair, Gentile, Rich, Proud, Fat* or *Great*; as *Florence Naples, Venice*; *Genua, Bologna, Milan*; *Rome* only is ſtiled *the Holy*: and this deſervedly, for many Reaſons.

First, for being the Epiſcopal Seat of St. *Peter* and his *Succeſſors*, to the number of 240 and odd *Popes*.

2. For having been watered at the roots, by the Preaching and blood of the two Glorious Apoſtles St. *Peter* and St *Paul*, which made St. *Leo*, ſpeaking to *Rome* of theſe two great *Apoſtles*, make her this *Apoſtrophe*. *Hi ſunt qui te ad hanc gloriam provexerunt, ut gens ſancta, populus electus, civitas Sacerdotalis Regia, per ſacram Beati Petri ſedem caput orbis effecta, latius præſideres religione divina quam dominatione terrena.*

3. For having been looked upon in all Ages, as the *Center of Catholic Communion*: and the place where the *Matrix* and *Radix Eccleſia*, the *Mother Church* and the *Radical Church* (as St. *Cyprian* calls her) did flouriſh always.

4. For having been waſhed and purged in the blood of ſo many thouſand *Martyrs* in the Primitive times, which even baptized *Rome* a new, and made it be called by Holy Fathers *Nova Sion*, a New Sion.

5. For

5. For having ſo many *Saints Bodies* lying in its *Churches*; and ſo many *Churches* within its Precincts, which are above three hundred in all.

6. For having been the happy occaſion of Converting moſt of the Nations of *Europe*, and many others out of *Europe*, unto the Faith of *Chriſt*, by Preachers ſent from thence.

7. For having been the *Depoſitary* (as St. *Irenæus* calls her) *of the Holy Apoſtolical Traditions* and *Doctrine*, which have always been conſerved in her *Church*.

8. For having always *conſerved the Symbole of the Creed inviolably* (ſaith St. *Hierome*.)

Beſides theſe foreſaid Reaſons, *Rome* may deſervedly be called *Holy*, for the many and ſingular acts of *Charity* which are done there daily, more than in any other place. *Charity* is the *Queen* of *Vertues*, and if ever I ſaw this *Queen* in her Throne, it was in *Rome*. For there I ſaw no evil, either of *body* or *mind*, but it had its remedy, if curable; at leaſt its comforts if incurable.

For the *firſt*, to wit, *Evils of Body*, it hath its *Hoſpitals*, and thoſe many, and many of thoſe are *Hoſpitals in Folio*. Beſides no *Pilgrim* comes to *Rome*, but he finds *Rome*, as *Adam* did *Paradiſe*, with the Table covered, and Bed made ready for him. *Poor young Girls* find Portions either for Husbands or Nunneries, according to their choice; *Infants* whom cruel and unlawful Mothers, like Wolves, expoſe to death, *Rome* receives to life, and thinks it but a ſuitable *Antipelargeſis* to nouriſh *Wolves* Children, ſeeing a *She-Wolf* nouriſhed her *Founder* being expoſed by Men. *Fools* too and *Madmen*, ſo much the more miſerable, as not being ſo much as ſenſible of

Quint. Curt. of their Condition (for *ſæpe calamitatis ſolatium eſt noſſe ſortem ſuam)* have here thoſe that take care of them. *Poor Men* find *Hoſpitals* when they are ſick; and *Gentlemen*, whom Nature hath not exempted from common *Miſeries*, *Rome* exempts from common *Hoſpitals*; and not being able to give them better health ſhe gives them at leaſt better accommodation in their ſickneſs. Here you ſhall find an *Apothecaries-ſhop*, founded by *Cardinal Francis Barberin*, with a yearly revenue of Twelve Thouſand Crowns, and this for ever; to furniſh the Poor with Phyſick *gratis*.

Here you ſhall find the *Hoſpital* of the *Holy Trinity*, which in the *Jubile* year of *Clement the* VIII, is found to have treated at Table, in one day, Fifteen Thouſand Pilgrims. And in the whole *year* Five Hundred Thouſand. The laſt *Jubile year* 1650. I my ſelf was preſent one day, when the ſaid *Hoſpital* treated Nine Thouſand Pilgrims that day: The *Pope* himſelf (*Innocent* the *X.*) and many of the *Cardinals* having been there to waſh the feet of the Pilgrims, and to ſerve them at Table. Add to this, that every *Nation* hath here its ſeveral *Hoſpital* and *Refuge*, with *Church and Churchmen* to ſerve it. As the *Engliſh Colledge*, once an *Hoſpital* for the *Engliſh*: That of the *Anima*, for the *Germans*: That of St. *Lewis*, for the *French*: That of St. *Iacomo*, for the *Spaniards*; That of St. *Antony of Padua*, for the *Portugueſe*: That of St. *Julian* for the *Flemmings*: That of St. *Ambroſe* for the *Lombards*: That of St. *Juo* for the *Britans*: That of St. *Hierom* for the *Illyrians*: That of St. *Mary Egyptiaca* for the *Armenians*: That of St. *Stephano*

Almoſt every Nation hath an Hoſpital in Rome.

Stephano for the *Hungarians:* That of St. *Staniſlaus* for the *Polonians.* Beſides a world of others. Nay almoſt every *Corporation* or *Body of Artiſans* have their Hoſpital among themſelves, which they maintain. In the *Church* of the Twelve *Apoſtles* they chuſe yearly Twelve Noblemen and one *Prelate,* who is called their *Prior:* Theſe go into every corner of *Rome* to ſeek out poor Men who are aſham'd to beg, and yet are in great want. Theſe baſhful poor Men put their names into a Coffer well lock'd up, and ſtanding in a publick place, by which means theſe Charitable Noblemen find them out, and relieve them.

What ſhall I ſay of the publick Charity of the *Pope* himſelf, well known to all; beſides a world of private Charities which he gives by his *Secreto Limoſimero* to thoſe that are aſham'd to beg publickly.

The like do many *Cardinals* by their own hands; and in that high meaſure, that *Cardinal Montalto* (to name no more) is found by his Books of *Accounts,* to have given away above a Hundred and Seven Thouſand Crowns to the Poor. Of which pious *Cardinal* I cannot omit to write this following Story, as I have learned it from very good relation.

An ingenious piece of Charity.

" A poor Widow of *Rome,* Mother of one " only Daughter both young and handſome, " got her Living honeſtly by her own, and her " Daughters Labour; and rub'd out poorly, but " yet honeſtly: Now it happened that this Wi- " dow falling Sick, and her Daughter having " enough to do to tend her, their work went on " ſo faintly, and their gains came in ſo ſlowly,

" that at her recovery, ſhe found her *Purſe* as
" much ſpent as her *Perſon*. Whereupon be-
" ing called on for the quarters Rent of her
" Chamber, and not knowing what to do, ſhe
" was adviſed by her *Confeſſarius* to go to *Car-*
" *dinal Montalto* (who gave publick Audi-
" ence thrice a Week to all the Poor in
" *Rome*, and to beg as much of him, as would
" pay her little debt. Preſſed therefore by her
" great neceſſity, and emboldened by the fame
" of the Charity of this good *Cardinal*, ſhe en-
" tred the Palace, and found him in his great
" Hall, giving Ear and Alms to all thoſe that
" could give him a good account of their wants.
" In her turn ſhe and her young Daughter ap-
" proached unto him, ſitting at his Tables End;
" and expreſſing modeſtly her wants cauſed by
" her three Months Sickneſs, ſhe humbly be-
" ſought his *Eminence* to give her *five Crowns*
" for to pay the Rent of her Chamber, and pa-
" cifie her Landlord, who otherwiſe threatned
" to put her out of Doors. The *Cardinal* ſee-
" ing as much modeſty in her looks as Sickneſs
" in her Countenance; and liking well, that ſhe
" did not go about to fright him into Charity,
" by urging the danger of being forc'd one day
" to expoſe her Daughter to lewd Courſes (a
" common Rhetorical figure of Beggars in all
" Countries) wrote down in a little Paper, Fifty
" Crowns to be given to her; and folding up
" the Paper, he bid her carry it to his Servant
" below at the entrance of the Palace, who
" kept the *Cardinals* Bills, and payed the
" contents of them. She did ſo with humble
" Prayers of thankfulneſs, and the Servant up-
" on

" on the Sight of the Paper, preſently threw her
" fifty Crowns, and bid her make an acquittance
" for it. The poor Woman ſeeing fifty Crowns
" counted out for her, who had asked but five;
" and fearing leſt the Servant upon ſight of
" her handſome daughter, might have done
" this by way of Bribery, told him ſmart-
" ly, that tho' ſhe were Poor, yet ſhe was
" honeſt, and that ſhe ſcorn'd to go by one
" Corruption to another. The honeſt Servant
" civilly replied, that he underſtood not her
" words: nor I your deeds, ſaid ſhe, I asked
" the *Cardinal* five *Crowns*, he granted me my
" requeſt, and why then do you offer me fifty
" *Crowns*? The honeſt Servant to ſhew his In-
" nocency, ſhews his Maſters hand writing, im-
" porting fifty *Crowns*. Then your Maſters
" hand, ſaid ſhe, for haſte outſhot his Intenti-
" ons. I asked him for five *Crowns*, and more
" in Conſcience I cannot take. The Servant,
" though he knew his Maſters Generoſity, yet to
" take all ſcruple from the poor Woman, locked
" up his Money and Papers, and deſired the
" poor Woman to go up with him to the *Car-*
" *dinal* again to clear this doubt. The *Cardi-*
" *nal* hearing from this Servant the whole paſ-
" ſage, and that the poor Woman was afraid
" his hand had been miſtaken in writing fifty
" *Crowns* inſtead of five; 'tis true, ſaid he, my
" hand was miſtaken indeed; and calling for
" his *Pen* again, as if he would have corrected
" the *Cypher* which made the Bill fifty, he put
" in another *Cypher*, and ſo made it five Hundred
" *Crowns*; reading it now aloud to his Servant
" and the poor Woman; commanding her to

" beſtow

" beſtow her Daughter with that Money; and " if it were not enough, to come again to " him, and he would make it up. *A true Ro-* " *man Charity.*

Remedies for Evils of the Mind.

Oſmunduas apud Herodot.

As for thoſe *Charities* which concern the *Mind*, if a great King of *Egypt* wrote over his *Library*-door, *Medicina Animæ*, *Phyſick for the Mind*, here in *Rome* I find ſtore of ſuch Phyſick in *Libraries*, *Colledges*, *Monaſteries*, and devout *Companies*. And firſt for *Libraries*; you ſhall find here (beſides the *Libraries* of every *Religious* houſe) the incomparable *Library* of the *Vatican* (of which more below) thoſe alſo of *Cardinal Barberin*; of the *Duke of Altemps*; that of *Sapienza*, and that of the *Auguſtins*; the laſt two being open to all Men every day, with a courteous Gentleman to reach you any Book, and a learned *Manuſcript* in *Folio*, addreſſing you to the Authors that treat of any Subject you deſire to be informed of, which affords great help to the painful Student. Then the *Colledges* and *Seminaries* of almoſt all Nations where youths are both fed and bred up in Learning for nothing.

Publick Libraries.

Colledges.

Monaſteries.

Add to this the variety of *Monaſteries* and *Convents*, both of Men and Women, where they may hide themſelves ſecurely, *donec tranſeat Iniquitas.*

Houſes for young Girls.

Then the taking away of *young Girls*, at ten or twelve years old from their poor ſuſpected Mothers; and the bringing them up vertuouſly, under careful Matrons of known Vertue, till they either chuſe the *Nuptial Flammeum*, or the *Sacred Velum.*

Then

Then the *Remedies* for *ill Married Women*, whoſe unadviſed choice (Marriages being often made for Intereſt) or incompatible humours force to a Corporeal ſeparation; and leſt ſuch unfortunate Women ſhould either live incontinently indeed, or give ſuſpicion of it, they are provided here with a Houſe where they live retiredly under *Lock* and *Key*, till they either reconcile themſelves again to their Husbands; or upon juſt occaſions, leave them for ever. Over the door of this houſe is written, *Per le donne mal maritate.* *Remedies for ill married Women.*

Then the *Convent* of *Penitent Whores* (that none may periſh in *Rome* who have a mind to be ſaved) called *Sancta Maria Magdalena in Corſo*; where many of thoſe poor *Magdalens* have led ſuch penitential Lives, (as the bloody Walls of their *Cells*, cauſed by frequent diſciplining, ſhewed to all *Rome* in a conflagration of that *Monaſtery*) that *Paulus Quintus* himſelf being informed of it, would needs be carried thither, to ſee thoſe Bloody Chambers from the Streer, and having ſeen them, wept for Joy; and I can ſcarce hold from crying out: *O felix culpa.* *The Convent of Penisents.*

What ſhall I ſay of the *Congregation* of *Advocates* and *Attornies*, inſtituted in *Rome*, where they meet once a Week to examine poor mens *Law-Suits*; and either dehort them from proceeding in bad cauſes, or proſecute good cauſes for them at the coſt of this *Congregation.* *Charity of Lawyers in* Rome.

What ſhall I ſay of ſeveral pious *Clergy-men* (eſpecially the good *Prieſts* of the *Oratory*, happy in this employment) who make it their task to reconcile diſagreeing Families, and *Broken Friend-ſetters.*

and with great zeal and piety, exhort first the one, then the other of the parties, intervene between them, speak well of the one to the other, clear and take away jealous misunderstandings, and in fine, piece again broken Neighbours?

Four Sermons daily in one place in Rome.

What shall I say of the *four Sermons* daily in the *Chiesa Nova*, by the most learned and good *Priests* of the *Oratory*, who being most of them learned Men, as *Baronius*, *Bosius*, *Justinianus*, *Renaldus*, &c. and able to fly high, yet in their Sermons stoop to a low pitch, and a Popular facile way, which aims rather at conversion, than ostentation; and doth great good, though it make little noise; *Dominus in leni aura.*

Weekly Sermons to the Jews.

What shall I say of the Weekly *Sermon* to the *Jews*, upon *Saturday*; where they are bound to be present to the number of three hundred: where the *Pope* entertains a learned *Preacher*, to convince them out of their own Scriptures; and those that are converted, are provided for in the *Hospital* of the *Catechumens*, till they be throughly instructed? I have seen divers of them baptized.

The Scholæ Piæ.

What shall I say of the *Scholæ piæ* in *Rome*, a company of good Religious Men, who look like *Jesuits*, save only that they go bare-foot in Sandals? These good *Fathers* make a profession to teach poor boys *gratis*, their first *Grammar Rudiments*, and to make them fit to be sent to the *Jesuits Schools*; and having taught them thus in the *Schools*, they accompany them home in the *Streets*, lest they should either learn waggery as they go home, or practise it. Nay these humble Men make it their profession not to teach higher

higher *Schools*; where there might be ſome profit and honour, at leaſt ſome ſatisfaction and pleaſure: but they content themſelves to go barefoot, and teach only the *lower Schools*, and *firſt Rudiments*; by which they neither grow wiſer nor richer: A ſtrange mortified trade; but *Beati pauperes ſpiritu.*

The Fathers of the Agonizants.

What ſhall I ſay of the *Fathers* of the *Agonizants*, whoſe Vocation is, to be the *Seconds* of thoſe who fight againſt death it ſelf; that is, whoſe profeſſion is, to aſſiſt thoſe that are in the *Agony of Death*; and to help them to make then thoſe pious *Acts*, which *Chriſtians* ſhould moſt of all then rouze themſelves up to?

La Compagnia de Morti.

What can be ſaid more; yes, *Rome* not content, to have fed, to have bred, to have converted, baptized, reconciled the living; and aſſiſting the dying; ſhe extends her *Charity* even beyond death it ſelf, and hath inſtituted a pious *Confraternity*, called *La compagnia de Morti*, whoſe office is to bury the Dead, and to viſit thoſe that are *Condemned*, and by praying with them, exhorting them, and accompanying them to the Execution, help them to dye Penitently, and bury them being Dead, and Pray for their Souls being Buried; after which, *Charity* can do no more to Man, and therefore I will conclude, that ſeeing ſuch ſingular Acts of *Charity*, both for *Body* and *Mind*, are practiſed no where ſo much as in *Rome*, its true which I aſſumed above, that *Rome* deſerves to be call'd *the Holy.*

Having ſaid thus much of the *Title of Rome*, I will now make my Reader better acquainted with her, by deſcribing the Particuliarities which I obſerved here. And that I may not ramble in

in writing of *Rome*, as moſt men do in viſiting of it, I will begin at the *Bridge* called now *Ponte Angelo*, and from thence take the whole *Gyro* of the *City* in Order.

Ponte Angelo. Arriving then at the *Bridge* called anciently *Pons Elius*, becauſe it was built by the *Emperor Elius Adrianus*, but now called *Ponte Angelo*, becauſe it was upon this *Bridge* that *S. Gregory* the *Great* ſaw an *Angel* upon the *Moles Adriani*, ſheathing his Sword after a great *Plague*: here we ſaw the ſtately new decoration of *Iron*-work with the twelve Marble Statues ſet upon it by this preſent *Pope Clement* the Ninth, and looking down into the River on the Left-hand, we ſaw the ruins of the *Triumphal Bridge*.

The triumphal Bridge. This Bridge was called the *Triumphal Bridge*, becauſe over it *Triumphs* were accuſtomed to paſs anciently to the *Capitol*. This made it ſo proud, that it ſcorn'd that any ruſtics, or Country-Fellows ſhould paſs over it; and got a *Decree of the Senate* for that purpoſe. But pride will have a fall; and the proud *Triumphal Bridge* hath got ſuch a great one, that there's but juſt ſo much of it left, as to ſhew, where it was once; ſo true is the ſaying of *Auſonius*,

Mors etiam Saxis nominibuſque venit.

At firſt the *Romans* were modeſt enough in their *Triumphs*, as in all other things: Hence *Camillus* was content with four *white Horſes* in his *Chariot*; but afterwards luxury and exceſs baniſhing out of the City old modeſty, they began to ſtrive who ſhould be the moſt vain in this point. Hence *Pompey* was drawn in Triumph by *four Elephants*; *Mark-*

Mark-Antony, by *four Lyons*: *Nero* by *four Hermophrodites*, which were all four both Horſes and Mares: *Heliogabalus* by *four Tygers*; *Aurelianus* by *ſix Stags*; and *Firmicus* by eight *Oſtriches*. *Vanity in Triumphs.*

At the end of *Ponte Angelo* ſtands the *Caſtel Angelo*, ſo called, becauſe, as I ſaid before, *S. Gregory* in a ſolemn *Proceſſion* during the Plague, ſaw an *Angel* upon the top of *Moles Adriani* ſheathing his Sword, to ſignifie, that Gods Anger was appeaſed. Before this *Miracle* happened, it was called *Moles Adriani*, becauſe the *Emperor Adrian* was buried here. It was built anciently in a round form of vaſt ſtones going up in three rows or ſtories, leſſer and leſſer, till you came to the top; where ſtood mounted that great *Pine-apple* of *Braſs guilt*, which we ſee now in the Garden of *Belvedere*. Round about it were ſet in the wall great *Marble Pillars*, and round about the ſeveral Stories ſtood a world of *Statues*. This *Moles* being found a ſtrong place, *Belliſarius* put Men into it to defend it againſt the *Goths*, and they defended themſelves in it a great while, by breaking the *Statues* in Pieces, and throwing them upon the Heads of the *Gothes* that beſieged them. Since that time divers *Popes* have turned it into a formal *Caſtle*. *Boniface* the VIII, *Alexander* the VI, and *Urban* the VIII, have rendered it a *Regular Caſtle*, with five ſtrong *Baſtions*, ſtore of good *Cannons*, and a conſtant Gariſon maintained in it. From this *Caſtle* I ſaw divers times theſe Fortifications; and below divers great pieces of Artillery, made of the Braſs taken out of the *Pantheon*; and they ſhewed us one great *Cannon* which was made of the brazen Nails only, that nailed that braſs to the walls of the *Pantheon*; the *Caſtel Angelo.*

length

length and form of thoſe Nails, is ſeen upon that *Cannon*, to ſhew unto poſterity how great they were, with theſe words upon it; *ex clavis trabialibus Porticus Agrippæ*. In this *Caſtle* are kept *Priſoners* of *State*; the five Millions laid up there, by *Sixtus Quintus*; the *Popes rich Triple Crowns*, called *Regni*, and the Chief *Regiſters* of the *Roman Church*. From the top alſo of this *Caſtle* you ſee diſtinctly the long *Corridor* or *Gallery*, which runs from the *Popes Palace* of the *Vatican* to this *Caſtle*, for the *Popes* uſe in time of danger. It was made by *Pope Alexander* the VI. and uſed by *Clement* the VII. who by it got ſafe into the *Caſtle*, from the fury of the *German Soldiers*, who being many of them *Lutherans*, ſwore they would eat a piece of the *Pope*.

The long Corridor from the Palace to the Caſtle.

From hence entering into the *Borgo*, we went towards *S. Peters Church*, and in the way ſtept into the Church of the *Carmelites*, called *Santa Maria Tranſpontina*, where, in a Chappel on the left hand as you enter, are ſeen two Pillars of Stone enchaſed in wood, to the which *S. Peter* and *S. Paul* were tyed when they were whipped before their death, according to the *Romans* cuſtom. Here's alſo the Head of *S. Baſil* the *Greek* Father ſurnamed the Great. Here's alſo a curious Picture of *S. Barbara* in the Vault by *Cavalier Gioſeppe*.

Santa Maria Tranſpontina.

Going on from hence, we came preſently to the Palace of *Campeggi*, ſo called, becauſe it belonged to Cardinal *Campeggi*, the Popes Legat in *England*, to whom *Henry* the VIII. gave it. Heretofore it belonged to the *Engliſh* Embaſſadors, and was one of the beſt in *Rome*, both for being near the Pope's Palace, and alſo for that it

The Engliſh Embaſſadors Palace.

it was well built by famous *Bramante*. It belongs now to Cardinal *Colonna*.

Over against it stands a little *Piazza*, with a fine Fountain, and joyning to it a little Church called *San Jacomo Scozza Cavalli*, in which, under an *Altar* on the right hand, I saw the Stone upon which *Abraham* offered to sacrifice his Son *Isaac*, and under another *Altar* on the left hand, the Stone upon which our *Saviour* was placed, when he was presented in the *Temple*. Both these were brought, or sent to *Rome*, by *Helen* Mother of the *Emperor Constantine the Great*. S. *Jacomo Scozza Cavalli*.

Presently after, you come to the *Piazza* of St. *Peter*, built round about with a noble *Portico* of Free-stone, born up by four rows of stately round Pillars, under which, not only the *Procession* upon *Corpus Christi* day, marched in the shade; but also all People may go dry, and out of the Sun in Summer or Winter, unto St. *Peter's* Church, or the *Vatican Palace*. This *Portico* is built in an oval form, and fetcheth in the great *Piazza*, which is before St. *Peter's* Church, and therefore can be no less than half a mile in compass. This noble Structure was begun by *Alexander* the VII, and half of it finished, and the other half is now almost finished. I never saw any thing more stately than this. The number of the Pillars and of the Statues on the top, I do not justly remember. In the midst of this *Piazza* stands the famous *Guglia*; which was brought out of *Egypt*, in the time of the *old Romans*, and dedicated to *Augustus Cæsar* and *Tiberius*, as the words upon it import. It lay hid long in *Nero's Circle*, which was there where now St. *Peters Church* is, and at last, *Sextus Quintus* having *The* Portico *of the* Piazza *of* St. Peter.

The great Guglia *before* St. Peter's.

proposed great rewards to him that would venture to set it up here without breaking, it was happily undertaken by *Dominico Fontano*, a rare Architect of *Como*; and so placed, as you see it now. This manner of bringing it out of *Ægypt*, and of erecting it here, are both painted in *Fresco* upon the walls of the *Vatican* Library: This *Guglia* is all of one stone except the *Basis*; and it hath no *Hieroglyphes* upon it. The stone is a *Granate*, or *speckled Marble*, which together with its *Basis*, is a hundred and eight foot high. It rests upon four Lyons of Brass gilt; and at the top of it is planted a Cross of Brass mounted upon three Mountains, with a Star over them (the Arms of *Sextus Quintus*, whose name was *Montalto*.) Within the Cross, is a piece of the Holy Cross of our Saviour, included here by *Sextus Quintus*. The whole *Guglia* is said to weigh 956148 pound weight. I wonder what Scales they had to weigh it with.

The Fountains. On each side of this *Guglia* is to stand fair Fountains, one whereof is that which is seen there now; which throweth up such a quantity of water, that it maketh a Mist always about it, and oftentimes a Rainbow when the Sun strikes obliquely upon it.

The Piazza. This *Piazza* is capable of two Hundred Thousand Men, and delivers you up to the Stairs which lead you up to the Church of St. *Peter*.

St. Peters. Coming therefore near to St. *Peter's* Church, I was glad to see that noble structure, where greatness and neatness, bulk and beauty are so mingled together, that its neither mean only, like a spruce Gallery; nor vast only, like a great Hall; but it's rather like a proper Man, and yet well proportioned.

portioned. You mount up to this Church by an easie ascent of four and twenty Steps of Marble Stairs, as long as the Frontispiece of the Church is wide; these Stairs were those of the old Church of St. *Peter*; and *Baronius* observes, That when the Emperor *Charlemagne* mounted up those Stairs first, he kissed every step as he went up. *The Marble Steps up to St. Peters Church.* *Baron ad an.* 774.

These Stairs lead you up to the Frontispiece of the Church, which hath five doors in it, letting you into the Porch; and these doors are cheeked with vast round Pillars of free-stone twenty four foot in compass, and eighty six in height. Over these Pillars runs the Architrave, and over it the Lodge or great Balcony, where the Pope is Crowned, and where he gives his Benediction upon *Easter-day*. Over this Lodge runs a continual Baluster or row of Rails, upon which stand Thirteen vast Statues of our Saviour, and his Apostles cut in stone. *The Frontispiece.*

Entring into the Porch, you will admire the length, breadth and height of it. For the length of it, it's two Hundred Eighty nine Foot, the breadth forty four foot, the heighth a Hundred Thirty three foot. It's adorned on both sides with great Marble Pillars, and a curious gilt Roof. In fine, this Porch any where else would be a handsom Church. *The Porch.* *The Church it self.*

Over against the five Doors of this Porch, stand the five Doors of the Church; one whereof is called the *Porta Sancta*, and only open in the Jubile year; The others are daily open; and the two principal doors are called *Valvæ Sancti Petri*, and are covered with Brass, by the command of *Eugenius* the IV. whose memorable actions, to *Porta Sancta.* *Valvæ St. Petri.*

wit, the Crowning of the Emperor *Sigiſmond*, and the reunion of the *Greek* Church with the *Latin*, are expreſſed in them. Theſe *Valvæ* are thirteen Foot wide, and forty five high; and to them all Popes Bulls are nailed at their publication.

The inſide of the Church of St. Peter.

Entring into the Church, I found it to be built in Groſs-wiſe; containing in length five hundred and twenty foot, and three hundred eighty five in breadth. So that it paſſeth in greatneſs, the famous Temples of Antiquity, to wit *Solomon*'s Temple, long Threeſcore Cubits: The Temple of *Diana* in *Epheſus*, long four Hundred Twenty five foot; and the great *Mozki* at *Fez*, long a Hundred and fifty Cubits.

The Roof.

The Roof or Vault of this Church is arched with great ſquares, and each ſquare is adorned with a great gilt Roſe, which almoſt fills the ſquare. This Roof is born up by great Pillars of Freeſtone, of a ſquare form, whoſe *Capitelli* are curiouſly wrought, after the *Corinthian* order, and joyned to one another above, by Arches and a perpetual *Cornice*, over which are cut in ſtone, the Statues of ſeveral moral Vertues. Theſe Pillars are a Hundred and five Foot in compaſs, and diſtant Forty Foot one from another. On that ſide of them which looks towards the Body of the Church; they are to be over-cruſted with white Marble, with two rows of niches in them, for great Statues of Braſs gilt. The other ſides of theſe Pillars are already adorned with a neat overcruſting of a reddiſh Marble, beſet with the Heads of the primitive martyr'd Popes, held up by two Angels, and with the Pigeon of *Innocent* the X. (who made this decoration) and all

theſe

theſe are in *mezzo rilievo*, and of pure white Alabaſter, Behind theſe Pillars is a large Iſle, or paſſage, and behind that Iſle immediately, ſtand fair Chappels, which flanck up this Church notably, and each Chappel is graced with a little *Cupola* of its own.

In the midſt of the Croſs building of this Church is mounted the great *Cupola*, which looks like a great Crown, wherewith this Queen of Churches is Crowned. It reſts upon four *Pilaſtri* or great Pillars, which make the corners of the Croſs of this Church, and from them it riſeth into ſuch a high Vault, that it ſeems to walk into Heaven. Its full as round as the Pantheon in *Rome*, that is, it carrieth the compaſs of an hundred and ſeventy Paces, as you may eaſily meaſure upon the circle of white Marble in the Pavement which environeth the Altar of St. *Peter*, and is made there on purpoſe perpendicularly under the *Cupola* to ſhew its greatneſs, the inſide of this *Cupola* is curiouſly painted with Pictures in Moſaick work, repreſenting a Heaven, indeed nothing but Heaven it ſelf can be finer or higher. So that I may ſay truly to *Rome* with *Rutillius*.

Non procul a cælo per tua Templa ſumus.

In a word, this *Cupola* is the boldeſt piece of Architecture that perhaps the World hath ſeen; and it was the laſt and greateſt work of *Sextus Quintus* his Purſe.

The four Pilaſtri upon which this *Cupola* reſteth, are vaſt ſquare Pillars, a Hundred and twenty foot in Compaſs, and capable of Stairs within them, and large Sacriſties above, for the holy re- *The four great Pilaſtri.*

licks that are kept in them; to wit, the Volto Santo or Print of our Saviours Face, which he imprinted in the Handkerchief of St. *Veronici*; The piece of the holy Croſs; the top of the Launce wherewith our Savior's Side was pierced, and the Head of St. *Andrew* the Apoſtle tranſlated hither into his Brothers Church by *Pius Secundus*. Hence in theſe great Pillars are cut Niches, and in them plac'd four vaſt Statues of white Marble. Under the Relick of the *Volto Santo* ſtands the Statue of the *Veronica*, under the piece of the Holy Croſs, the Statue of St. *Helen*. Under the top of the Launce, the Statue of *Longinus*: under the Head of St. *Andrew*, the Statue of St. *Andrew*. Theſe Statues are of *Coloſſean* greatneſs, and made by Maſters as great as themſelves.

The high Altar. In the midſt of the Croſs of this Church, and perpendicularly under the very *Cupola*, ſtands the high Altar of this Church. This Altar may well be called the high Altar, (*Altare quaſi alta ara.*) or the *Altare Majus*, being the nobleſt Altar in the World, both for matter and form. The Altar it ſelf ſtands over the Tomb of St. *Peter*, half whoſe Body, together with half of St. *Pauls*, lies buried here; and the other half of their Bodies in St. *Pauls* Church. Over this Altar four ſtately Pillars of Braſs bear up a Canopy of the ſame Mettal, wrought about the Edge like a Canopy indeed, with Vallances and a gilt Fringe, yet all of Braſs. Over the corners of this Canopy, ſtand four great Angels of Braſs gilt, and in the midſt of it is mounted high a round Ball of Braſs gilt, and a fair Croſs upon it of the ſame mettal.

The Tomb of St. Peter.

Theſe

These four Pillars are as great in compass (I speak by experience, having taken the measure of them upon their model) as three ordinary men are thick. Their Form is Serpentine, wreathed about with Vine-trees and Leaves; but all of Brass; as also adorned with little Angels of Brass clambering up those Leaves and Branches, and with Bees here and there also, relating to Pope *Urbans* Arms, who made them. These Pillars are fifty foot high from the ground. Every one of them weigheth five and twenty Thousand Pound weight, and all of them together make this Altar, the Altar antonomastically, as this Church is the Church of the World. So that if the Climax be true (as true it is) that Churches are for Altars, Altars for Priests, Priests for God, I know no Religion which payeth such honourable tributes of Worship to God, as the Roman-Catholick Religion doth, which hath the noblest Church, the noblest Altar, the noblest Priest, the noblest Sacrifice, and all this to the noblest God. *Deus Deorum Dominus.* Hence the Pope may say with *Salomon*: *Domus quam ædificare cupio magna est, magnus est enim Dominus noster super omnes Deos.* *The four Brass Pillars of the Altar.* 2. Paralip. c. 2.

Behind this Alter (not in respect of him that comes into the Church by the great door, but in respect of him that stands at the Altar) stands the Confession of St. *Peter*; so called, because that in the Primitive times, the place where the Bodies of Saints and Martyrs were kept, was called *Confessio*, and in the *Greek* Church *Martyrium*. For in ancient Writers the word Confessor was taken often for a Martyr, who had confessed Christ so far as even to die for him: So that Martyrs *The Confessio St. Petri.*

tyrs are ſometimes called Confeſſors, and Confeſſors Martyrs, though they did not actually die in Torments; as you may ſee plainly in the Annotations of learned *Pamelius* upon *Tertullians* Book *ad Martyres*. Now this place becauſe it conſerves the Body (at leaſt half of the Body) of St. *Peter*, is called the Confeſſion of *Peter*. As for this Confeſſion, it's made like a hollow Cave, open above, and railed about with low Rails, ſo that the People kneeling may look down to the Iron door and grate, behind which the Tomb of St. *Peter* ſtands, under the Altar; for theſe Rails fetch in a demi-circle from one corner of the Altar to the other. There are alſo a double pair of open Stairs, of ſome twelve ſteps a-piece, for thoſe to deſcend by who officiate, and there are two little half doors which let them in to thoſe Stairs. And I conceive at the bottom of theſe little doors, the *Limina Apoſtolorum* to be. For though I know it's generally held, that to viſit the *Limina Apoſtolorum* (which Biſhops by their Canon Law are oblig'd unto) is to viſit St. *Peter*'s Church; and that divers learned Authors think the *Limina Apoſtolorum* to be the very ſteps of the entrance of the great door of the Church; yet I am of opinion, that theſe little half doors and the ſteps about the Altar, are moſt properly the *Limina Apoſtolorum*, becauſe I found theſe very words written in Golden Letters in the bottom of the like little doors, which ſtand about the high Altar in St. *Paul*'s Church, where the other half of the Bodies of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* are intomb'd.

Num. 1.

The Limina Apoſtolorum.

Cubicularii St. Petri.

Round about this Church ſtand Side Chappels, ſome ſix and twenty in all, called anciently *Cubicula*,

bicula, and thoſe whom we call Chaplains were anciently called *Cubicularii*: Hence the title of *Cubicularius* S. *Petri*. Now theſe Chappels have for the moſt part ſome remarkable thing in them. In one of them is always reſerv'd the B. Sacrament for the daily uſe of Pilgrims that deſire to communicate in St. *Peters* Church, and other devout People. In that of St. *Gregory Nazianzen*, is the Body of that Saint tranſlated hither out of the Church of the Nuns of *Campo Marzo*. In the Chappel of the Canons, repoſeth the Body of St. *Chryſoſtome*. In the Chappel called the *Clementina*, repoſeth the Body of St. *Gregory* the great, who being Pope of *Rome*, and moved by Godly Inſtinction (as *John Stow* ſaith) ſent *Auguſtin*, *Juſtus*, *Melitus*, and other Monks living in the fear of God, to convert the *Angles*, or *Engliſh*, to the Faith of Chriſt; and therefore I took particular notice often of his Tomb, as being (as venerable *Bede* calls him) our Apoſtle. In a Chappel at the very farther end of the Church is ſet up the Chair of St. *Peter*, held up by four Doctors of the Church, all caſt in Braſs in a ſtately Poſture. This Chair is of Wood, but much ſpent with old Age; and therefore Pope *Alexander* the Seventh cauſed it to be ſet up here, and enchaſed curiouſly to preſerve it. I once ſaw it near at hand, being expos'd to publick view in the middle of the Church upon the Feaſt day of St. *Peter's* Chair in *Rome*. In another Chappel is the Crucifix made three hundred Years ago by rare *Pietro Cavalino*. In another Chappel you ſee cut in white Marble the Hiſtory of St. *Leo's* meeting *Attila* out of *Rome*, and his hindering him from coming any nearer to the City.

Vid Anaſtaſ. *Biblioth. in* Marcello. Paulin. *Epiſt.* 12. *ad* Sever.

St. Greg. Nazianzens *Tomb.*

St. Chriſoſtom's *Tomb.*

St. Gregories *Tomb.* Stow *in his Chronicles in Kentiſh Saxons.*

The Chair of St. Peter.

As

The chief Relics. As for the Relics and Bodies of Saints which are in this Church, beſides thoſe mentioned already, there are the bodies of *SS. Simon* and *Jude*, of *S. Petronilla*, of *SS. Proceſſus* and *Martinianus*, of ten firſt Popes after St. *Peter*; with a world of other precious Relics kept in the Sacriſty.

Some Tombs. As for the Tombs which are in this *Church* above ground, they are theſe. That of *Sextus* IV. of *Paulus* III; of *Urban* the VIII; of *Leo* the XI. of *Innocent* the VIII; of *Gregory* the XIII; of *Innocent* the X; and laſtly that of the Counteſs *Matilde*, the only ſecular Perſon that I find to have a Tomb in this *Church* above ground. Indeed ſhe deſerves well to lye in St. *Peter*'s Church, who deſerved to be called St. *Peters* Daughter; and ſhe deſerved this ſurname, for having defended the Church ſo gallantly in its greateſt conflict, againſt *Henry* the IV. Emp. and having endowed it with a good part of its Patrimony. Her Body was tranſlated from *Mantua* hither, in the year 1633. by the command of Pope *Urban* the VIII.

Near the Confeſſion of S. *Peter*, is an old brazen Statue of S. *Peter*, ſitting with his hand up as giving his bleſſing; and holding his right foot a little out, to be kiſſed. At firſt, ſome wonder to ſee devout People flocking thither, and kiſſing the Foot of that Statue, and putting their heads under that Foot, when they have done; but when they are well informed, that all this is done, only to teſtifie that they ſubmit themſelves to the Authority which was given by our Saviour, to *S. Peter* and his Succeſſors, they reſt ſatisfied.

Over

Over the Holy-water-pot, on the left hand, as you enter into the Church, is ſeen, faſtned to the wall, an old Inſcription upon a ſquare Stone, importing, that that was the very ſtone upon which the Bodies of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* were divided, when half of their Bodies were buried here, and the other half in St. *Paul*'s Church, by St. *Silveſter*.

As for the prime Pictures that are in this Church; they are theſe: That of St. *Michael* in *Moſaick* work, is of the deſign of *Cavalier Gioſeppe*: As alſo the deſign of the *Moſaick* work in the *Cupola*. That of St. *John* Evangeliſt, and St. *Luke* juſt under the *Cupola*, are of the hand of *Giovanni de Vecbi*. The Picture where *St. Peter* cures the lame man, is of the hand of *Ludivico da Civoli*. That of the fall of *Simon Magus*, is of the hand *Vanni* of *Siena*. That where *St. Peter* is painted with *Annanias* dead before him, is of the hand of *Cavalier Rancalli*. That of the Altar of *St. Gregory*, is of the hand of *Andrea Sacco Romano*. That of the Creation of the World, is of *Pietro Berettino de Cortona*. That of *Medicæ fidei*, is of the hand of *Lanfranco*. *Some prime Pictures.*

Having thus ſeen the Church, I went to ſee the Sacriſty of this Church, where by expreſs leave from the *Monſignor*, who hath the chief care, as well as the Keys of it, I ſaw the Holy Relics, and neat Church-plate belonging to this Church. The Relics are many, and richly enchaſed in Gold and Silver. The Church Plate is both plentiful and of great value, as many Chalices of pure Gold ſet with Jewels, huge Silver Candleſticks, with a Crucifix of the ſame, as heavy as a Man can lift, with a world of other ſuch *The Sacriſty of St. Peter.*

ſuch like Plate. But that which pleaſed me moſt here, was the ancient Picture of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, which St. *Silveſter* ſhewed to *Conſtantine* the Great, to confirm the truth of his Viſion. The Picture is very old, yet the faces are perceivable, and that is all. It's ſet in a frame of Silver. The Hiſtory of it is both long and known: And if any man be ignorant of it, let him read it in *Baronius*. There is alſo in the ſaid Sacriſty, another Picture nailed high upon the wall, which was made by *N. Carpi* with his Fingers, inſtead of a Pencil.

An ancient Picture.

The Grot under St. Peter's Church.

Being now in the Sacriſty, I got leave to go down into the Grot under this Church, with a practical Clericus, with a lighted Torch to ſhew me and explicate unto me the moſt conſiderable things that are there: As the Tomb of St. *Peter* with an Altar over it, at which any Biſhop or Prieſt may ſay Maſs: a world of ancient ſtatues (ſet in the low Chappels, and in the wall of this Grot) which belonged to the old Church of St. *Peter*, and ſhewing the Antiquity of Pictures in Churches: The Tomb of the moſt honourable Churchman of our Nation, Pope *Adrian* the IV. the only Engliſh Pope that ever was: The Tomb of the Emperor *Otho* the ſecond, in a great Porphiry Shrine: The Tombs of divers other great Popes and Cardinals: And in fine, the Tombſtone of *Chorlotte* of *Luzignan*, Queen of *Jeruſalem*, *Cyprus* and *Armenia*, who having been driven out of her Kingdom by her Baſtard Brother, came to *Rome* in *Sixtus Quartus* his time, and there died. She transferred before her death her right to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, to the Duke of *Savoy* her Brother-in-law; which makes that

Adrian the IV. an Engliſh man.

Duke

Duke give a close Crown over his Arms, and be stiled by his Subjects, *Altezza Real*, Royal Highness.

Having thus seen this Church both within and under ground, I was desirous to see it also above. Ascending therefore by a fair Stair-case I arrived at the great Terras over the Lodge, and there saw the Thirteen Statues of our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles, near hand, which seem below, a little taller than the Statue of our tallest Men, and yet here above are eighteen Foot high. There also I saw the several little *Cupola's*, which give light to the side Chappels of this Church, and look like the issue and spawn of the Great *Cupola*. Then mounting a little higher, I beheld a rare Fabrick of the Mother *Cupola*, both within and without. The Stairs to mount up into it, the double Vault in it, and stairs between the two Vaults: The Lantern upon the *Cupola*: The narrow Stairs in one of the Pillars of that Lantern, up to the Ball: Lastly, the straight neck of the passage into the Ball, and the Ball it self, are all worth particular observation, as being the height of Architecture. The Ball it self of Brass gilt, is capable of thirty Men, though from below, it looks only as big as twice a Mans Head. We were eight in it at once, and I am sure we could have placed thrice as many more. Upon the round Ball is mounted a great *Cross* of Iron gilt, to signifie, that the vertue of the *Cross* by our *Saviour's* passion, hath triumphed over the World, of which this round Ball is the expres Emblem. From this *Cupola* we had a perfect view of *Rome* under us, and of all the Villas about it. But nothing was so wonderful,

St. Peter's Church above.

The round Ball capable of 30 Men.

as

Praise of St. Peter's Church.

as to see S. *Peters* Church and Palace, look like a Town under us, which we knew to be but one Church and House.

You will wonder perchance too, when you shall hear that this Church is the eighth wonder of the World, that the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*, the Walls of *Babylon*, the *Pharos Colossus*, &c. were but heaps of Stones compared to this Fabrick: That it hath put all Antiquity to the blush, and all posterity to a *Non-plus*: That its several parts are all incomparable Master-pieces: Its Pictures all Originals: Its Statues perfect models: That it hath a revenue of above Twenty Thousand Pounds a year, only for the Fabrick: That it hath cost till the year 1654. (The accounts being then summed up) Forty Millions of Crowns: That most of the Popes since *Julius* the II. his time (and they have been twenty three in all) have encouraged and advanced this work: That the prime Architects of the World, *Sangallo*, *Bramante*, *Baldassere*, *Buonarota*, *Giacomo della Porta*, *Giovani Fontana*, *Carlo Maderno*, and now *Cavaliero Bernino*, have brought it on to this perfection: That the whole Church it self is nothing but the Quintessence of wit and wealth, strained into a religious design of making a handsome House to God, and of fulfilling the Divine Oracle which promised; that *magna erit gloria domus istius novissimæ, plusquam primæ*.

The revenue of St. Peter's Church.

Aggæi 2. 9.

Going at last out of this Church, and summing up in my thoughts all the Rarities I had seen in it, I began to think of *Ammonius* (a holy primitive Saint, and afterwards Bishop in the Coun-

cil

cil of *Sardis*) of whom its written, that coming to *Rome* with S. *Athanasius*, he desired to see nothing there but S. *Peter*'s Church, and knew not the way to any place else; I think, that if this good man had seen S. *Peter*'s Church as it is now, he would never have cared for seeing any thing else in the World, and would even have forgot his way home too. Baronius an. 390. n. 5.

Near to the Church of S. *Peter* stands the *Vatican* Palace, where the Popes use to Winter. To describe it to you all at length, would take me up too much time; nor indeed is it fit for me to dwell there. I will therefore pass thro' it quickly, and rather point you out what's to be seen there, than paint you out in words what I saw there. *The* Vatican *Palace.*

1. From the Church of St. *Peter* you ascend into this Palace by an easie and stately pair of Stairs, capable of ten Men a Breast. These Stairs render you up at the great Hall called *Sala Regia*, because the Pope receiveth here Embassadors of Kings in their Embassies of State. It is beautified with rare Pictures in a great volume: as that of the Emperour *Frederick* kissing the Popes Foot, of the Hand of *Giuseppe del Salviati Garfagnino*. That of the *Ligne* in *France*: that of *Coligni*, that of the Pope condemning Heresie, that of the Pope returning from *Avignon*, are all of the hand of *Georgio Vassaria*. That of the Emperor *Charles* the Great, signing the brief of the Donation, is of the hand *Thadeo Zuccare*: that of the battel of *Lepanto*, with the Picture of Faith at the side of it, is of the hand of *Donato Formello*. *The* Sala Regia.

2. This

2. This great Hall ſtands between two Chappels, the *Paulina* and the *Siſta*. In the *Paulina* is ſeen a rare Picture of the Crucifying of St. *Peter*, by *Michael Angelo*. The roof of it alſo was rarely painted by *Fiderico Zuccari*, but the ſmoak of the Candles upon *Manday Thurſday*, when this Chappel ſerves for the Sepulcher, hath ſo defac'd theſe Pictures, that a far worſe Hand would have ſerv'd there.

The Popes Chappel. 3. The Chappel of *Siſto* is that in which the Pope holds *Capella* upon certain days, and where all the Cardinals intervene. In the end of this Chappel upon the wall is Painted the laſt Judgment by *Michael Angelo*, a Piece famous over all the World. The green Garments of St. *Katherine*, and the Head of St. *Biagio*, are of the Painting of *Daniel* of *Volterra*, who was preſently ſet a work to make thoſe Garments, when the Pope had given expreſs order, that this rare Picture ſhould be defac'd, becauſe of ſome nakedneſs in it. Upon great days this Chappel is hung with a rare ſuit of Hangings of the deſign of *Rapheal Urbin*, wrought with Gold and Silk, containing the Acts of St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul*.

The Popes Sacriſty. 4. Behind this Chappel ſtands the Popes Sacriſty, a place ſcarce known to Strangers, and therefore ſeldom ſeen by them, tho' very well worth the ſeeing. It's kept always by a Prelate who is always an *Auguſtin* Fryar, and a Biſhop, and called *Monſignor Sacriſta*. In Authors of high times we find mention of this Officer, under the names of *Cimiliarcha*, or chief *Sacriſtan*. Here I ſaw rare Church-Ornaments for the Popes uſe. Theſe in particular I cannot let

let pass without mentioning. The Cope of St. *Silvester* Pope, thirteen hundred years ago. The neat Chasuble of Cloth of Tissue, with the Pictures of the ministring the Seven Sacraments all embroider'd in it in Silk and Gold so rarely, that the late Lord Marshal of *England*, *Tho.* Earl of *Arundel*, got leave to have it painted out, and so much the more willingly, because it had been given to the Pope by King *Henry* the VIIIth, a little before his Schisme. Then the incomparable Suits of Ornaments for Priest, Deacon, and Sub-Deacon, to be us'd in high *Mass*, which were given by King *Sebastian* of *Portugal*, and set all over with Pearl, and these Pearls were the first that came out of the *Indies*, and were in all eight Hundred pounds weight of Pearl. The other rare things here, were the Head of St. *Laurence*, which I saw near at hand, through a Chrystal: a piece of the Spunge, in which the *Jews* gave our Saviour gall to drink: the *Camisia* of St. *Prisca* a Primitive Saint Martyr'd in it 1400 years ago, the Crucifix in which is set under a Chrystal, a piece of the Holy Cross carved with the passion of our Saviour in it: a Thorn of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns, which belonged to *Pius Quintus*, a Cross set with Diamonds and Pearls, which the Pope wears at his breast in great Functions, a great Ring which he also weareth in such Functions; it's set with a fair Saphyr, and four great Pearls: a fair Crucifix enamel'd and beset with store of Pearl and Jewels: the Popes *Pallium* which he wears in great Functions: the Fistula or Pipe of Gold, wherewith the Pope receives the consecrated Blood of our Saviour in the Chalice upon great days: the rare Chalices of

St. Laurence *his Head.*

Gold ſet with Pearl, and yet more precious for their Workmanſhip than for their matter; the great Chalice of Gold, into which the Cardinals put their written Votes in chuſing the Pope by Scrutiny; the five Triple Crowns called *Regni*, four whereof are ſet thick with precious ſtones and Pearls of great value, and therefore ordinarily kept in the Caſtle *Angelo*: two Mitres of the ſame Richneſs; the chryſtal Pixe in which the Bleſſed Sacrament is kept in the Sepulcher upon *Manday Thurſday*: In fine, the Book of the Goſpel's painted in *Miniature* by the Famous *Giulio Glorio*, for whoſe firſt Picture here (of the laſt Judgment) *Paulus Terrius* ſent him fifteen hundred Piſtols, as *Monſignor Sacriſta* aſſured me.

5. Paſſing from hence through the *Sala* again, I was led into the great Room hard by, where the Pope waſheth the Feet of thirteen Pilgrims upon *Manday Thurſday*; and then giveth every one of them a great Meddal of Gold with Four Piſtols, and another of Silver.

The Gallery painted by Raphael.

6. Thence I was led into the open Gallery which looketh upon the Court; I mean the ſecond Lodg (for there are three ſuch open Galleries) where the Hiſtories of the Bible are painted moſt curiouſly in the roof of it by prime Maſters. That of *Adam* and the Creation: that where *Adam* ſows: that where the Sheep drink? that where *Jacob* ſaw the Ladder: that of the laſt Supper of Chriſt with his Apoſtles: that where *Moſes* ſhews the Laws, are all of the hand of *Raphael Urbin*. That of the Deluge, and of the adoration of the golden Calf, are of the hand of *Raphael dal Borgo*. That where *Joſue* commands the Sun to ſtop: that of *Berſabe* and the like,

like, are of the hand of *Pierino del Vago*. That of the Chariot and ſome others are of the hand *Caravagio*. That of *Moſes* ſtriking the Rock; that of the Judgment of *Solomon*, and ſome others, are of the hand of *Julio Romano*. That of the Baptiſm of Chriſt, with other ſuch like, are of the hand of *Pellegrino da Modena*. Yet becauſe in all theſe Pictures *Raphael Urbin* gave either the deſign, or ſome touches, this Gallery is called *Raphael*'s Gallery: Indeed nothing but the Divine Hiſtory it ſelf can be finer than this Painting of Divine *Raphael*. And it belongs only to *Rome* to have the Bible ſet out thus in its own colours: and if Pictures be the beſt Books for ignorant People, who can ſay that the Bible is kept from the People here, ſeeing it's painted and Printed here in the moſt vulgar Tongue, and known Language, Pictures? In a word, *Raphael*'s Colours ſeemed to me to illuſtrate the Text very much, and to be an excellent Comment upon the Holy Scripture.

7. From this Gallery I was led into the great Chamber, where *Conſtantine*'s Victory over *Maxentius* is ſo rarely painted upon the walls by *Raphael*'s own hand; that this Painting ſerves this Chamber not only for a rich Tapeſtry, but alſo for an Internal Trophee to that Emperor. The ſeveral poſtures here of Men and Horſes all in Confuſion, yet all in ſuch due proportion, make this Picture (in the Judgment of *Monſieur Pouſſin* a famous Painter) the rareſt thing in the World for deſign. In the other following Rooms there are divers other rare pieces of the ſame hand; as that of *Attila* and Pope *Leo*: that of St. *Peter* in Priſon, a Piece much admired for the perſpective

Conſtantine's *Battel with* Maxentius.

The beſt deſigned Picture in the World.

of it: That of the B. Sacrament: that of the burning of the *Borgo*: that of *Æneas* carrying his Father *Anchiſes* out of the Flames, are of *Raphael's* hand. The Hiſtory of *Heliodorus* over the Chimney, is of the hand of *Julio Romano*, *Raphael's* Scholar.

8. Going up from hence into the higheſt open Gallery, you'l find it painted with Geographical Maps of the Hand of *Antonio da Vareſe*. The roof of it is alſo well Painted by *Pomerancio*, *Paris Romano*, and *Bronzini*, excellent Painters all.

Sala Clementina. 9. Then coming down, I ſaw the *Sala Clamentina*, a Noble Room. The rare perſpectives in the Roof, and in one of the Corners, both of them expreſſing the Arms of *Clement* the VIII. are worth your attentive conſideration.

10. Then the divers Chambers of his Holineſs, hung all with Damask Hangings in Summer, and Velvet Hangings in Winter, are very neat. In the Popes Bed-chamber, I ſaw the grave Picture of our Lady with her Son in her Arms, called S. *Mary Major*, is painted curiouſly upon a white Tranſparent Stone, three fingers thick, and yet, ſhewing the Picture on both ſides; if held before the Sun.

11. The great Room gilt over head, where the Pope treats at Dinner great Princes, when they come to *Rome*.

12. The old Appartment of *Pius Quintus*; with the great wooden Bed, or rather the little wooden Chamber of *Paulus Quintus*.

A rare Piece of Perſpective. 13. The rare piece of Perſpective, over the door of the long Room leading to the Gallery of Maps. At the firſt looking upon it, you ſee nothing but certain Types or Figures of the Bleſſed

ſed Sacrament out of the Old Teſtament; but being placed directly under it, and looking upwards, you ſee all the foreſaid Types contracted into the form of a Calice, and an Hoſt over it, to ſhew, that thoſe old Types and Shadows, prefigured only the Body and Blood of our Saviour, in the holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

The rare Gallery of Maps.

14. The Long Gallery of the Maps of *Italy* painted upon the Walls on both ſides, by *Paulus Brillus* a *Flemming* and others; and that ſo diſtinctly, that you ſee plainly every State, Province, City, River, Village, Caſtle, High-way of *Italy*, and where any Famous Battel was Fought, either in the *Romans* time or ſince: A Gallery which I wiſh I had ſpent as many hours in, as I ſpend days in going up to *Rome*. Divers other Galleries there are in this Houſe, which I paſs over in ſilence.

The Gallery of the Conclave.

14. But I cannot paſs over ſo, the long Gallery leading to the *Belvedere*, in which is kept the Conclave of all Popes: In this one great Room, Fifty or Threeſcore Cardinals lodge, and have every one two Chambers, one for himſelf, and the other for his Conclaviſt; *Ex ungue Leonem*, you may judge by this what the whole Houſe is; or elſe by this what they aſſure you, when they tell you, that there are five Thouſand Chambers in that Palace.

The Vatican *Library.*

15. From the middle of the foreſaid Gallery, you enter into the *Vatican* Library, Famous all the learned world over, for having in it, beſides the Regiſters of the *Roman* Church, the choiſeſt Manuſcripts of the World in holy Languages. This *Baronius* found, who drew from hence notable ſuccor, for the maintaining this Eccleſiaſti-

cal History against the Centuriators of *Magdebourg*, who wanting these assured aims, and being otherwise wrongly biassed, made faults in their History as many as their Centuries, and as great as their Volumes. The description of this Library hath been made by learned *Angelus Rocca* in *Latin*, and by *Mutius Pansa* in *Italian*: Yet for the satisfaction of my curious Countrymen, I shall say something of it. First the Room is a vast long Room, spreading it self in the further end into two wings of building, which are full of Presses, where the Manuscripts are kept carefully from Mice and Rats, and moist weather. At the entrance into this Library, you are let into a fair Chamber full of Desks for a dozen of Writers, who have good stipends to copy out Books in all Languages; and they are bound to be writing so many hours in a morning. Round about this room hang the Pictures of all the Cardinals that have been *Bibliothecarii* since *Sixtus Quintus* his time. Then entring into the Library it self, I saw the vast wide Room supported (like a Church) by great square Pillars, about which are as many Cupboards where the Manuscripts are conserved. On the wall on the right hand, are painted in *Fresco* the General Councils of the Church, with the Bible in the midst, laying open upon a stately Throne, and with the order and place of precedency observed in them: As also some notable Accidents in Ecclesiastical History. On the left hand are painted all the famous Libraries anciently mentioned by Authors: And upon the great Pillars are painted the first Inventors and Promoters of Learning. This long room spreads it self at last into

The Library it self.

into two wings on each hand; both which are full of curious Books, both Manuſcripts and Printed Books; divers of which were ſhewn me with great civility, by *Monſignor Holſtonius* then Keeper of this Library, whom I had formerly known. The chief of theſe Books were theſe.

A vaſt Hebrew Bible, too heavy for any man to lift up.

An Ancient Copy of the *Septuagints* Tranſlation in Greek, after which the Bible hath been Printed both in *Rome* and *London*. *Some rare Books here.*

The Acts of the Apoſtles in Greek, curiouſly written in Golden Letters.

The Goſpel written by St. *Chryſoſtom*'s own hand.

An Hebrew Bible written in ſheets of Parchment paſted to one another, and rowled up: hence the word *Volumen* for a Book.

A little Book written in Bark of Trees: hence the word *Folium* for a Leaf in a Book.

Certain old *Roman* Table-books.

A *China* Table-book of Wood, in which they wrote with a pointed Steel.

A curious *China* Book all in Hieroglyphics, and folded up in many folds: Our *Purchas* in his curious Navigations hath both Printed and deciphered it.

Polidore Virgil's Hiſtory of *England*, written with his own hand.

An old Book of Sermons in Latin, in whoſe Margin St. *Thomas* of *Aquin* hath made notes with his own hand.

An old *Virgil*, with the Pictures of the Hiſtory in old Painting.

An Old *Terrence* written Twelve Hundred years ago, and the ancienteſt that ever *Politan* ſaw, as he teſtifieth under his own hand, in the inſide of the cover of this Book.

Baronius his Annals in his own hand Writing.

The rare quotations out of the ancient Fathers, painfully and faithfully Collected out of the beſt Copies, by Learned Cardinal *Sirleto*, in the time of the Council of *Trent*, and ſent by him weekly, by the Poſt from *Rome*, to the Fathers in the Council, who proceeded to their Definitions, by the Ancient Tradition of the Church, found ſo plainly and unanimouſly in thoſe Fathers. Thoſe Quotations make ſix Volums in Folio: And this was it, which our Adverſaries call, the ſending down of the Holy Ghoſt to *Trent*, in a Cloak-bag; when it was only the ſending down of theſe faithful Teſtimonies of the Tradition of the Church, gathered out of the moſt Ancient and Authentic Copies.

K. Henry the VIII. his Letters to Ann Bolen.

The Letters of *Henry* the VIII. of *England* to *Ann Bolen* his Miſtriſs then, in his own hand Writing, ſome in *Engliſh*, ſome in *French*, but all Amatory. It is eaſie to imagine them written by him, if you compare the Hand-writing of theſe Letters, with thoſe two Verſes written by the Kings own hand, in the Frontiſpiece of the following Book; to wit,

K. Henry the VIII. his Book againſt Luther.

The Book which the ſaid *H.* wrote againſt *Martin Luther*, and Dedicated it by a couple of *Latin Verſes*, written with his own Hand, in the Frontiſpiece of it, to Pope *Leo* the X*th.* Which Book purchaſed to K. *Hen.* the Honourable Title of *Defender of the Faith.*

Then

Then I was ſhewn the Library of the Duke of *Urbin*, who dying without Heirs Male, bequeathed his Library to the *Vatican* Library here. In this, I ſaw many rare Manuſcripts written in Parchment, and painted in *minature*: Eſpecially that Book, in whoſe Margins are Painted by a rare hand, and wonderful diligence, all the Inſects in Nature, in their lively Colours and true Reſemblance. *The Library of the Duke of Urbin.*

Over againſt this Library, they ſhewed me in the ſame Room, the Library of *Heidelberg*, ſent to *Rome* by the Duke of *Bavaria*, after he had diſpoſſeſſed the Elector *Frederick*, Prince *Palatin* of *Rhene*, of his Country, as well as of the Kingdom of *Bohemia* which he had ſeiz'd on, at the inſtigation of *Bethelem Gabor* and others. See the *Mercure François*. They ſhewed me here, among divers other Books, the Book of deſigns of the ſaid Prince *Elector Palatin*, which he had deſigned being young. Happy Prince, if he had not deſigned to himſelf another Mans Crown. *The Library of Heidelberg.*

In the great room of this Library, there is an Iron door, which letteth you into a more ſecret Room, where the Regiſters of the Church of *Rome* are kept: The Keeper of which Regiſters was anciently called *Chartularius*; an Office much like to that in the Greek Church; called *Chartophylax*. *The place of Regiſters.*

In fine, I was ſhewn here divers Letters of great Perſons and Princes, written with their own hands, as of S. *Charles Boromeus*, to Cardinal *Sirleto*, who had a hand in his Education; of Queen *Mary* of *England*; King *Philip* the Second of *Spain* her Husband, ſtiling himſelf King of *Spain*, *England*, and *France*; of *Francis* the first *Some Letters of great Perſons.*

firſt of *France*; of *Margeret* of *Parma* that Governed *Flanders* when it revolted; of Preſident *Vargas* a Spaniard, and a great Stateſman in *Flanders*, but no great Latiniſt, as it appeared by his Anſwer to the Doctors of *Lovain* (petitioning him in Latin for their priviledges) when he ſaid; *Non curamus voſtros privilegios. Mali faxerunt templa; boni nihil faxerunt contra: Ergo debent omnes patibulari:* The terms of the expoſtulation, being as harſh as the concluſion of it; and ſome old polite Orators had rather have been hang'd indeed, than threatned in ſuch bad Latin.

Harſh Latin.

A little before I went out of this Library, I ſaw near the door, the Statue of *Hyppolitus* Biſhop of *Portua* (who lived 1400 years ago) ſitting in a Chair of ſtone, upon which is cut in Greek Letters, the ancient Canon *Paſchalis*, upon which *Schaliger* and others have written. It's a curious piece of Learned Antiquity, and worthy to be taken notice of.

Canon Paſchalis.

16. Having ſeen the Library, we were led on by the long Gallery, mentioned before, unto the *Belvedere*, where we deſcended into the Popes private Garden, full of Orange-trees, fine Walks, and Fountains. Here are three or four unavoidable wetting places to thoſe that are not acquainted with them. Hence you go down to ſee the rare Fountain of the Iron Ship. In this Garden I ſaw the Pine-apple of Braſs gilt, which is as great as three men can fathom about, and twice as high as the talleſt men can reach. Here alſo ſtand by it the two great Peacocks of Braſs gilt, which ſtood anciently upon *Scipio Affricanus* his Tomb, and are ſome three or four yards long.

The Belvedere.

The great Pine-apple.

The two Peacocks.

17. From

17. From hence we were led hard by, to ſee the *Belvedere* of the *Maſchere*, which *Michael Angelo* called his Study. It's a ſquare Court ſet with Orange-trees, in whoſe walls are great Niches, with leaves to them of wood, where the choice Statues of the World are conſerved under Lock and Key, and free from ill weather. The chiefeſt Statues are theſe: That of the River *Nilus*, and that of *Tyber*, both in cumbent poſtures: That of *Antinus*, minion of the Emperor *Adrian*, it's of pure Oriental Marble, and rarely cut: That of *Cleopatra*: That of *Venus* coming out of a Bath: That of *Commodus* the Emperor: That of *Laocoon* and his Sons, involved about with Serpents. This Statue of *Laocoon* is the Maſter-piece of Sculpture. That in the middle of the Court, of *Hercules*, without Arms, Legs, or Head, is ſo rare a trunk, that *Michael Angelo* profeſs'd, he had learn'd more skill out of that broken Statue, than out of all the whole ones he had ever ſeen. Hence you ſee always a world of Sculptures deſigning it out: A piece of Lyons skin, yet appearing, made me not doubt but it was the Statue of *Hercules*.

The Belvedere of the Maſchere.

Rare Statues.

Michael Angelo's Study.

18. From hence we ſtept into the great Garden of the *Belvedere*, full of Exotick Trees, curious Fountains, ſhady Walks, and great variety of Grots and wetting ſports.

The great Garden of Belvedere.

19. Laſtly, in your return again through the *Vatican* Palace, we ſaw the Armory full of Arms for Thirty Thouſand Men, Horſe and Foot, and well kept.

The Armory.

Having thus ſeen the *Vatican* Palace, I went on with the reſt of the Curioſities of the Town, and took them in order as they lay. Hence going from S. *Peters*, and leaving the Palace of the

Santa

The Santo Officio. *Santo Officio*, on my right hand, I came presently to the Hospital of S. *Spirito*, which is hard by. The situation of this Hospital near to S. *Peters* Church, was not done casually; but without doubt, upon design, and for this end, that Men might learn by the very situation of Hospitals, near unto great Churches (as I observed in many other places, both in *Italy* and *France*) that Christians, after they have performed their duties to God, ought to pay in the next place their duties to their Neighbour; and let that Faith, which they came from exercising in the Church towards God, be made appear by good works, exercised presently in Hospitals toward Men. Now this Hospital of S. *Spirito*, is one of the fairest in *Europe* both for bigness and revenues. It hath a thousand Beds in it for the sick: A Prelate to govern it; store of Priests, Physicians, and under Officers to attend on them, and a revenue of Seventy Thousand Crowns a year. There is also a Monastry of Women in it, in a place separated from the rest, capable of 500 young girls. In the Appartments above stairs there is handsome accommodation for poor Gentlemen, founded by the Gentleman-like Charity of Pope *Urban* the VIII, to this end, that those whom Fortune had priviledged by better Birth, might not be involv'd in common miseries. There is also a grate towards the street, where little Infants are put into a square hole of a Turn, and so turned in by Night by their unlawful Mothers, who not daring to own them, would otherwise dare to destroy them. *Constantine* the great founded such Hospitals for exposed Children. The person that brings the Child in the Night rings a little Bell, whose

The Hospital of St. Spirito.

Lewis Guyon *in diver. lec. l.* 2. *c.* 16.

whoſe Rope hangs at the outſide of that grate, and an Officer within comes preſently and receiveth it; and having firſt ask'd whether it be baptiz'd or no, carrieth it preſently away, and recommends it to a Nurſe, of which there are always ſtore in readineſs entertain'd there at the Coſt of the Hoſpital on the Womans ſide of the Houſe. When the Children are grown fit for Inſtruction, they are ſet to Trades, the Girls are carefully brought up by Religious Women there, till they be fit for Marriage, or a Nunnery, according to their Vocation.

S. Onofrios *Church.*

From hence I went to *Onofrios* Church upon the hill, where I ſaw the Tomb and Picture over it, of rare *Torquato Taſſo*; whoſe warlike Muſe is able to inſpire mettle into his Reader's Breaſt, and diſpoſe him to the engagement of a new *Croiſade* againſt the *Turks*. This I can ſay of him, if *Virgil* hinder'd him from being the firſt of Poets, he hinder'd *Virgil* from being the only Poet.

The Tomb of Torquato Taſſo.

Returning down again, and going along the *Longara*, I ſaw the ſtately Palace of the Duke of *Salviati* on the right hand, and the *Villa* of *Chiſi* (now called the Garden of *Farneſi*) on the Left hand. In this *Villa* I ſaw rare painting attributed to *Raphael Urbin*.

Longara. Villa Chiſi.

Over againſt this Garden, lives now the Queen of *Suede*, in whoſe Palace, beſides the rare hangings of Cloth of Gold, and of Arras, hangings of Silk and Gold, I ſaw a curious Collection of Pictures, Originals all, and of the prime Maſters of the World: That of Sir *Thomas Moor* is without doubt of *Hans Holbains* hand, and a rare Piece.

Queen Chriſtinas *Palace.*

Paſſing

Paſſing on the *Longara* itſelf, I came to the *Porta Septimiana*, ſo called from *Septimius Severus*, who built here his *Therme*; and ſo up the hill to Saint *Pancratius* his Gate, and to the Church of that Saint, poſſeſſed now by diſcalced Carmelits. Under this Church is the *Cæmeterium Calepodii*, where many Martyrs Bodies were buried. Here was buried *Creſcentius* the Tyrant, who ſeizing upon the Caſtle *Angelo*, ſway'd all in *Rome* for a while.

St. Pancratius *his Church. Cæmeterium Calepodis.*

From hence I went to the *Villa Pamfilia*, which is hard by. It's a new *Villa*, but its ſeated very high, and from the tarraſs upon the top of the Houſe you have a fine Proſpect. There are divers good Pictures and Statues in the Houſe, and fine Water-works, and a *Grotta* in the Garden. The beſt Pictures here are the Crucifixion of St. *Peter*, and the Converſion of St. *Paul*, of *Michael Angelo*'s hand. The entry of the Animals into the Ark of *Noah* is a rare piece: the beſt Statues are the wreſtling of *Jacob* with the Angel in white Marble: *Seneca*'s Statue, and the *Buſto* of Innocent the X. of Porphiry: and his Head in Braſs.

Villa Pamfilia.

Returning again into the Town the ſame way we came. I ſaw the brave Fountain made by *Paulus Quintus*, who cauſed the water to be brought thither from the Lake of *Bracciana*, above thirty Miles off, by a ſtately Aqueduct; and from hence it is diſpers'd into the City, and there makes new Fountains.

The Fountain of Paulus *V.*

Hard by ſtands the Convent of *Franciſcans*, upon a Hill, called St. *Pietro Montorio*, where St. *Peter* was Crucified with his Head downward, in that very place of the Court where there's now

San. Pietro Montorio.

a

a round Chappel. Entring into the Church, I was much taken with the Picture, for the high Altar repreſenting our Saviour's Transfiguration. It was the laſt and beſt piece of *Raphael Urbin*'s making, and then I may ſay it is the beſt in the World. I gueſs it to be the beſt of *Raphael's* pieces; becauſe dying he commanded that this Picture of all his Pictures ſhould be ſet up at his Feet after his Death. In this Church lies buried the Earl of *Tyrone*, who fled from *Ireland* hither in Queen *Elizabeth's* time. Here are two fine Statues in Marble of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, of the hand of *Michael Angelo*.

Going out of this Church you have a fair ſight of *Rome* under you from this Hill. This Hill was anciently called *Janiculus*; and upon it was buried *Statius* the Poet, and at the Foot of it *Numa Pompilius*. *Mons Janiculus.*

Near the Foot of this Hill ſtands the Church and Convent of the *Scala*, belonging to the Diſcalced *Carmelits*. The high Altar is very neat, and the good Fathers ſhewed us in a little Chappel within the Convent the Foot of St. *Theraſa*, which is plainly ſeen through a Chryſtal, in which it's kept. *La Scala.*

Not far from hence ſtands *Santa Maria Tranſtevere*, the firſt Church built in *Rome* (ſaith *Baronius*) and built there where anciently ſtood the *Tabernæ Meritoriæ*; where the maimed Souldiers received their Pittance daily. The gilt Roof, and the two rows of Marble Pillars, do much beautify this Church. Under the high Altar is yet ſeen the place where Oil iſſued out, as from a Fountain, a little before our Saviour's Birth, as denouncing his Birth to be at hand, who was *Santa Maria Tranſtevere.* *Taberna Meritor*

to

to be called *Chriſtus*, that is anointed. In this Church lie buried Cardinal *Hoſius*, a moſt learned *Trent* Father, and Cardinal *Campegius* the Popes Legat in *England*, in *Henry* the VIII. time. You ſee here the Stone that was ty'd about the Neck of St. *Calixtus* Pope, when he was thrown into a Well.

Here alſo you ſee great round ſtones which were hung at the Feet of the Martyrs to torment them.

S. Franceſco *in Ripa Grande.*

The Convent of *Franciſcan* Fryars, called S. *Franceſco in ripa grande*, is hard by, where I ſaw the Chamber where great St. *Francis* lodged when he lived in *Rome*. It's now turned into a Chappel. In the Church there is an excellent Picture of Piety, made by *Caraccio*. Here in the Church is the Tomb of *Beata Ludovica Mathei* of the third order of St. *Francis*.

Ripa Grande.

I took the *Ripa Grande* in my way, and ſaw there the Boats of Merchandiſe which come to *Rome* from *Ligorn*, *Civita Vecbia*, *Naples*, and other places, and diſembark their goods here.

S. Cicilies *Church.*

From the *Ripa* I went to St. *Cicilies* Church, built where her Houſe was, and where ſhe was put to death for the Chriſtian Religion. Under

St. Cicilies *Tomb.*

the high Altar of this Church is the Tomb of this primitive Saint, with her Statue in a couchant Poſture, and juſt as her Body was found in *Clement* the VIII*ths* time, wrapt up in vails ſtain'd with Blood; and cover'd with a Robe of Gold. The neat Decoration before the high Altar, with the Silver Lamps burning before the Tomb of this Saint, was the Foundation of Cardinal *Sfondrati*. At the end of this Church, as you come in, are ſeen yet the Stoves in which St. *Sicily* was ſhut up

up in her own house to be stifled, but that failing she was Beheaded. The stoves are yet entire, and shewing the manner of the ancient stoves. In the Church Porch I found the Tomb of one *Adam* an *English* Bishop of *London*, and Cardinal of this Title; who died in *Rome*, An. 1397. It hath these Verses upon it. *Cardinal Adams Tomb.*

Artibus iste pater famosus in omnibus Adam
Theologus summus, Cardinalisque erat
Anglia cui patriam, titulum dedit ista Beatæ
Ædes Cæciliæ, morsque suprema Polum.

For *Fuit.*

Not far from this Church, stands St. *Chysogonus* his Church, a neat Church, repair'd some years ago by Cardinal *Burghesi*. The four Pillars of the high Altar look as if they were of Sand and Chrystal petrified together. On the Left hand of the Wall near the great door lies buried *Robert* Arch-Bishop of *York*, and titular of this Church; this was all I could learn out of the Tombstone. *St. Chrysogonus.* *Cardinal Robert Archbishop of York.*

Having thus wandred over the *Trastevere*, I made towards the Ile of St. *Bartholomew*, in which stands a good Hospital, and a Convent of *Franciscans*, in whose Church reposeth under the high Altar in a fair Porphyry Tomb, the Body of St. *Bartholomew* Apostle. This Ile was anciently called *Insula Tiberina*, and it was first made by the Corn of *Tarquinius Superbus*, which being (after his ejection out of the City) pluck'd up by the roots, and thrown into the River, by reason of the quantity of Earth that stuck to the roots, stopped here where the water was low; and this stoppage once begun, all the Mud of the River came *St. Bartholomews Tomb.*

afterwards to ſtop here too; and ſo in time to form a little Ile in the midſt of the River.

Ponte quarto Capi. Going out of the Ile by the Bridge of four Heads, anciently called *Pons Fabricius*, which joyns this Ile with the City, I looked down the River on my Right Hand, to ſee the *Pons Sublicius*, which *Cocles* alone defended againſt an Army, till the Bridge was cut down behind him: Which he perceiving leapt into the River armed, and ſwam ſafe to his fellow Citizens, who were as glad to ſee him come off ſafe, as to find themſelves ſafe. It was called *Pons Sublicius*, from the word *Sublica* in Latin, which ſignifies great Beams of Wood, of which it was made: It was afterwards built of Stone by *Æmilius*. From this Bridge the wicked Emperor *Heliogabalus* was thrown into the River and drowned, with a great ſtone about his neck.

Pons ſublicius.

The Jewry. No ſooner was I over this Bridge, but I ſaw on my left hand, the great back door of the Jewry; for here the *Jews* live altogether in a Corner of the Town, and are locked up every night. I entred into their Synagogues here (which they call their Schools) where they meet upon Saturdays, and ſing and pray.

I wondred at firſt, that they had learned no more manners in theſe their Schools, than to enter into them to pray, without either putting off Hats, lifting up Eyes, or bending of Knees to the great *Jehova*, whom they rather fear than love. *Moſes* going to him, put off his Shooes, and I expected, that theſe Men ſhould at leaſt, have put off their Hats at the entrance into their Synagogues: But they are Arch Clowns, and their fowl Towels, at the entrance into their Synagogues,

gogues, told me as much. I once ſaw a Circumciſion, but it was ſo painful to the Child, that it was able to make a Man heartily thank God that he is a Chriſtian. And really, if the little Child could ſpeak and wiſh, I believe he would wiſh himſelf the greateſt curſe in the World, and to be a Woman rather than a Man upon ſuch terms. I ſaw alſo a Marriage here performed with many Ceremonies.

Returning out of the Jewry by the ſame Gate I entred, I ſaw on my left hand, the Palace of Prince *Savelli*: It's built upon the ruins of the Theater of *Marcellus*, built by *Auguſtus*, in honour of his Nephew *Marcellus*: It was capable of Fourſcore Thouſand Men. *Theatrum Marcelli.*

Paſſing on, I came to an Ancient Church called *Santa Maria in Coſmedin*, or in *Schola Greca*, where St. *Auſtin*, before his Converſion, taught Rhetorick. In the Porch of this Church ſtands a great round ſtone, cut into the face of a Man, with a great wide mouth, commonly called, *La Bacca della verita*, the mouth of truth; but this not being affirmed by the mouth of truth, I dare not believe it: I rather believe it ſerved in ſome old Building for a Gutter ſpout: I know truth may ſpeak loud and have a wide Mouth; but he that takes every wide mouth for the mouth of truth, is much miſtaken. *Santa Maria in Coſmedin.* *Bacca della Verita.*

The next Church I came to was *Santa Maria Egyptiaca*: It was the Temple of the *Sun* and *Jupiter*. This Church is neatly adorned with curious chanelled Pillars. It belongs to the *Armenians*, who have an Hoſpital alſo here, belonging to the Catholick Pilgrims of that Country: And the Pope allows them to celebrate Maſs here after their own *Armenian* rite. *St. Maria Egyptiaca.*

On the other ſide of the great *Piazza* ſtands the Church of St. *Steven*. Its rounded with chanelled Pillars alſo. It was anciently the Temple of *Juno Matutina* Morning *Juno*, or *Alba Dea*, the break-of-Day Goddeſs: A Goddeſs, which our Ladies that never riſe till noon, would never have been devout to.

The Cloaca Maxima. Cloſe by this Church (which ſtands by the River ſide) the great ſink of *Rome*, called *Cloaca Maxima*, emptied it ſelf into *Tyber*. And tho this were but a ſink, yet it deſerves to be mentioned among the rare Magnificencies of ancient *Rome*. For it was nobly built by *Tarquinus Priſcus*, of Free-ſtone, Arched over head, with a world of Springs running into it: And it was ſo great, that a Cart might have gone in it. This ſink was one of the evident tokens of the greatneſs and magnificence of *Rome* anciently; and indeed a far greater evidence than that of *Heliogabalus*; who cauſed all the Spiders Webs of *Rome* to be gathered together and weighed, that by ſo many pound weight of Spiders Webs, the greatneſs of *Rome* might the better be conjectured.

Marks of Rome's *greatneſs anciently.*

Going on from hence by the River ſide, I came to the foot of the Mount *Aventin*, and left on my left hand, a Chappel belonging to the Knights of *Malta*. Our Antiquaries tell us, that near to this place ſtood the Temple of the *Bona Dea*, into which no Man was to enter: And that *Cacus* his Den was alſo in the ſide of this Hill, into which he drag'd *Hercules* his Oxen by the tails, that no man ſhould find out his theft by the Footſteps. Upon the ſide of this hill ſtood alſo the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, down which Criminal Perſons were tumbled into *Tyber*.

The Temple of Bona Dea. Cacus *his Den.*

Scala Gemoniæ.

Going

Going up this Hill I went to St. *Alexius* his Church, where I saw the wooden Stairs, under which this Saint lodged for seventeen years in his own Fathers House (after fifteen years absence) without being known to any Body, till after his death. The body of this Saint lies under the high Altar, together with that of St. *Bonifacius* the Martyr. *St. Alexius his Church.*

Hard by upon the same Hill, stands St. *Sabina's* Church, whither the Pope comes upon *Ashwednesday* in a Solemn *Cavalcata*, accompanied with the Cardinals. *St. Sabinas Church.*

Here also upon this hill, stood anciently the Temple of Liberty, and the *Romans Armilustrium.* *The Armilustrium.*

Descending from hence, I made towards St. *Paul's* Gate; and in the way I saw on my right Hand the hill called *Mons Testacius*, which was made of the broken Pots thrown there in the *Romans* time by the *Potters*. Its half a Mile about, and 160 foot high. *Mons Testacius.*

A little nearer the Gate of St. *Paul*, I saw the Tomb of *Caius Cestius*, built like a *Piramid* of *Ægypt*, and all of pure white Marble. This is the most entire work of all the ancient *Roman* works. This *Cestius* (as the words upon his Tomb import) was *septemvir Epulonum*, that is, one of those seven Men called *Epulones* anciently, because they had the devouring of those Banquets, which were set before the Gods in their *Lectisternis*, in the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*. *The Tomb of C. Cestius.* *Epulones.*

Passing thence through the Gate of St. *Paul*, anciently called *Porta Tergemina*; and *Porta Ostiensis*; I went to St. *Paul's* Church, a little Mile from the Town. In the way I took notice of a little Chappel on the Left hand, where St. *Peter* *The Gate of St. Paul.*

and St. *Paul* took leave of one another, before they were led to *Martyrdom*.

St. Paul's *Church.*

Soon after I came to S. *Paul*'s Church, here S. *Paul* was buried by *Lucina* a *Roman Lady*, and therefore *Conſtantin* the Great built this Church in the honour of S. *Paul*, as he had done that of S. *Peter* mentioned above. It's built croſs-wiſe, and the body of it is 477 foot long, and 258 broad; with a hundred pillars in all, ſet in four ranks; all of them ancient round marble pillars, taken out of the *Baths* of *Attonius*, ſaith *Kaſſari*. Yet in all this vaſt body of the Church there are no Chappels, nor any decoration, except at the very end of it, near the great door, where there is an *Altar* with theſe words in ſtone over it, *Hic inventum eſt caput* S. *Pauli*. The moſt remarkable things which I ſaw here, were theſe.

In proæmio.

1. The high *Altar*, with a Canopy of ſtone like a *Tabernacle*, born up by four Porphyry pillars, and adorned with ſtatues. Under the *Altar* repoſeth half of the bodies of S. *Peter* and S. *Paul*, (as I obſerved before in S. *Peter*'s Church) and as the Inſcription upon the ſide of the Altar here affirms in theſe words: *Sub hoc altari requieſcunt glorioſa corpora Apoſtolorum Petri & Pauli pro medietate.* Behind this *Altar* ſtands the Confeſſion of S. *Paul*, like that of S. *Peter* deſcribed above. Under the little low doors which let the Prieſt into the ſteps of the *Altar*, are written theſe words in golden Letters, *Limina Apoſtolorum*, which makes me bold to hold againſt ſome Modern Writers, that this was the preciſe place, and not the door of the Church, which was called *Limina Apoſtolorum*.

Limina Apoſtolorum.

2. In

2. In the old Arch in the top of the roof, is yet ſeen a piece of Moſaic Work repreſenting our Saviour in the midſt of the four and twenty Elders of the *Apoclaypſe*. This piece was made there twelve hundred years ago in the time of S. *Leo* the great; and at the coſt of *Placidia Galla* (Daughter of *Theodoſius*, and Siſter of *Honorius*) as the two Verſes in that Arch teſtifie thus:

Placidiæ pia mens operis decus omne reportat,
Gaudet Pontificis ſtudio ſplendere Leonis.

3. The famous Miraculous Crucifix (ſtanding in a Chappel on the Epiſtle ſide of the High *Altar*) which ſpoke to S. *Bridgit*. This Crucifix favours the opinion of thoſe who affirm that there were two nails in our Saviour's feet. *The miraculous Crucifix.* Baron.

4. The neat Chappel and *Tabernacle* of the B. *Sacrament*; with the rare pictures relating thereunto, made by *Cavalier Lanfranco*.

5. The picture of the *Altar* of S. *Steven*, made by a Lady of *Bologna*, called *Lavinia Fontana*.

6. The chief Relics kept here, are the Head of the *Samaritan* Woman Converted by our Saviour: The Arm of S. *Anne* Mother of our bleſſed LADY, and the Chain of Saint *Paul*. Baron. ad Matirol. *Rom.* 20. *Martii.*

From S. *Paul*'s Church I went to the *Tre Fontane* above a mile and a half off, and in the way, I paſſed over the place where S. *Zeno*, and ten thouſand *Chriſtians* were martyred at once by the command of *Diocleſian* the Butcher. Their blood made this way holy all along.

Tre Fontane. Arriving at the *Tre Fontane* I ſaw there three Churches ſtanding within a place anciently called, *ad Aquas Salvias.* The firſt of theſe three Churches is that of S. *Vincent* and *Anaſtaſe*, becauſe of their Relics ſent hither. For about the year 627. the Emperor *Heraclius* ſent the Head of S. *Anaſtaſius* with the Picture of the ſame Saint unto Pope *Honorius* the Firſt. A courteous Father, of S. *Bernard*'s Order here, did me the favour to ſhew me near the high *Altar*, this Head, and this Picture. Theſe two are moſt authentical things, for the atteſtation of them is in the very Acts of the ſecond Council of *Nice*, held an. 789. where to prove the lawfulneſs of ſacred Images againſt the *Iconoclaſts*, the ſacred Council cites a Miracle wrought by this very Picture of S. *Anaſtaſius*: and *Baronius* quotes divers others wrought by the ſame Picture.

The Church of St. Vincent *and* Anaſtaſe.

Baronius *An.* 627.

Baron. *An.* 627. *and An.* 713.

The round Church. In the ſecond Church here, to wit the little round Church on the right hand, there is a famous Picture of *S. Bernard's Extaſis.* Under this Church I was led into a Vault where many of the Bodies of the foreſaid ten thouſand Chriſtians, who were martyred with *S. Zeno*, are buried. This Vault goes a mile under ground.

Tre Fontane. In the third place ſtands the little Church of the *Tre Fontane*, ſo called, becauſe *S. Paul* was here beheaded, and where his head jumpt thrice three Fountains guſhed out. Upon an *Altar* on the left hand, is an excellent picture of *S. Peter*'s Crucifixion, of the hand of *Guido Rheni.* On the other ſide is ſeen a little block (within an iron grate) upon which they ſay *S. Paul*'s head was cut off.

Going

Going from hence, I went over the Fields to the Church of the *Annunciata*, one of the Nine Churches of *Rome*, viſited by Pilgrims; and from thence to S. *Sebaſtians*. *The Annunciata.*

St. *Sebaſtian*'s Church is one of the Seven Churches, and of great Devotion by reaſon of the *Catacombes* which are under it. Here I ſaw the Tomb of St. *Sebaſtian* under an Altar on the left hand: many relics kept over an altar on the right hand, and the Vault underneath where Pope *Steven* was beheaded in his own Seat of Stone, and where St. *Peter*'s and St. *Paul*'s Bodies were hidden many years. *S.* Sebaſtian's *Church.*

Thence I was led into the *Catacombes*, which are under this Church, and which from thence running many Miles under ground, made anciently a Chriſtian *Rome* under the Heathen. There were divers of theſe *Catacombes* in the primitive times, and they were called diverſly: *Arenaria*, *Cryptæ*, *Areæ*, *Concilia Martyrum*, *Poliandria*; but moſt frequently *Cæmeteria*, that is, *Dormetoria*, becauſe here repoſed the Bodies of the holy Martyrs and Saints, *qui obdormiverunt in Domino*. But the greateſt of all theſe *Cæmeteria* was this of *Calixtus*. In theſe *Catacombes* during the Perſecutions raiſed againſt the Chriſtians by ten Heathen Emperors, the faithful Believers, together with their Popes and Paſtors, uſed privately to meet to exerciſe their Religion, and ſteal their Devotions; that is, to hear Maſs in little round Chappels painted over head poorly; Miniſter the Sacraments; bury the dead Martyrs and Confeſſors in the Walls of the long Alleys, Preach, hold Conferences; and even celebrate Councils too ſometimes. I deſcended ſeveral times *The Catacombes.* *Cæmeterium Calixti.*

times into ſeveral parts of theſe *Catacombes* with a good experienced guide (which you muſt be ſure of) and with wax Lights (Torches being too ſtifling) and wandered in them up and down with extraordinary Satisfaction of Mind. The Streets under ground are cut out with Mens hands and Mattocks. They are as high as a Man for the moſt part, and no broader than for two Men to meet. All the way along, the ſides of theſe Alleys are full of holes as long as a Man, and ſometimes there are three rows one over another, in which they had buried their Martyrs and Confeſſors, and that Poſterity might afterwards know which were Martyrs, which Confeſſors, they engraved upon the Stone which mur'd them up, or upon one of the Bricks, a Palm Branch, in ſign of a Martyr; and a *Pro Chriſto* in Cyphers for a Confeſſor; it's recorded, that during the foreſaid Perſecutions, a hundred and ſeventy four Thouſand Martyrs were buried here in this *Cæmetary* of *Calixtus*: among whom were nineteen Popes Martyrs. Hence theſe *Catacombes* have always been eſteem'd as a place of great Devotion, and much frequented by devout perſons: The words over the door, as you deſcend into them from the Church of St. *Sebaſtian*, tell you, how St. *Hirome* confeſſeth, that he uſed every Sunday and Holyday, during his ſtay in *Rome*, to go to theſe *Catacombes*, and a Picture hung over the ſame door, ſheweth how St. *Philip Neri* uſed to frequent theſe holy places in the Night; and from whence I believe he ſucked that true Spirit of the primitive Church, which reigned in him, and ſtill reigneth in the breaſts of his moſt vertuous Children, the pious *Prieſts* of the Oratory of *Rome*,

St. Hierom *in* Ezechiel. *C.* 40.

Rome, whom I muſt always praiſe whereſoever I find them, becauſe I always find them either writing holy things, or living them; that is, either writing Books fit to be lived, or living lives fit to be written. Indeed it's incredible how much the preſence of theſe holy Martyrs bodies hath ſanctified this place: in ſo much that no man enters into the *Catacombes* but he comes better out, than he went in. *Catholics* come out far more willing to die for that faith, for which ſo many of their Anceſtors have died before them. The Adverſaries of the *Roman* Church come out more ſtaggered in their faith, and more mild towards the Catholic Religion, to ſee what piety there is even in the bowels of *Rome*; *Atheiſts* come out with that belief, that ſurely there is a God, ſeeing ſo many thouſands of Martyrs have teſtified it with their blood.

From S. *Sebaſtians* I went to the place hard by, called *Capo di Bove*, ſtanding upon the *Via Appia*. It is a great Building faced about with marble ſtones. It was the Sepulcher of *Metella* wife of rich *Craſſus*. It's now called *Capo di Bove* becauſe of the Ox heads cut in marble which compoſe the Cornice that runs about the top of the *Moles*. Entering into it you will wonder at the thickneſs of the walls, which are above eight ells thick. It was begun to be pulled down, eſpecially the great marble ſtones on the outſide of it, to make up the *Fontana di Trevi*; but Cardinal *Barberino* would not ſuffer it to be ſo defaced. *Capo di Bove.*

Cloſe by ſtand the ruins of the *Pretorium*, the Quarters of the *Pretorian* Bands, which the Emperors lodged here, a little out of the throng of the Town, that they might not occaſion ſo eaſily tumults; *The Pretorium.*

tumults; and that they might exerciſe themſelves often in the *Circo* of *Caracalla* which was hard by.

Circus Caracallæ. This *Circus* was made by the Emperor *Caracalla*, and is the moſt entire of all the *Circos* that were in *Rome*. You ſee where the *Careeres*, or ſtarting place was, where the *Meta*; where the *Guglia* were. You ſee how long it was, and the walls yet ſhow you what compaſs it carried. In the midſt of it ſtood that *Guglia* which now ſtands in the midſt of *Piazza Navona*. I ſaw it lye here broken in three pieces, and neglected quite, till the Earl of *Arundel* our late Lord *Marſhal*, offering to buy it, and having already depoſited threeſcore Crowns in earneſt for it, made the *Romans* begin to think that it was ſome fine thing, and ſtop the tranſporting of it into *England*. At laſt it light upon a good ſtone-ſetter, who joyned it ſo well together, that it now ſtands ſtreight upon a rare *baſis*, and adorns the very heart of *Rome*: Thanks to that ingenious Architect *Cavalier Bernini*, who ſet it up there in the *anno ſancto*, and whom it ſet up too again in the Pope's favour *Innocent* the X. which he had loſt, by a crack in the roof of the Porch of S. *Peter*'s Church, cauſed by the heavy ſteeple which he had placed upon it.

The Temple of Vertue and Honour. Near the end of the *Circus* of *Caracalla*, ſtands an old round Temple, with another little Ante-Temple, cloſe joyned to it; and out of which you go into the other. What if this were the Temple of Honour? into which there was no paſſage, but through the Temple of Vertue, which was joyned cloſe to it, as this is: to manifeſt, that Vertue is the way to Honour. Now it's certain that theſe two Temples ſtood not far from the

Porta

Porta Carpena (now called S. *Sebaſtian*'s Gate) as theſe two do. But I declare that this is but gueſſing.

Hard by the foreſaid old Temple there is an *Eccho* which heretofore (as they ſay) would repeat after you a whole Verſe of *Virgil*; but if ſo, it was my fortune to find her when ſhe had catched a cold; for I could get nothing from her but the two laſt words of a Sentence. Indeed *Auſonius* calls the *Eccho* the tail of Words; and *Sympoſius* ſaith, that the *Eccho* is like a modeſt *Virgin*, which ſpeaks nothing but when ſhe is asked. *The Eccho.*

Returning from S. *Sebaſtians* towards the town again, I paſſed by a little Chappel called, *Domine quo vadis?* and anciently called, *Sancta Maria ad paſſus*, It's called *Domine quo vadis*, becauſe our Saviour appearing here to St. *Peter*, flying out of the Priſon of *Rome*, was asked by *Peter*, *Domine quo vadis?* Lord whither go you? And he anſwered, *Vado Romam ut ibi iterum crucifigar*, I am going to *Rome*, there to be Crucified again; which words *Peter* underſtanding rightly, of *Chriſt*'s ſuffering in his Members the faithful Believers, returned again to *Rome*, and was ſoon after Crucified. In the middle of this Chappel are ſeen the Prints of our Saviour's feet in a white marble ſtone, with an iron grate over them. *Domine quo vadis?*

Entring into the Town by S. *Sebaſtian*'s gate, I went on ſtreight to the Church of S. *Nereus* and *Achilleus*, of which Church *Baronius* was Cardinal. The bodies of theſe Saints are under the High Altar. Cardinal *Baronius* cauſed this Church to be painted with the Hiſtories of Saints and Martyrs, to excite others to devotion by their Examples. *S.* Nereus *and* Achilleus.

Almoſt

San Sisto. Almoſt over againſt this Church, ſtands the Church of S. *Siſto* with its Monaſtery made famous by S. *Dominic*, who made it his habitation, and by whom God wrought many Miracles here. It ſtands in a moſt unwholeſom place called anciently the *Piſcina Publica*, becauſe the People uſe to waſh themſelves here. Here are buried S. *Sixtus*, *Lucius*, *Lucianus*, *Sotherus*, and *Zepherinus*, Popes and Martyrs.

Here's a fine Picture of St. *Vincentius Ferrerius.*

St. John *Ante Portam Latinam.* From thence I went towards the *Porta Latina*, and there ſaw the Church, where St. *John* Evangeliſt was put into a Caldron of boyling Oyl.

St. John Lateran's *Church.* Then following the walls of the Town for a good while, I came at laſt to S. *John Lateran's* Church, the Mother Church of all Churches in the World, and the Pope's Cathedral. In ſaying this I have ſaid enough; and I ſay this after the words which are written in the *architrave* over the Porch of this Church, and after the Bull of *Gregory* the XI. who declared this Church to be the Popes chief ſeat, and to have the preheminency over the other Churches, *Orbis & Urbis*; even over S. *Peter*'s Church too by name. It was built by *Conſtantine* the Great upon mount *Cælius*, and dedicated to our Saviour himſelf, for whoſe ſake it deſerveth the headſhip over all the other Churches in the world, as he, to whom it is dedicated, is the head of all the Elect. Yet it is called diverſly by Eccleſiaſtical Authors. Sometimes *Baſilica Conſtantiniana*, becauſe *Conſtantin* built it; ſometimes *Baſilica Salvatoris*, becauſe it was dedicated to our Saviour. Sometimes *Baſilica* St. *Joannis*, becauſe it was near to the two Chappels

The Pope's Cathedral

dedicated

dedicated to the two St. *Johns*, in the Baptiſtery of *Conſtantine*: ſometimes it was called *Baſilica* St. *Joannis* in *Laterano*, or St. *John Lateran*'s Church, becauſe it was built upon the place, where *Plautius Lateranus*, the deſign'd Conſul, had a fair Houſe and a Garden, which *Nero* the Tyrant made bold withal, having firſt made bold with their Maſter by killing him. Now this and the other great Churches of *Rome* are called *Baſilicæ*, either becauſe they are built after a Royal and ſtately manner, or elſe becauſe they are built to the King of Kings. Tacitus *and* Juvenal, *Sat.* 10.

As for this Church of S. *John Lateran*. It is here that the Pope taketh poſſeſſion of his Papal charge, after he hath been choſen and conſecrated Biſhop (if he were none before) in S. *Peter*'s Church. For this reaſon all the chief *Epiſcopal* functions of the particular *Dioceſe* of *Rome*, are performed here; as the conſecrating of Biſhops and Prieſts, the conferring of the Sacrament of Confirmation; the Baptizing of converted *Jews* and Infidels. For this reaſon it's looked upon by the Popes with great reſpect, and hath been not only beautified by them with coſtly decorations, ſuch as thoſe that *Clement* the VIII, and *Innocent* the X. made; but alſo favoured by them with great Prerogatives; one declaring by his Papal Decree, that this is the Mother Church of all Churches; another fixing her very Altar it ſelf (of wood) on which St. *Peter* and the primitive Popes had offered Sacrifice; another allowing the Clergy of this Church the Precedency over the Clergy of all other Churches in publick proceſſions, and to carry before them two Crucifixes; another fixing here the Heads of St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*.

As

As for the things moſt to be taken notice of here, they are theſe.

1. The *Soffeta* or roof of this Church moſt richly gilt.

2. The Body of the Church all made new almoſt by Pope *Innocent* the *Xth*, as to the inſide of it.

3. The rare painting that runs croſs the *Church* from the ſtately Organs to the Altar of the B. Sacrament, containing the chief actions of *Conſtantine* the Great, and other Hiſtories. That of the Aſcenſion of our Saviour, with the Apoſtles looking up after him, is of the hand of *Cavalier Gioſoppe*. The Hiſtories and Figures about the Chariot of *Conſtantin*, are of the hand of *Bellardino*. That of the apparition of our Saviour, that of Mount *Soracte*, that over againſt *Conſtantin*'s Baptiſm, are all of the hand of *Paris Romano*. That of the Baptiſm of *Conſtantin*, is of the hand of Cavalier *Ricelli*. In the Quire of the Canons the picture of S. *John* is of the hand of Cavalier *Gioſeppe*. In fine, the picture of our Saviour in the very *Tribuno*, or *Abſide*, was the firſt picture that appeared publickly in *Rome*, and which was miraculouſly conſerved in the burning of this Church. There are divers other pictures in that vaulted *Tribune* in *Moſaic* work; and ſome ſymbolical figures relating to our Saviour's Life and Paſſion, which were much uſed anciently in Churches, as you may ſee in many other Churches, and in the rare Book called *Roma Sotterranea*.

4. The High Altar here, within which is ſhut up the wooden Altar, which S. *Peter* and the primitive Popes made uſe of in ſaying Maſs upon it;

it, during the Perſecutions, and before they had any ſetled Churches, S. *Silveſter* in the dedication of this Church, fixed it here, and none can ſay Maſs at this Altar, but the Pope, or during the Popes indiſpoſition, ſome Cardinal, with a particular diſpenſation, or *Apoſtolical* Brief which muſt be faſtned to one of the four Pillars of the Altar, during the Cardinal's ſaying Maſs there. Over this Altar ſtands a great Tabernacle of Marble born up by four Pillars, not only ſerving for a Canopy to the Altar, but alſo for an Arca to the Heads of S. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, which are kept within it, and ſhown there to the People upon great days through an Iron grate which environs them. *The Heads of St. Peter and St. Paul.*

5. The Altar of the B. Sacrament adorned by the coſt of *Clement* the VIII, with a curious and precious Tabernacle of rich poliſhed ſtones, and with four pillars of Braſs gilt, about fifteen foot high. Over this Altar is the Table it ſelf upon which our Saviour eat the *Paſchal Lamb* before his paſſion, and then preſently inſtituted the Holy Sacrament, of which the *Paſchal Lamb* was but a figure.

6. The Brazen Tomb of *Martin* the V. of the Houſe of *Colonna*, who was choſen Pope in the Council of *Conſtance*.

7. The Tomb of *Alexander* the III, of the Houſe of *Bandinelli* in *Siena*, neatly adorned by Pope *Alexander* the VII, who took his name of *Alexander* from him.

8. The Tomb of *Laurentius Valla*, a learned *Roman*, and *Canon* of this Church; of whom, as the reſtorer of pure *Latine* language after *Gotick Barbarouſneſs*, *Latonius* ſung thus:

Apud Jovium in Elog. doctor viror.

Romulus eſt Urbis, Valla eſt idiomatis author:
Hic reparat primus, primus ut ille ſtruit.

9. In old *Gotick* Letters upon the *Architrave* of the porch of this Church you read theſe *Leonine* Verſes,

Dogmate Papali datur ac ſimul Imperiali,
Quod ſim Cunctarum Mater & Caput Eccleſiarum.

10. In the *Cloiſter* of this Church, I ſaw the Chair of *Porphyry*, which uſeth to be placed near to the great door of the Church, on that day the Pope taketh poſſeſſion of his Charge in this Church; in which chair the Pope is placed a while, and at his riſing from it again, the *Quire* ſings this verſe of the 112 Pſalm, *Suſcitat de pulvere egenum & de ſtercore eregit pauperem:* and this Ceremony and pierced Chair are only to put the Pope in mind of his human infirmities, amidſt His glorious exaltations, and the peoples applauſes. For ſo alſo the Greek Emperors on the day of their Coronation, had a great many marble ſtones, of ſeveral colours, preſented to them, to chuſe which of them they would make their Tomb of. This was to put them in mind of their mortality amidſt thoſe great honours.

Cæremiale Romanum. l. 1. Sect. 2. c. 3.

Zenar *and* Cedren.

But it's ſtrange to ſee how the Enemies of the Popes, give out maliciouſly, that this Chair (whoſe uſe we ſee ſo plainly in the very Ceremonial of *Rome*) was only intended *ad explorandum ſexum*, and to hinder the inconveniency of another Pope *Joanne*. For this reaſon I think it not amiſs

amiss to examine a little this Fable of a she Pope, or of a Pope *Joanne*.

The Fable of Pope Joanne.

I am not afraid at all to call this a Fable, both for the unlikelinesse of it in general; as also for the suspected authority of its first broachers; the contrarieties in the story; and the little credit given unto it by the learnedest Adversaries of the *Roman* Church. First, what can be more unlikely than that a Woman should surprize such a wise nation as the *Italians* are, and so grosly? what more unlikely, than that a woman should pass her youth in those severe studies, which are required in Popes, without being known to have wronged, or discovered her Sex; and that she must just do it, when she was in a declining age, at which age Popes ordinarily are chosen? What more unlikely, than that a woman finding herself great with child, should venture to go so far a foot in a procession? What more unlikely, than that, if there had been such a she Pope, the Greek Church (which then was at odds with the *Roman* Church) should have passed it over in silence, and not have upbraided her with such a disgraceful Pastor, especially seeing the *Roman* Church had upbraided the Greek Church with having an *Eunuch* for her chief *Patriarch*? What in fine more unlikely than that there should have been such a she Pope so publickly convinced to have been a woman, and that *Anastasius Bibliothecarius* who wrote the lives of the Popes some thirty years after that pretended time, and who must have lived in her time, speaks nothing of any such woman, or any such strange accident?

Unlikelinesse of this Fable.

Secondly, the first broachers of this story make it very much suspected, seeing *Martinus Polonus*

Enemies charge no Proof.

and ſome others of the Emperors faction (then at variance with the Popes) are the firſt that mentioned this Fable: and *Platina*, who quotes no higher authors for it, grounds a ſtory of this conſequence upon no better authority than a weak, *ſi dice*, it's ſaid.

Hearſay no conviction.

Contradiction in the Tale, a ſign of Falſity.

Thirdly, the apparent contradictions in the Tale, convince it of falſity: as that this *Jone* was an Engliſh Woman born in *Mentz*, which all men know to be a Rheniſh Town in *Germany*: and that ſhe had ſtudied at *Athens* in *Greece*, which long before this time had been deſtroyed.

Adverſaries confeſs it to be a Fable.

Fourthly, the little credit given to it by the learnedeſt Adverſaries of the Roman Church, to wit, four prime Miniſters of *France* (who take this hiſtory for a meer fable) proves ſufficiently that it's worſe than an old wives tale. For Mr. *Blondel* a French Miniſter, whom I knew in *Paris* above twenty years ago, and a man of that account there, that he was choſen to anſwer the learned Book of Cardinal *Peron*: this *Blondel*, I ſay, made a Book in French (Printed at *Amſterdam* by *Bleau*, Anno 1647 in Octavo) on purpoſe to ſhew, that this ſtory of a ſhe Pope called *Joanne* was a meer fable. And that we may not think that *Blondel* alone of all Proteſtant Miniſters, held this for a fable, *Monſieur Seravius* a great Calviniſt and Counſellor of the Parliament of *Paris*, in a Letter of his to *Salmaſius*, having mentioned to him this Book of *Blondel*, addeth theſe words: *Noli autem credere primum aut ſolum è noſtris Blondellum ita ſenſiſſe; quamvis fortaſſis nemo unquam fortius & preſſius iſtud ſolum calcaverit. Fuere enim in eadem ſententia non incelebres inter Reformatos Theologi; & adhuc vigent in hac Urbe inſignis fide & pietate viri, qui*

Epiſt. Seravii.

qui audierunt ex ore Camerii, se istam historiam, vulgo creditam, fabulosis deputare. Vidi nuper scriptas literas docti & vegeti senis, tibique & mihi amicissimi, Petri Molinæi, quibus idem semper sibi esse visum affirmabat. Chamier.

Penes me sunt literæ Samuelis Bocharti, quibus testatur sibi esse pro comperto vanum & fictitium, quicquid hactenus de ea sit proditum. Thus *Monsieur Seravius* in a private Letter (though his Son after his death printed his Letters) to a friend of the same Religion: And thus you see, how this Fable, maintained highly a long time by the Adversaries of the Roman Church, expired at last (as all lyes do) and was carried to it's Grave upon the shoulders of four *French* Ministers; *Blondel*, *Chamier*, *du Moulin*, and *Bochart*. If I have been a little too long in this digression you will pardon me. We are all debtors to Truth; and all Men ought to be glad to see themselves disabused. Du Moulin. Bochart.

The Baptistery of Constantine.

Going out of the little Back-door of this Church, I went to see the Baptistery of *Constantine* the Great, our most noble Country-man, and the first Emperor, that publickly professed Christianity. This Baptistery is built round, and in the center of it in a descent of four steps, stands the very Font, in which the said Emperor was Baptiz'd by Pope *Sylvester*. It's environed with low rails of Marble, and adorned with ten or twelve great Pillars of Porphiry (the fairest in *Rome*) which bear up the painted Vault over the Font: so that People standing about these Rails, may see conveniently the Baptizing of Jews and Infidels in the Pit below. Upon the walls of the round Chappel are painted in *Fresco* the most memorable a-

ctions of *Conſtantine* the Great: as his viſion of the Croſs in the Air, with theſe words above it, *In hoc ſigno vinces*: his overcoming the Tyrant *Maxentius*: his Baptiſm here by S. *Silveſter*, his burning the Libels againſt Catholick Biſhops, preferred to him by the *Arrians*: his kiſſing the wounds of thoſe good Biſhops in the Council of *Nice*, who had either their fingers cut off, or one Eye put out by the Tyrants.

The Scala Santa. On the other ſide of St. *John Laterans* Church ſtands the *Scala Santa*, and the *Sancta Sanctorum*. The *Scala Santa* is called from the Stairs twenty eight in all, up which our Saviour was led in his Paſſion to *Pilate*'s Houſe. Upon ſome of them you ſee the places where the precious Blood of our Saviour had fallen, and for that reaſon they are covered with little grates of Braſs, which let in Eyes, but keep off Knees: I ſay Knees: for none go up theſe holy Stairs otherwiſe than Kneeling, and this out of Reverence to him who often fell upon his Knees as he was drag'd up and down theſe Stairs. It's painful enough to go up theſe Stairs upon your knees; yet I ſaw it done hourly in the Jubile-year, by continual flocks of devout People, both Men and Women; of great Condition as well as of great Devotion. Theſe holy Stairs were ſent from *Hieruſalem* to *Conſtantine* the Great, by his Mother Queen *Helen*, together with many other Relics kept in St. *John Lateran*'s Church. They are of white Marble, and above ſix Foot long.

The Sancta Sanctorum. At the head of theſe Stairs ſtands the Chappel called *Sancta Sanctorum*, becauſe of the holy things kept in it. Hence over the Altar in this Chappel, are written theſe words.

Non

Non est in toto Sanctior Orbe Locus.

Upon the Altar is kept the miraculous Picture of our Saviour, it represents him about thirteen years old, and only his half Body. It's about a Foot and a half long, and its said to have been begun by S. *Luke*, but ended miraculously by an Angel; others says that St. *Luke* having only prepared the ground, and before he had drawn one stroke, fell to his Prayers to beg of God that he might draw his Son right, and rising up again he found his Picture already finished. Hence *Domenico Magri* (a learned *Antiquary*) is of opinion, that this Picture of our Saviour is that very Picture which *Anastasius Bibliothecarius* in the life of *Stephen* the II, calls *Achyropæta*, that is, made without hands. Round about this Picture goes a set of great Jewels, enriching the frame of it. Under the Altar reposeth the Body of St. *Anastatius*, of whose head and Picture I spoke above in the Description of the Church of this Saint at the *Tre Fontane*. Here are also kept the Heads of St. *Agnes*, and St. *Praxedes*, with many other precious Relics. Anciently, (as the Records here mention) the Holy Prepuce, or fore-skin of our Saviour was kept here too: but being taken away in the Sack of *Rome* by one of *Bourbon*'s Soldiers, it was left in a Country Town called *Calcata*, some fifteen Miles distant from *Rome*, by the same Soldier, who could not rest day nor night, as long as he had that Relick about him. I once passed by that Town *Calcata* by chance, and by the civilities of the Lord of the Town, Count of *Anguillara*, at whose House we were nobly

See Pancircola.

Lib Della Nottia de Vocaboli Ecclesiastici in verbo Achyropæta

Calcata.

Menochio Centuria 1. 6. 10.

entertain'd all night, had the happineſs the next Morning, to ſee this precious Relic through the Chryſtal Caſe, this Count keeps one Key of it, and the Pariſh Prieſt the other, without both which it cannot be ſeen.

Triclinium Leonis. Near to the *Scala Santa* is ſeen a famous piece of Antiquity of Chriſtian *Rome*, called *Triclinium Leonis*: where is ſeen a Moſaic Picture of our Saviour reſuſciated, and holding out a Book to his Diſciples, in which are written theſe words, *Pax vobis*, Peace be to you; which Picture *Leo* cauſed to be made eight hundred years ago, as an Emblem of his peaceable return again to his Seat, after he had been chaſed out by his Enemies. Upon a Pillar on the Right-hand is painted our Saviour ſitting upon a Throne, and giving with one hand the Keys of the Church to St. *Peter*, and with the other, the Imperial Standard to *Conſtantine* the great. Upon the other Pillar on the left hand, is repreſented in Moſaic work alſo, St. *Peter* ſitting in a Chair, and with one hand giving unto Pope *Leo* the III, the Papal ſtole; and with the other the imperial ſtandard unto *Charlemagne*, who had reſtored this Pope *Leo* to his Seat again.

From hence paſſing again by St. *John Laterans*'s Church, I ſaw firſt the Palace of the Pope here, built by the *Sextus quintus*: then the great *Guglia* (with *Egyptian Hiroglifhes* figur'd upon it) which had ſtood anciently in the *Circus Maximus*: it's above a hundred foot high, and was brought from *Alexandria* to *Rome*, by *Conſtantine* the great. Laſtly in a low Room joyning to the Church, I ſaw the Statue in *Bronze* of *Henry* the IV. of *France*, ſet up here by the Canons of St. *John Laterans*, for having cauſed ten thouſand Crowns

a

a year to be rector'd to this Church, which was due to it in *France*.

I looked also into the fair Hospital which stands hard by the foresaid Church, and so well serv'd and tended, that many persons of quality in their Sickness desire to be transferred hither, that they may be better looked to, than they can be at home. Taking the Wall of the old *Aquiduct* of *Claudius* along with me. I went to *San Stefano Rotondo*, standing upon the Mount *Cælius* too. This Church now belongs to the *Seminarists* of the *German* College. Upon the round Walls are painted curiously the Martyrdoms of ancient Martyrs; with the divers Instruments of the Heathens, wherewith they tormented the poor Christians.

The Hospital of St. John Laterans.

St. Stefano Rotondo.

Over against this Church stands the Church of *Santa Maria della Navicella*, so called from a little stone Ship which stands before it, being a vow of certain Boatmen. This Church in ancient Authors is called *in Dominica*, or *in Ciriaca*, because of a Holy Woman called *Ciriaca*, in whose house here St. *Lawrence* distributed all the Church goods, he, as Deacon, had in his hands, unto the Poor.

St. Maria in Navicella.

Hard by stands the *Villa* of the Duke *Matthei*, where I saw the *Neat-house* full of curious Statues, and crusted on the outside with rare *anticæglie*. Among the rest I took particular notice of the heads of *Brutus* and *Porcia*, Man and Wife in one Stone: the Statues of *Cleopatra*: of *Hercules*: of three little Boys sleeping and hugging one another: the Head of *Cicero* rarely well cut: the Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, a rare table of precious Stones. In another House here (looking towards *San Sisto*) I saw the incomparable Satue of *Andromeda*,

Villa Matthei.

Andromeda, expoſed to the Sea-Monſter, it's of pure white Marble, and of the Hand of *Oliviero*; that other there of *Apollo* fleaing *Marſias*, is an excellent piece too, and in white Marble: ſo is alſo that of the Satyr plucking a Thorn out of his Foot. The curious Alley, Water-works, Grots, Walks, Wetting-places, and the intricate Labyrinth, are all very delightſom.

The Amphitheater. Deſcending from hence I went to the old *Amphitheater*, called now the *Coliſeo*, becauſe of a Coloſſean ſtatue that ſtood in it. This is one of the rareſt pieces of antiquity in *Rome*; and though *Rome* be grown again, by her new Palaces, one of the fineſt Cities of *Europe*, yet her very ruins are finer than her new buildings. And though I am not ignorant how *Rome*, ſince her Ladyſhip govern'd the World, and was at her greatneſs, hath been ſix ſeveral times ruined, and ſacked, by the envy and avarice of Barbarous Nations, (*Viſegoths*, *Wandals*, *Erules*, *Oſtrogoths*, *Totila* who ſet fire on *Rome* 18 days together, and the *Germans* under *Bourbon*) whoſe malice was ſo great againſt *Rome*, that of thirty ſix Triumphal Arches once in *Rome*, there remain but four now viſibly appearing; that of ten *Thermæ* anciently, but two remain any way viſible; that of ſeven *Circos*, but one now appears: yet as of fair Ladies, there remain even in their old age, fair reſts of comlineſs: ſo the very ruines of *Rome*, which malice could not reach to, nor avarice carry away, are yet ſo comely, that they raviſh ſtill the beholders eye with their Beauties, and make good the ſaying of an ancient Author, that *Roma jacens quoque miraculo eſt: Rome is a miracle even in its ruines.* But to return to the *Coliſeo*; it's another wonder

Rome *ſacked ſix times.*

Veſari in præfa.

Pliny.

wonder of the world: and I wonder indeed, how such prodigious stones could either be laid together in a building, or being laid together, could fall. *Vespasian* began it, but *Domitian* finished it; and *Martial* flattered it as a wonder which outstript all the wonders of *Egypt* and its *Pyramids*.

Omnis Cesareo cedat Labor Amphitheatro, unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus.

It was of a prodigious height, as that part of it yet standing sheweth. The form of it was round without, and oval within, and the outside of it was adorned with the three orders, of pillars, great arches below, open galleries above, both to walk in, and to let People into the *Amphitheater*, and out again without crowding, so that two hundred thousand people could go in or out in half an hours time, without crowding. Within, it went up from below by steps of stone unto the top, and afforded room enough to all that world of people to sit conveniently, and see the combats and sports that were exhibited in the *Arena*. Anciently the top of it was set round with statues, and in time of great heats or rains, it was all over spread with great sails. From its roundish form it got the name of *Amphitheater*, from seeing on all sides. Underneath were the Caves for the wild beasts, out of which they turned them loose to fight, sometimes against condemned men, sometimes against innocent Christians. *Nero* made the Christians be clad in the skins of Beasts, and so to be exposed to Lyons and Bears. Sometimes also Gladiators fought against Gladiators; and one Gladiator against twenty others: Nay, the very noble *Romans* themselves would now and then fight here publickly, either to shew sport or valour. And all this was done by the politick *Romans*, to teach Men not to be afraid of bloodshed and death in time of wars,

wars, with which they had been ſo acquainted in time of peace.

Meta Sudans. The old round rubbage of Brick, which is here near the *Amphitheater*, was anciently a fine Fountain called *Meta Sudans*, ſerving for the uſe of thoſe that came to the ſports here. It was all faced with Marble, and had a Statue of *Jupiter* of braſs upon it.

The Triumphal Arch of Conſtantine the Great. Hard by ſtands the Triumphal Arch of *Conſtantine* the great. It's all of Marble, with a world of curious Statues anciently, but now headleſs, and with hiſtories in *baſſi rilievi*. It was erected to him in memory of his Victory over the Tyrant *Maxentius*, as to the freer of the City, and Founder of publick quiet. As the words here import, *Liberatori Urbis, Fundatori Quietis.*

St. Gregories Church. From hence I went to the Church of St. *John* and *Paul*; and thence to St. *Gregories* Church, which anciently had been his houſe. They ſhew us yet the Place and the Table where this Holy Man, in recompence of his charitable hoſpitality to the poor, deſerved to have an Angel, and the Lord of Angels for his Gueſts, he treated daily here twelve poor Men in honour of the twelve Apoſtles. In one of the Chappels, you ſee a fine Statue of white Marble, of S. *Gregory* in his Pontifical Robes; it was erected to his honour by Cardinal *Baronius*, who was a devout admirer of him.

In the Garden belonging to the Monaſtery of St. *Gregory*, there is to be ſeen a Cave in which I ſaw upon the wall ſome old painting of the higheſt times of *Pagan Rome*: Pitiful ſtuff, yet conſiderable for its ancientneſs.

From

From hence I went to the *Baths* or *Thermæ*, of the Emperor *Antonius*, looking more like a Town, than a bathing-place. Indeed *Ammianus Marcellinus* out-throws me, and calls theſe, and the other *Thermæ* in *Rome*, *Lavacra in modum Provinciarum exſtructa*: Bathing-places built like Provinces. And judge whether of us hath more reaſon, by that which we read in the *Exceptis Olympiodori*, where it's ſaid, that theſe baths of *Antonius* had a thouſand ſix hundred ſeats of poliſhed marble; for as many perſons to ſit and bathe in a-part: nay, ſome of thoſe bathing-places were paved with ſilver, and were adorned ſo curiouſly with ſilver pipes for the water, with Statues, Pictures, and precious Stones, that *Seneca* cries out; *Eo deliciarum venimus, ut niſi gemmas calcare nolumus*; We are come to that delicacy that we ſcorn to tread upon any thing but Jewels: Now theſe Baths ſerve only for the *Roman* Seminariſts to recreate in. Antonius his Baths.

Returning from hence between the Mount *Aventin*, and the Mount *Palatin*, I ſaw the place where the *Circus Maximus* ſtood. This was the greateſt of all the *Circus* in *Rome*, as its name ſhews. It was begun by *Tarquinius Priſcus*, but afterwards much augmented by *Julius Cæſar* and *Auguſtus*. It was three ſtades long, and four acres wide (the *Roman* ſtade was 625 foot, or 125 paces) at laſt it was adorned with ſtatues and pillars by *Trajan* and *Heliogabalus*. A hundred and fifty thouſand men could ſit conveniently in the three open Galleries; one of which was for the Senators, the ſecond for the Gentlemen, and the third for the common People. The two great *Obelicks*, to wit, that before *Porta del Populo*, and that before S. *Circus Maximus*.

John

John Laterans stood in it. Under this building were many vaulted Caves, called in Latin *Fornices*, where lewd women prostituted themselves for mony, and so from these *Fornices* came the word *Fornication*.

The Emperors Palace.

Going from hence to S. *Georges* Church, I saw on my right hand, the goodly ruins of the Emperors Palace, called *Palazzo Maggiore*. It possessed almost all the *Palatin* hill, as the ruins shew. Stately ruins I confess: but ruins, and imperial ruins. And here I could not but wonder to see the Palace of the persecuting Emperors ruined quite, and the Church of the poor Fisherman standing still, more glorious than ever.

Before I came to S. *Georges* Church, I stept into S. *Anastasius* Church, which was anciently the Temple of *Neptune*; and from thence to the old square Temple, commonly held to be the Temple of *Janus Quadriforis*: and with some reason, because it hath four doors in it, and twelve Niches upon every side of the square out-side. The four doors represented the four Seasons of the year; the twelve niches, the twelve months of the year; yet others will have it to have been only an Arch, or Portic, or a Lodge; and while they dispute it, I'll go on to S. *Georges* Church; hard by to which Church is joyned an old Arch curiously carved in marble, which was erected here, by the Merchants or Goldsmiths, to the Emperors *Severus*, and *M. Aurelius*.

Templum Jani.

St. Georges Church

The Velabrum.

Near unto this Church of S. *George* came anciently the Water of *Tyber*; and this water or creek of the River was called *Velabrum*; because men passed over the River here by Boat, and sometime with a little sail, when the wind stood fair.

From

From hence I went to the round Church of *S. Theodoro*, ſtanding in the *Foro Boario*. This was anciently the Temple of *Romulus* and *Remus*, becauſe it was here that thoſe two Brothers were expoſed, and nouriſhed by a ſhe-wolf, which found them here. *Forum Boarium.*

Not far from hence I ſtept into the Hoſpital of our Lady of Conſolation. This was once the Temple of *Veſta*. And here it was that the Veſtal Virgins (inſtituted by *Numa*) kept the Eternal fire; the extinguiſhing of which was held by the ſuperſtitious heathens, fatal to the ſtate; and therefore they committed the keeping of this fire to Virgins of great repute and honour. Theſe Virgins were to be 10 years in learning their profeſſion, 10 years more in exerciſing it, and other 10 years more in teaching it to others. And for this reaſon they had great Priviledges given them. For if in going up and down the City, they met by chance, a criminal man going to be executed, they had power to free him. If any of theſe Veſtals, forgetting her ſelf had wronged her virginity, they would not, out of reverence to her Profeſſion, lay violent hands on her by the common Executioner, but they buried her alive in a low vault made for that purpoſe. *The Temple of* Veſta. *The* Veſtal Virgins. *See* Plutarch *in* Numa.

From hence I entred into the *Campo Vaccino*, and preſently fell upon three Pillars of admirable ſtructure; they belonged to the Temple of *Jupiter Stator* built by *Romulus*; the occaſion was this, *Romulus* in a battel againſt the *Sabins*, ſeeing his men give back, made a vow preſently to *Jupiter*, that if he would ſtop their flight and make them ſtand to it, he would build him a Temple; *Siſte fædam fugam*, ſaid he to *Jupiter*; the Men ſtood, and the Temple was built to *Jupiter Stator*, *The Campo Vaccino.* *The Temple of* Jupiter Stator.

who

who made Men ſtand. But this *Jupiter Stator* could not make his own Temple ſtand; for it's now ſo ruin'd, that Antiquaries are ſcarce ſure where it ſtood.

Cloſe to theſe three Pillars ſtands the Church of *Santa Maria Liberatrice* at the foot of the *Palatin* Hill. Why this Church is ſo called, both a long writing in the Church, and *Baronius* in his Annals, tell at length.

Ad an. 324 *Lacus Curtii.* Near to this Church ſtood the *Lacus Curtii*, a ſtinking puddle which annoy'd the *Romans* much, and which the Oracle aſſured was not to be ſtopt up but by caſting into it the moſt precious thing in *Rome*. Hereupon the Ladies threw in their beſt Jewels; and the Noblemen every one what he had the moſt precious, but all in vain. At laſt *Curtius*, a brave young Nobleman, thinking that there was nothing more pleaſant than a gallant Man; mounting on Horſe-back in a brave Equipage, in ſight of all the People, jump'd into this Lake alive, as a Victim devoted to his Countries Service, and the hole hereupon cloſed. I confeſs a brave Cavalier is a precious Jewel indeed: and I remember that a *Roman* Lady having ſhewed her Jewels to *Cornelia* the Mother of the *Gracchi*, and having deſired her to ſhew alſo her Jewels, ſhe called for her two young Sons (brave youths) and ſaid, here Madam are my Jewels: and in my opinion, *Curtius* was ſomewhat Vain-glorious, to think himſelf to be the braveſt Man in the City. If the Votes and Judgment of all the People had declar'd him to be ſo (as they did afterwards declare *Scipio Naſita* to be the beſt Man of all the *Romans*; and the Matrons declared *Sulpitia* to be the chaſteſt Matron of her time) then he might have devoted himſelf more freely for his Countries ſafety.

See Tit. Livius, *and others.*

The fineſt Jewels.

Going

Going on from hence on the Right-hand ſtill, I came to the doors of *Farneſes* Garden. This Garden ſtands upon the Mount *Palatin*, where anciently the Emperors had their Palace, which took up all the upper part of this Hill, but not all the Skirts of it; for I find that the Goddeſs *Feaver*, and the Goddeſs *Viriplaca* had their Temples here, and *Catalin* and *Cicero* their houſes. Entring into this Garden I found ſome pretty Water-works and grotts at the Entrance, and fine high Walks above, overlooking the place where the *Circus-Maximus* ſtood anciently. The Scholars of the *Engliſh* College in *Rome* have a piece of this hill for their *Vinea* and recreation place, to breath on upon days of *Vacancy*. Farneſes Garden. The Engliſh Vineyard.

Following ſtill my right hand, I came to the Arch of *Titus*: a Triumphal Arch, erected to him upon his victory over the *Jews*. Hence you ſee here engraven in *Mezzo rilievo* the ſaid Emperor in a Triumphal Chariot, and on the other the Holy Candleſtick of the Temple of *Hieruſalem*, the Ark of the Alliance, and the Tables of the Law, which this Emperor brought with him after his taking of *Hieruſalem*, to grace his Triumph. This is the moſt ancient Triumphal Arch in *Rome*, and it ſtood in the *Via Sacra* which went under it. The Arch of Titus.

Wheeling about the *Campo Vaccino*, ſtill on my right hand, I came to the Church of *Sancta Franceſca Romana*, otherwiſe called *Santa Maria nuova*. Here I ſaw the neat Tomb of that Saint in Braſs gilt, made at the coſt of Pope *Innocent* the X. Here's alſo cut in white Marble, and ſtanding upon an Altar the Hiſtory of the Pope's returning again to *Rome* from *Avignon*. I ſaw The Church of St. Franceſca Romana.

also here a rare Suit of Hangings belonging to this Church, and given by the Sister of Pope *Innocent* the X.

The Temple of Peace. Hard by ſtands the Temple of Peace, that is, ſome remnants of that Temple. It was once the moſt noble of all the Temples (as the pillar before St. *Mary Majors* great Door, which belonged to this Temple, ſheweth) it was 200 Foot large, and 300 long: but now little ſigns of its Beauty remain: Wars and time defacing the monuments of Peace. It was built by *Veſpaſian* who plac'd in it the ſpoils of the Temple of *Hieruſalem*, brought to *Rome* by *Titus*.

Behind this Temple ſtands a neat Garden, belonging once to Cardinal *Pio*, where I ſaw neat Water-works. It's now ſold to another Maſter.

The Church of St. Coſmo *and* Damiano. Going on ſtill in the *Campo Vaccino* on the right hand, I came to the Round Church of St. *Coſmo*, and St. *Damiano*, anciently the Temple of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*: becauſe the *Romans* having ſeen two Men upon ſweating Horſes, that told them news of a Battel won by their Conſul, and ſo vaniſh'd, they imagin'd them to be *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and thereupon decreed them this Temple. The Moſaick work in the roof of the *Tribune* deſerves your particular attention, for the *Symbolical* Figures ſake.

St. Lorenzo *in Miranda.* Going on ſtill, I came to the Church of St. *Lorenzo* in *Miranda*. It was once a Temple dedicated to *Fauſtina* the Empreſs, by her Husband *Antonius*. Poor Man! he could not make her an honeſt Woman in her Life-time, and yet he would needs make her a Goddeſs after her Death. The Porch of this Church is ſtately ſtill, by reaſon of its great marble Pillars.

Meſſia *in vita* M. Aurelii, & Sabellic. *lib.* 4. *c.* 11.

A

A little further ſtands the Church of St. *Andriano*, anciently dedicated to *Saturn*, who firſt taught the *Italians* to make Money, and therefore the *Romans* plac'd their *Ærarium Publicum*, the publick Treaſury in this Temple, and had their *Mint* hard by it. *St. Andriano.*

St. *Martinas* Church follows the next; and in a low Chappel neatly adorned, I ſaw her Tomb; here ſtood anciently the Temple of *Mars* the Revenger.

Before this Church ſtands the Triumphal Arch of *Septimius Severus* rarely cut with figures in marble in *mezzo relievo*. Half of it is buried under ground, the other half is ſore battered with the air. Who would think the Air and the Earth to be devouring Elements, as well as the Fire and the Water? But why do I accuſe the Air, when it's only time (which taketh a pride to triumph our Triumphs) that hath battered this Triumphal Arch, and moultered even marble? *The Triumphal Arch of Severus.*

A little higher on the Hill-ſide ſtands the little Church of St. *Joſeph*, where I ſaw in the low Grot underneath, the Priſon called anciently *Tullianum*, into which Priſon St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* were ſhut up. I deſcended into the low Dungeon where St. *Peter* baptiz'd *Proceſſus* and *Martinianus*, his two Keepers, with divers others. The Fountain of Water that ſprung up miraculouſly for that holy function is ſtill ſeen there in the bottom of that Dungeon. *St.* Joſeph. *The Tullianum.*

Many other brave buildings ſtood anciently in this *Foro Romano*, worth remembring, as the *Comitium*, or publick place of Aſſembly; ſo called a *Coeundo*, it being the great Hall of Juſtice, in which was erected a large Tribunal, where the *The Comitium.*

Prætor (our Lord Chief Juſtice) ſat in an Ivory Chair, called *Cella Curulis*, and miniſtred Juſtice to the People. In this *Comitium* ſtood the ſtatue of *Horatius Cocles*; and in the Corners of it, thoſe of *Pythagoras* and *Alcibiades*. In this *Foro* alſo ſtood the *Roſtra* (a great Pulpit made of the *Roſtra* or brazen ſnouts of the Ships won from the *Antiates*) where Orators uſed to Plead, and where *Tully* Thunder'd. Behind the *Roſtra* ſtood *Romulus* his Tomb, and before the *Roſtra* the Tomb of *Fauſtus*, the *Foſter* Father of *Romulus*.

Mounting up from hence to the Capitol by the Coach-way, I ſaw upon the ſide of the Hill, the Pillars that belong'd once to the Temple of *Concord* built by *Camillus*, and not far from hence, three other pillars of neat Fabrick which belonged to the Temple of *Jupiter Tonans*, Thundering *Jupiter*, built there by *Auguſtus Cæſar*, after he had eſcaped a Thunder-clap whick kill'd his Litter-man cloſe by him.

The Capitol. Arriving at the Capitol, I was glad to ſee that place ſo famous in the *Roman* Story. Its name of Capitol came from the Head of a Man (*Caput* in *Latin*) found under ground when they firſt laid the Foundation here of the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*. *Juſtus Lypſius*, as if he had been the Godfather of that Man whoſe Head was found here, ſaith, that his name was *Tolus*, and that from *Caput Toli* came *Capitolium*. This Head found here portended, that *Rome* ſhould one day be the head of the World. And this title is ſo univerſally known to belong to *Rome*, that all Authors affirm it, and every petty Artiſan in *Rome* will tell you ſo: though in falſe *Latin*, as one did me, when hearing me praiſe *Rome*, and

and thinking that I did it not enough, cried out to me half in *Italian*, and half in *Latin*, *Caſpitra*, *Signore*, *Roma eſt capus mundi*; which ſaying made me both ſmile and ſay to my ſelf, that ſuch a Head as this Fellows, found now under ground, would portend the ruin of the *Latin* Tongue.

I went firſt to the higheſt part of that Hill, called anciently *Rupes Tarpeia*, it looks down upon the Theater of *Marcellus*, and is nothing ſo high a Hill as I conceiv'd when I firſt read *Livy*. For I expected to have found here a Hill at leaſt like that in *India* called *Dorin*, which *Curtius* deſcribes, *Munſter* paints out, and *Hercules* could not take; but coming to it, I found it to be a Hill of that eaſie aſcent, that I had ridden up higher in *Savoy* and *Swiſſerland*. *Rupes Tarpeia.*

2. Then returning the ſame way again to the *Piazza* of the Capitol, I ſaw there the Famous *Equeſtris Statua* of *Marcus Aurelius*, once gilt over, but now appearing to be plain Braſs. This is the Nobleſt Statue in the World; and I was going to ſay, the nobleſt Statue Living; for it ſeems almoſt to Live and Breath by the Workman's Art: It is noble alſo, becauſe it repreſents a Man ſo Noble as *Marcus Aurelius*, who was a double Emperor, being both a great Emperor, and a great Philoſopher. *The Equeſtris Statua of* Marcus Aurelius.

Hard by this *Equeſtris* Statue are ſeen two *Coloſſean* Statues, pouring out two Rivers, the one repreſenting *Nilus*, the other *Tygris*. Over them ſtands a Statue of *Rome* ſomething like *Pallas*, her Face is of white Marble, her Garments of Porphyry.

3. I ſaw the Trophies of *Marius* cut anciently in Stone in honour of that great General, who *The Trophies of* Marius.

from a common Souldier, came by his Warlike Vertue, to be ſeven times Conſul.

4. I viewed the two great Statues of *Conſtantin* the Great in white Marble, with the Horſes.

The Milliarum. 5. I ſaw the *Milliarum*, that is, a little pillar of Stone, with a great round Brazen Ball upon it. This Pillar ſtood anciently in the *Foro Romano* before St. *Adrian*'s Church, and it was erected by *Auguſtus Cæſar*. It was called *Milliarum*, becauſe from it the *Romans* counted the Miles that were from *Rome* to every great City of *Italy*, or of the Empire, and the firſt Mile diſtant from this Pillar, was called *primus ab orbe Lapis*; and ſo of the reſt.

The Conſervatorio. 6. Then entring into the *Conſervatorio*; that is the Palace of the *Conſervatori*, or *Senators*, I ſaw there the Statues of *Julius Cæſar* and *Auguſtus Cæſar*. Then in the little Court I ſaw marked up upon the out-wall in a Marble Stone, the *Roman* Meaſures, as their *Canna*, *Palmo*, &c. (as we have all meaſur'd by the Ell, and Yard,) that all Merchants may know where to find whether his Meaſure be Lawful and Juſt, or no. Then the Foot, Hand, Thighs and Head, in Marble ſcattered here and there in this Court, yet all looking as if they had belonged to the great *Coloſſus* of *Apollo*, made by the command of *Lucullus*. Then the rare Statue of a Lyon tearing a Horſe. The Tomb of *Mamea* and *Alexander Severus* her Son, with the Rape of the *Sabines* upon it in a *Baſſo Relievo*. The little *Egyptian* Idol ſet high up over this Tomb. The head of the Emperor *Commodus* in Braſs, with a hand of the ſame.

Colonna Roſtrata. 7. Hard by the Stair-foot as you mount up to the Chambers, ſtands the *Colonna Roſtrata*, a marble

marble Pillar ſome twelve foot high, decked with *Stems* of Ships cut in Marble, and ſticking out of the Pillar, with an Inſcription in the *Baſis* below in ſcurvy old *Latin*. I found it ſpoke of a Sea-Victory won over the *Carthaginians*, and of *Duillius*; and I car'd for no more, becauſe *Livy* in better *Latin* tells me the reſt: to wit, that it was *Dulius* that of all the *Romans* got the firſt Naval Victory; and then I eaſily concluded, that this Pillar was erected to him for that Service. It's almoſt as hard a thing to conſtrue this old *Latin*, as to have won that Victory; and therefore I'le leave the words to *Petrus Cioconius* a flegmatick *Spaniard* to comment upon. Yet I learnt out of this Left-handed *Latin*, this obſervation, that the brave *Romans* of the higheſt times, cared more to do well, than to ſpeak well; and that the *Roman* Common-wealth was turned towards her decline, when fine Language was in vogue.

8. Hard by this Pillar ſtand mounted two little quarter Cannons: a poor *Arcenal* for the *Roman Senators* now a-days.

9. Then mounting up ſome ten Steps, I came into a little Court, whoſe Walls are all encruſted over with four excellent pieces of *Marcus Aurelius* his Triumph cut in Marble. In one of them he triumpheth in his open Chariot: in another he Sacrificeth: in another he giveth Largeſſes to the People: in the fourth he receiveth the Preſents of the *Romans*. They are all ſo well cut, that you doubt whether it be the Emperor or the Sculptors that triumphs here. Indeed the Emperor's Chariot hath got new Wheels of late, and his Horſes new Shoos and Feet, elſe all is old. *M. Aurelius his Triumph.*

10. Then going up the Stairs higher, I saw an old Plate of Brass nailed up, in which the *Roman* Laws of the ten Tables were written; good Laws, but few. And I was glad to see them yet kept; if that be to keep Laws, to keep them nailed fast to the Wall.

Leges Decem Tabularum.

11. Then entring into the Chambers and great Hall, I saw the Statues of *Alexander Farneſe* Duke of *Parma*, of *M. Antonius Colonna*, the Pope's General in the Battel of *Lepanto*: and of *Don John* of *Auſtria Generaliſſimo*. I saw upon the walls painted in *Freſco*, the rape of the *Sabins*, the duel of the *Tergemini Fratres*, three Brothers againſt three Brothers, *Horatii* againſt *Curiatii*: *Scevola* holding his hand over the burning Coals: *Cocles* defending the Bridge alone againſt an Army of Men: *Scipio*, and *Hannibal* with their ſeveral Armies, ſo rarely painted by *Pietro Perugino*, that the *Romans* now are in love with *Hannibal*. Then the Picture of the firſt *Conſul Brutus* commanding the Death of his own Son: that of the *Tarquinii*: that of the conquering of the *Sabines*, &c. All pieces as bold as the very actions they repreſent. Here alſo in the other Chambers, I saw ſome fine Statues, as that of *Caius Marius*; that of *Hercules* in Braſs being but yet a Lad; that of *Junius Brutus* in Braſs; the heads in Marble of *Diogenes*, *Plato*, *Socrates*: the Statues of *Cicero*, *Virgil*, and *Plato*; the Brazen Statue of the Wolf that gave Suck to *Romulus* and *Remus*. But the beſt Statue here is that of the young Man picking a Thorn out of his Foot. It's only of Braſs, but worth its weight in Gold. The Story of it is this. A young Foot-poſt bringing Letters of ſingular Importance unto the Senate, and prick-

ing

ing his Foot as he ran, would not ſtay to pick out the Thorn; but haſtning to *Rome* with all ſpeed, delivered his Letters in full Senate prodigiouſly ſoon, as it appeared by their Dates. But then clapping himſelf down upon the ground before them all, he began to pick out the Thorn, in the poſture you ſee him here. The Senate ſeeing the haſte he had made, and the pain he had endured, decreed preſently, that his Statue in that poſture, ſhould be erected in the Capitol.

Thus the old *Romans* not having then recompences enough for well deſerving men, or elſe not willing to recompence them otherwiſe, perſwaded men, that no recompence was like to that of a ſtatue in the Capitol, or to walk up and down the ſtreets with a Crown of *Laurel*, or *Oaken* Leaves upon their heads. Poor Fools! Was a Crown of leaves ſuch an honour, when even Bawdy-houſes and Privies, ſaith *Tertullian*, were crowned too? Or was it ſuch a ſolid honour to have a ſtatue in the Capitol, when Geeſe and Wolfs were honoured ſo too? But *quod rarum, charum eſt*. And as *Alexander* the Great hearing that the *Corinthians* would make him a *Citizen* of their Town, ſcorned it at firſt: but after he had been aſſured that they never offered that honour to any man but to *Hercules* and him, he was well pleaſed with that offer: ſo the rarity of having a Statue in the Capitol being an honour granted to few, and thoſe well deſerving men, made men think it the higheſt of recompences. Among thoſe few, were *Scipio*, for having overcome *Antiochus*: *Æmilius Lepidus* for having, while he was but yet a Boy, freed

Tertul. de Corna Milit.

Senecal. 1. de Beneſic.

a *Roman* Citizen in a battel: *Metellus* for saving the *Palladium* out of the burning Temple of *Vesta*: *Cornelia* for having furnished Corn to the People in a dearth, out of her own moneys; and some few others.

Ara Cæli. Having thus seen the Capitol, I went into the Noble Church of *Ara Cœli*, which is joyning to the Capitol upon the same hill, and built in the same place where anciently stood the Temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, or *Jupiter Feretrius*. Here it was the *Sybille* shewed unto *Augustus Cæsar*, at the birth of our Saviour, that a greater Lord than he was born; whereupon *Augustus* forbad, that any man should call him Lord from that time forward. In this Church is the Tomb of S. *Helen*, Mother of *Constantin* the Great.

Descending from hence by the marble stairs, which are a hundred in all, and all so large, that twelve men in a breast may go up at once; *The Jesuits Church.* I came to the *Jesuits* Church and House called the *Casa Professa*. The Church is neat and capacious, the Chappels well painted, and the Ornaments in the Vestry very rich. Under the Altar where S. *Ignatius* his Picture is, lyes the body of that Saint, Founder of the Order of the *Jesuits*. Near the high Altar on the Gospel side is the Tomb of Cardinal *Bellarmin*. In the House of these Fathers I saw the Chamber of St. *Ignatius*, now turned into a Chappel, and a fair Library.

Passing from hence, I stept into a Palace of *S. Marks Palace.* S. *Mark*, belonging to the State of *Venice*, and the lodging place always of the *Venetian Ambassadors* residing in the Court of *Rome*. This Palace, as also that of the *Cancellaria*, and that of *Farnese*,

Farneſe, are ſaid to have been built of the ſtones that were taken from the great *Amphitheater*; and yet a great part of it remains ſtill; and I believe, as much as would make three more ſuch Palaces.

From St. *Marks* Palace I went towards the Mount *Quirinal*, now called *Monte Cavello*, and as I went, paſſed through that part of the Town, which anciently was called *Forum Trajani*, and there ſaw that which *Trajan* himſelf never ſaw, to wit, the wonderful Pillar of white Marble erected there to *Trajan*, and therefore called *Colonna Trajana*, but never ſeen by him: For he died in foreign expeditions, returning from *Perſia* without ever ſeeing it. This Pillar is made of four and twenty great ſtones of Marble, in which are carved the exploits of *Trajan*, eſpecially in his Wars againſt the *Dacians*. It's a hundred twenty eight foot high, without its *baſis*, which is twelve foot high. Within it there are a hundred fourſcore and five ſtairs, which deliver you up to the top of it, and there are forty little Windows, which let in light enough for you to go up. On the top of all this Pillar were anciently buried the aſhes of *Trajan* the Emperor: But *Sixtus Quintus* cauſed, in place of them, the Statue in Braſs gilt of St. *Peter* to be ſet up here. Heretofore all the baſis of it was buried under ground in the ruins, but now they have digged about it and cleared it; yet by this we may ſee how much the ſtreets of *Rome* are higher than they were; *Rome* now being built upon the ruines of *Rome*.

Colonna Trajana.

From hence going up the hill, I came to the Palace and Garden of *Aldobrandini*. The Houſe is

The Palace of Aldobrandini.

is but little, yet neatly furnished with Statues and Pictures. Some whereof are these: An old Picture made in the time of the *Pagans*, representing a Marriage after the old *Romans* fashion. I take this to be the ancientest Picture in *Rome*, and the rarity of it is so great, that *Cavalier Pozzo* (a brave Gentleman, and a great *Virtuoso*) got leave to copy it out, and this copy is to be seen in the house of his Brother, among other rare curiosities, near St. *Andrea della Valle*. Next after this I was shown in the foresaid Palace, the true Picture of *Martin Luther*: A rare St. *Sebastian* in the Chappel, of *Raphael*'s hand: Upon the Stairs a Statue of a Man hanging by the hands, with great stones at his feet, weighing him down: A torment much used by the Heathens, and practised by them upon Christians: With a world of other Pictures and Statues in the Chambers.

The Palace of Mazzarini. From hence I went to Cardinal *Mazzarini*'s Palace, and there saw in the Garden the famous Picture of the *Aurora*, made by *Guido Rheni*, famous over all *Rome*. In the Court of this Palace, I saw the best riding Masters of *Rome* teach young Gentlemen to ride the great Horse: But I found them here far short of the Masters in *France*, both for good Horses, and good Scholars, and graceful riding. In the same Court, in the Summer Evenings, they play at *Ballon*, a manly exercise much used in *Italy*, and far more gentile than our rude Foot-ball Sport.

The Pope's Stables. Near to this Palace stand the Pope's Stables, where I saw all the Genets that had been presented to the Pope, since his creation, by the King of *Spain* for the Kingdom of *Naples*; every year one, with a Purse of Gold. The other Horses

Horſes here were only Coach-Horſes; for when the Pope goes any whither abroad upon publick Ceremony, the Cardinals and Prelates upon Mules, and the Noble-Men of *Rome* upon their own Horſes, wait upon him: and when he goes out of Town, his own Horſe-guards attend him.

From hence I was preſently in the *Piazza* of *Montecavallo*, where I ſaw the two Famous Horſes in Marble, with each one a Man holding him; they were ſent to *Nero* for a Preſent by *Tiridates* King of *Armenia*. In the Pedeſtal of theſe ſtatues are written, under the one of them, *Opus Phidiæ*: under the other, *Opus Praxitelis*. It's ſaid that theſe two Horſes and Men were made by theſe two ancient Sculptors of *Greece*, to repreſent *Bucephalus*, and *Alexander* the Great. However theſe Horſes give name to this Hill; and whereas it was formerly called *Mons Quirinalis*, it's now called *Montecavallo*. Upon this Hill ſtood anciently the *Thermæ Conſtantinianæ*, or Baths of *Conſtantin* the great, of which there are ſeen ſome remnants in the garden of *Colonna*, which lies behind the wall of this *Piazza*. *Montecavallo.*

Over againſt the foreſaid Horſes ſtands the Pope's Palace where he ordinarily lives in Summer. The houſe is a noble ſtructure, and the rooms ſtately: but I ſaw nothing rare in them but themſelves. The Garden of this Houſe is curious for fine Walks, ſtore of Fountains, and the cool *Grotta* under great ſhady Trees, where there are fine Water-works, and an Organ playing without any fingers to touch it. Over againſt the back-door of this Garden ſtands the Novitiate of the Jeſuits, with the neat new Church, and fine Gardens. *The Pope's Summer Palace.*

Returning

S. Sylveſter's *Church.*

Returning from hence, I ſtept into the Church of St. *Sylveſter*, over againſt the Palace of *Mazzarina* belonging to the *Theatins*; and there ſaw the Tomb of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, the modern *Livy* of *Italy*. The Garden here ſtanding in a fair Proſpect, is very pleaſant and delightſome.

St. Agatha's *Church.*

Deſcending from hence, by a private Street, I went to St. *Agatha*'s Church in the *Saburra* near the foot of the *Quirinal* hill. The Body of St. *Agatha* lies under the Altar. Before the door of this Church are ſome ancient Statues of ſome little Boys, in the habit of a *Prætexta*, a habit belonging to Noblemens Children.

St. Peter's *ad vincu-lam.*

From hence, paſſing by the Church of *Madonna del monte* (a Church of great Devotion) I went up the Hill to St. *Peters ad vincula*; where I ſaw the famous Statue of *Moſes* ſitting. It's of white Marble, and adorning the Tomb of *Julius Secundus*. It's enough to tell you that it was made by *Michael Angelo*, and admir'd by all Sculptors. Here's near unto the door of the Church, an Altar with the Statue of St. *Sebaſtian*, at the erecting of which, the Plague ceaſed in *Rome*, ſaith Baron. *An.* 680. *Baronius*. In the Sacriſty of this Church I ſaw the Chains in which St. *Peter* was fetter'd in Priſon; and which make this Church to be called St. *Peter ad vincula*.

St. Martino *in* Monte.

St. *Martino in monte* follows next, and is a neat Church now. In a Cave below there were two Councils held by St. *Silveſter* in the primitive times of Perſecution, as the words upon the wall as you deſcend into the Cave, and *Baronius* teſtifie. It's ſaid that in this place was exerciſed the firſt publick Profeſſion of Chriſtian Religion.

Then

Then to the Church of St. *Praxedes*, where I saw the Pillar at which our Saviour was whipp'd. It's a low round Pillar of speckled Marble. It stands within a little grate of Iron. The old writing over the door of that Chappel, tells you, that it was brought to *Rome* from *Hierusalem* four Hundred years ago, by Cardinal *Colouna*. In the midst of the Church is a Well (now covered) where St. *Praxedes* hid the Relics and Bodies of Martyrs. In another Chappel I saw the Picture of the descent of our Saviour from the Cross, made by *Guido*. In the Balconies above in the Pillars, I saw, by special favour, many curious Relics.

St. Praxedes.

The Pillar at which our Saviour was whipp'd.

From hence I went to St. *Mary Majors* Church, so called, because it is the greatest of all the Churches of our Lady in *Rome*. It's built upon the *Monte Esquilino*, and upon the place which was covered miraculously with Snow upon the fifth of *August*. The History of it is known by the Solemn Feast in the Kalender, called *Sancta Maria ad Nives*, and it is expressed in the old Mosaick Pictures, which are set here in the Wall over the Pillars that bear up the roof. The most remarkable things I saw here were these.

Santa Maria Maggiore.

1. The Tomb of the Founder of this Church, *Patritius*, whose Body lies in a Tomb of Porphyry near the great door.

2. The noble gilt Roof, or *Soffita*, which was gilt with the first Gold that came out of the *Indies* in *Alexander* the VIths time, whose Arms are set up in this Roof.

3. The Mosaick Pictures which run along this Church, containing the History of the old and new Testament,

Teſtament, and the Hiſtory of the building of this Church.

4. The high Altar under which repoſeth the Body of St. *Mathias* the Apoſtle, whoſe Head is expoſed upon the Altar in a Chryſtal upon his day.

5. The Tomb of an Embaſſador of *Congo* to *Paulus* V. It's over againſt the Statue in Braſs, of *Paulus* V. near the Sacriſty.

6. The little back Court there, with the Eccho in the Well, which anſwers you indeed, but like a ſharp Scold, too quick and ſhort.

The Chappel of Sixtus V. 7. The rare Chappel of *Sixtus* V. made by *Dominico Fontana*, which coſt Seven Hundred Thouſand Crowns. The moſt famous Actions of *Sixtus Quintus*, and of *Pius Quintus*, who made *Sixtus* Cardinal, are carved in white Marble round about the Chappel. St. *Hierom's* aſhes are buried here in a ſide Altar on the left hand: and where ſhould we look for St. *Hierome*, but near our Saviour's Crib? which is here enchaſed in Chryſtal in a low Chappel, under the high Altar of this Chappel. It's ſhewn publickly upon *Chriſtmas* day. The Tabernacle of Braſs, held up by four Angels of Braſs with one hand, and holding each one a Torch in the other hand, is moſt Stately.

St. Hierom's *Tomb.*

The Holy Crib of our Saviour.

The Chappel of Paulus V. 8. Over againſt this Chappel ſtands the Chappel of *Paulus* V. much like the other in all things, except that the chief Altar ſtands not in the middle, but at the end of it. This Altar is a very neat contrivance, and of as rich materials. Four great Pillars of Jaſper polliſh'd, adorned with Capitels and Baſes of Braſs gilt, hold up the back of this Altar, which is all of *Lapis Lazuli*,

or

or Oriental blue Azure Stone; in the midſt of which is a little *Nichio* in the Wall, where the Picture of our Bleſſed Lady, with our Saviour in her Arms, made by St. *Luke*, is conſerv'd and ſeen. This *Nichio* is ſurrounded with a row of rich precious Stones of great value, ſet thick about it; and ſhut up with two little half-doors, of two whole Agates, each of them two foot long, and a Foot large. *Theodorus Lector* an ancient Author makes mention of this Picture, and ſaith, *Pulcheriæ, Eudocia Imaginem matris Chriſti, quam Lucas Apoſtolus pinxerat, Hieroſolymis miſit*; That is, *Eudocia* ſent unto *Pulcheria* from *Hieruſalem* the picture of the Mother of Chriſt which *Luke* the Apoſtle had painted. The Picture it ſelf is ſo old, and plac'd ſo high, that it's hard to perceive the lineaments of the Face, unleſs you ſee it with a wax Taper at the end of a long Pole, as I did. In fine, this was the Picture which St. *Gregory* the Great, a Thouſand years ago, carried in Proceſſion upon *Eaſter* day, when he ſaw over the *Moles Adriani*, an Angel ſheathing his Sword in ſign of the ceaſing of the Plague. The roof or little *Cupola* of this Chappel is painted by the hand of *Guido Rheni* of *Bologna*. The ſide Walls of this Chappel are of white Marble cut in *Mezzo relievo*, and containing the chief actions of *Clement* VIII. and *Paulus* V. whoſe ſtatues are alſo here in white Marble.

A Picture of our B. Lady, made by St. Luke.

Theodor. Lector in initio collectaneorum.

9. Without the Church ſtand two great Pillars at each end of it: the one an *Egyptian Guglia* cut with Hieroglyphics; the other a *Roman* Pillar taken out of the Ruins of the Temple of Peace, which is of a prodigious height, with the Statue

of our Saviour and our Lady upon it, in Braſs gilt.

SS. Vito & Modeſto.

From St. *Mary Majors* I went to the Church of St. *Vito* and *Modeſto*. It's built near the ruins of the Triumphal-arch of *Galienus* the Emperor.

The Arch of Galienus.

The great Keys that are nailed to the top of that foreſaid Arch, were the Keys of the City *Tuſculum* (now called *Freſcate*) and hung up here in memory of a Victory won over that Town, under *Honorius* the V. almoſt five hundred years ago.

S. Euſebio.

From hence I went to the Church of St. *Euſebio*, built upon the ruins of the *Thermæ* of the Emperor *Gordiano*, and his Palace, whoſe Court had Fifty Pillars on every ſide. Near unto this Church were found the Trophies of *Marius*, which I ſpoke of above in the Capitol.

Santa Croce in Hieruſalem.

Continuing on my way, I came at laſt to *Santa Croce* in *Jeruſalem*. It's one of the ſeven Churches of *Rome*, and built by the Emperor *Conſtantine* the great. It ſtands near the Walls of the Town in the end of the Mount *Cælius*. Hard by it appear ſome Prints of the Temple of *Venus* and *Cupid*, which the ſaid Emperor ruined, to build a Church in the place of them, in honour of the Holy Croſs, and ſo repair the injury which the Infidels had done to the Holy Croſs in *Hieruſalem*, by placing the Statue of *Venus* upon Mount *Calvary*, and ſtriving to blot out the name of *Mont Calvarie*, and bring in that of *Mont Venerie*. This Church is called *Santa Croce* in *Hieruſalem*, becauſe of the Earth of *Mount Calvarie*, which was brought from *Hieruſalem*, and laid here. The things I obſerved here, were theſe.

See Baronius *in his Annals.*

1. The Painting in the Tribune, or roof of the Choir, containing the hiſtory of the Exaltation of the

the Holy Croſs. It looks like the Painting of *Pietro Perugino*, or ſome of his Scholars; and it was thought fine work, before *Raphael* raiſed Painting to a greater height.

2. The Chappel below, where the Holy Earth ſent by St. *Helen* from *Hieruſalem*, to her Son *Conſtantin* the Emperor, was put.

3. The Relics in the Sacriſty above, to wit, three pieces of the Holy Croſs, one of the Nails of the Croſs of our Saviour; two Thorns of the Holy Crown of Thorns; a great piece of the Title of the Holy Croſs; a finger of St. *Thomas* the Apoſtle; and one of the thirty pieces of Money for which our Saviour was ſold.

Not far from hence ſtands the Church of *Santa Bibiana*. This Church ſtands in the place called anciently *Urſa Pileata*, becauſe of the Statue of a Bear with a Hat on, which ſtood there. This place is alſo famous for the Church-yards ſake, or *Cæmeterium*, called *inter duas lauros*. Here is ſome good *Painting* in this Church of *Campelli* and *Pietro Cortoneſe*. The Statue of the Saint is of *Bernini*'s hand. *S.* Bibiana.

From hence I found a way that led me to the Gate of St. *Laurence*, through which I went to the Church of that Saint called *San Laurenzo furori delle mura*, by reaſon of divers others built in honour of that Saint within the Walls. This Church was built by *Conſtantine* too, and enriched by him, with many Preſents and Ornaments. It was built upon the *Cæmeterium Sanctæ Ciriacæ*, where that Holy Woman uſed to bury the Bodies of the Holy Martyrs. It ſtands in the *Via Tiburtina*, and is one of the ſeven Churches of *Rome*; and one of the five *Patriarchal Churches*, *S.* Laurence *his Church*,

and therefore is not titular of any Cardinal. The things that I saw here, were these.

1. The Tomb of St. *Laurence*, under the high Altar.

2. Behind the high Altar, the Stone upon which the Gridiron stood, upon which St. *Laurence* was broiled. It's covered with a great glass through which you see it.

3. In the roof of this Church I found these words cut in great Letters of wood, *Quam clarificata est Hierosolyma Stephano, tam illustris facta est Roma Laurentio*, taken out of S. *Leo* in his Sermon upon the Feast of S. *Laurence*.

4. The Catacombes under this Church, where many Saints Bodies were buried anciently.

Returning again into the Town, I stept into
S. Antonio St. *Antonies* Church and Hospital, near to St. *Mary Majors*; before which Church stands a Pillar with a Cross upon it, erected here upon the conversion of *Henry* the IV. of *France*.

Passing behind St. *Mary Majors*, I went to *Santa Pudentianas* Church, standing in the ancient
S. Pudentiana. street called *Vicus Patricius*. This Church was built upon the place where the house of *Pudens* a Senator and Father of St. *Pudentiana* lived. And here it was that St. *Peter*, at his first coming to *Rome* lodged, having Converted this *Pudens* and his two Daughters, *Pudentiana* and *Praxedes*.
Baronius *ad an.* 44. Here I saw these things.

1. The dry Well into which St. *Pudentiana* put many Relics of Martyrs to conserve them. I looked into it with a lighted Taper let down in a string; and saw many curious Relics desked up in the side of the wall.

2. The

2. The wooden Altar upon which St. *Peter* ſaid Maſs at his being here.

3. The two Marble Statues of our Saviour and St. *Peter*. They are both excellently well cut, and perchance by rare *Olivieri*.

4. The neat Chappel of the *Caetani*, with the back of the Altar in white Marble, curiouſly cut by *Olivieri* in a *baſſo rilievo*, repreſenting the adoration of the *Magi*.

Near the high Altar, is the Picture of the forementioned Senator *Pudens*, in his Senators Robes.

From hence I went to St. *Lorenzo* in *Paniſperna*. Here it was that St. *Laurence* was broiled upon a Gridiron, by the command of the Emperor *Decius*, whoſe Palace ſtood where this Church now ſtands. Upon the wall of this Church is painted the Martyrdom of St. *Laurence* in *Freſco*. Here lie buried the Bodies of St. *Bridget* a Holy Virgin of *Scotland*; and of the Cardinal *Sirletus*. *St.* Laurenzo *in* Paniſperna.

Going from hence by a little unfrequented ſtreet, running under the foot of *Montecavallo*, I came to the Church of St. *Vitalis*, which ſtands joined to the Garden of the Jeſuits *Novitiat*. It's ſaid, that the Temple of *Quirinus* or *Romulus* ſtood here, and that it was here that *Proculus* ſwore he ſaw *Romulus* after his death, who bid him go tell the *Romans*, that he would be adored by them under the name of *Quirinus*: When indeed it was thought that the Senators had torn him in pieces in the Senate-Houſe, and carried away under their Gowns, every one a piece of him; and finding the People to mutter much at his not appearing, had got this *Proculus* to depoſe *S.* Vitalis. *See* Plutarch.

as above; and ſo quieted the People, who are as eaſily pacified again with a vain tale, as ſtirred up with a fond rumour.

Quatro Fontane. From hence I went to the *Quatro Fontane*, which ſtand at the head of four ſtreets which meet here. Theſe Fountains iſſue out from four Statues which lie here in cumbent poſtures; and they were made here by *Lepidus*.

Santa Maria della Vittoria. Then following that fair ſtreet, I went to *Santa Maria della Vittoria*, ſo called from the Victory won at the Battel of *Prague*. The Flags and Cornets taken in this Battel, are ſet round about the Church. In one of the Flags over the door, I found Croſs Keys, Cardinals Caps, Miters and Prieſts corner'd Caps, all turned topſy turvy, with this ſingle motto, *Extirpentur*. Here are very neat Chappels, eſpecially that on the left hand, where is ſeen the repreſentation of S. *Tereſa* wounded by a *Seraphin*. It's an admirable piece of *Bernini*. In the Convent you ſee painted in a *Sala*, the Battel of *Prague*, and in the Sacriſty, a Sepulcher of our Saviour all of Ivory, extraordinarily well wrought.

Before the door of the aforeſaid Church, ſtands the great Fountain, called *Fontana felice*, where the Aqueduct of *Sixtus Quintus* (who before his aſſumption to Eccleſiaſtical Dignities, was called in his Monaſtery *Fra Felice*) disburdeneth it ſelf into a great ſtone Baſin, and from thence is carried into divers parts of the Town.

The Garden of Montalto. From hence I went to the garden of *Montalto*, which is hard by. This is one of the beſt gardens in *Rome*, and therefore deſerves well to be ſeen.

At your entrance into it, you ſee a round table of a blewiſh ſtone, upon which the Arms of the Houſe

House of *Montalto* are engraven, at which, while you gaze curiously and near at hand, the Gardiner, by pressing his foot upon a low Iron Pump, under the Table, presseth out water on all sides of that round Table, and welcometh the strangers that come to see his Garden.

Then mounting into the little Palace near the door, I saw divers good Pictures and Statues, of the House of *Montalto*, and others. There also I saw a wooden Organ, Pipes and all, and yet of no ungrateful sound.

There also I saw the Picture of *David* killing *Goliath*: It turns upon a frame, and shews you both the fore-side of those combatants, and their backsides too, which other Pictures do not. Here are curious Urns; the true *Busto* of *Sixtus* V. a Tabernacle of rich stones. There is a Picture in stones of several colours, which held one way, represents nothing but a bunch of Herbs; but held up another way, it represents a Mans head and face. In fine, here is in this little Palace, a neat Library in a cool room, over the door of which, on the inside, are written these words *Medicina animi*; as if Libraries were nothing but Physick-gardens for the mind.

Descending again into the Garden, I saw store of wetting-sports, and water-works, most curiously contrived, and most stately walks. From hence we went to the *Carthusians* Church, which is hard by. This Church and Monastery are built upon the Ruins of the Baths of *Diocletian*. For this cruel Emperor with his associate *Maximian*, condemned Forty Thousand Christians to work in this Building, for the space of fifteen years together, and afterwards condemned many

The Baths of Diocletian.

Thouſands of them to death for their Religion, Thus Men work for Tyrants. But ſuch is the wonderful providence of God, Churches of Chriſtians now ſtand where Chriſtians were condemned to death and torments. The Blood of theſe Martyrs was but the ſeed of Chriſtians, and when *Diocletian* condemned Chriſtians to work here, methinks he did but bid them go lay the foundation of a Monaſtery for *Carthuſians*, and of a Church for the worſhip of that God he ſo much perſecuted.

The Pope's Granaries. Having ſeen this Church and Monaſtery, I went to ſee the Pope's Granaries, vaſt buildings, two ſtories high, and always full of Wheat for the preſent uſe of the whole City. A world of Officers and Overſeers belong to theſe *Granaries*, and are always turning over, and keeping the vaſt heaps of Wheat from ſpoiling and corrupting. By ſticking up Canes in the heaps of Wheat, they can tell, ſmelling at the end of theſe Canes, whether the Wheat begin to moiſten and corrupt, or no, and accordingly give order either to turn it and air it, or preſently to give it out to the Bakers: Theſe *Granaries* were alſo built upon the ruins of *Diocletians* Baths.

The Church of St. Agnes. From theſe *Granaries* I went to the Town Gate not far off, called *Porta Pia*, and from thence ſtreight along for a good mile, to St. *Agneſes* Church. Under the high Altar repoſeth the body of that tender Virgin, who being as innocent as her name, ſuffered Martyrdom at thirteen, and triumphed over the World before ſhe could know it.

Cloſe by ſtands the Church of S. *Conſtantia*, another holy primitive Virgin. Here I ſaw the Famous

Famous Tomb, commonly called *Bacchus* his Tomb, but falſely, ſeeing it was the Tomb of S. *Conſtantia*. It's a vaſt *arca*, or Cheſt of one Porphyry ſtone, above half a Foot thick, and ſix Foot long. It's all cut on the outſide with a *baſſo rilievo* in a moſt admirable manner.

From hence croſſing over the Fields, I went to *Burgheſis Villa* and garden, which are a little half mile from the Town. This is the greateſt *Villa* that's about *Rome*. For here you have ſtore of walks, both open and cloſe, Fiſh-ponds, vaſt Cages for Birds, thickets of Trees, ſtore of Fountains, a Park of Deer, a world of Fruit-trees, Statues of all ſizes, Banquetting places, *Grotta's*, Wetting-ſports, and a ſtately Palace adorned with ſo many rare Statues and Pictures, that their Names make a Book in *Octavo*, which I refer you to. As for the Palace it ſelf, it's compaſſed on both ſides, by a fair ſemi-circle of Statues, which ſtand before the two doors, like old *Penates* and *Lares*. The Wall of the Houſe is overcruſted with a world of *Anticallie*, or old Marble-pieces of Antiquity: As that of *Curtius* ſpurring into the *Vorago*: That of *Europa* hurried away by *Jupiter*, become a Bull, with a world of ſuch like Fables. Entring into the houſe, I ſaw divers Rooms full of Curioſities. *Burgheſis Villa.*

1. In the great Hall ſtands the Statue of *Diana* in Oriental Alabaſter, which was once a Deity adored by *Auguſtus Cæſar*. Here alſo hang two great Pictures, the one repreſenting a *Cavalcata* when the Pope goeth abroad in Ceremony; the other a *Cavalcata*, when the great *Turk* goeth abroad in Pomp.

2. In

2. In another Room ſtands the Statue of one of the famous Gladiators anciently, who fought alone againſt twenty others, and being wounded to death, ſeems to threaten with his looks all his Beholders. It's terribly well made.

3. In one of the Chambers above, is the head, in *Profile*, of *Alexander* the great, cut in Marble.

4. In another Room below I ſaw the Statue of *Seneca* bleeding to death. It's of a black ſtone like Jeat, than which nothing can be blacker but the crimes of *Nero* the *Magiſtricide*, who put this rare man, his Maſter, to death.

5. The Statue alſo of *Daphne* and *Apollo* in Alabaſtar; *Apollo* running after *Daphne*, and ſhe ſtiffening into a Tree, being overtaken, her Fingers ſhooting into Branches, and her Toes into Roots, are admirably well done. It muſt be *Bernini*'s work.

6. The Statue alſo of *Æneas* carrying his old Father *Anchiſes* upon his Back, out of burning *Troy*. The young Man is brawny and ſtrong; the old man is made lean and weak: As alſo the young man ſhews a great deal of tender affection towards his Father, and the Father as much fear in his looks.

7. The Statue alſo of *David* ſlinging at *Goliah*. He frowns ſo terribly as he ſlings, that you would ſwear he intends to fright him with his looks, and then kill him with his ſling. Theſe two laſt Statues are alſo of the hand of *Cavalier Bernini*.

8. In another Chamber above, I ſaw the great Chair which locketh faſt any Man that ſitteth down in it. It's ſaid to be a Chair of Revenge, or a Trap-chair for an Enemy: But methinks it would

would be a fine Chair for a reſtleſs Student; or a Goſſiping Wife.

I ſaw here alſo ſome toys for young men; as the Clock, which being wound up, playeth a tuneable Dance, and little Men and Women of Iron painted handſomely, dance in a ring to that tune, by vertue of the Wheels. The Fools Paradiſe repreſenting firſt a fine green Garden of Flowers, then a Palace, and laſtly a neat Library, is made alſo to recreate Children.

Returning from this *Villa* by the back door which leadeth to the *Porta del Populo*, I ſtept into the Church of *Madonna del Populo*. This Church hath been much beautified of late by Pope *Alexander* the VII. becauſe of ſome of his Anceſtors buried here. Here I ſaw the famous ſtatue of *Jonas*, made by the command of *Raphael Urbin*, who ſhewed the Sculptors of his time how perfectly he poſſeſſed the Theory of Sculpture, if he would but have dirtied his Fingers with that dirty Art. In a Chappel near the Goſpel ſide of the high Altar, I ſaw a good Picture of the hand of *Guido Rheni*. Where now the high Altar ſtands, ſtood anciently the Tomb of *Nero*. *Madonna del Populo.*

Going on from hence on the left hand, towards the *Piazzadi Spagna*, I firſt paſſed by the great *Guglia*, or *Egyptian Pyramid*, carved all over with Hieroglyphs. It's looked upon by three ſtreets, and ſeen afar off. Then paſſing a little further, I came to the *Greek* Church and College, where, upon certain days, I ſaw their Ceremonies, and heard the Maſs ſung in Greek, after the Greek manner. Theſe *Grecians* are in union with the Roman Church; and have a Seminary of young Students *The Greek College.*

Students of their Country, maintained by the Pope to return to their Country in Miſſion.

Mounting from hence on the left hand to the top of the Hill, by the Coach way, I went into the *Villa* of the great Duke, where I ſaw the neat Gardens with Fountains, two or three huge Veſſels of Marble, and ſtore of Statues, both in the Palace, and in the long Gallery. That of the two Gladiators wreſtling: That of the Clown whetting his Sithe, and hearing the Conſpirators of *Cataline* ſpeaking of their Conſpiracy, which he diſcovered, is one of the beſt pieces of Sculpture in *Rome*. That of *Cupid* and *Venus* are admirable. From the Chamber-window of this Palace, you have a perfect ſight of *Rome* under you. In the Garden there is a little *Guglia*, with many other Curioſities.

The Villa of the great Duke.

Going out from this Garden, by the back door, I croſſed over the Street, and was preſently at the back door alſo of the *Villa Lndoviſia*, belonging to the Prince *Ludoviſio*. This *Villa* ſtands in an excellent air, being ſeated high. There are two Houſes in this Garden, and both furniſhed with exquiſite Rarities. That which ſtands near this back door, afforded me theſe curioſities. A rare Picture of the Bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, made by *Guido Rheni*. It's the beſt Picture of her that ever I ſaw. A Rich Cabinet, with the Picture of Pope *Gregory* XV. in a *Cameo*, and other rich Stones adorning it. A neat little Cloſet full of divers rarities; as a true *Hydra*'s skin with ſeven necks, a petrified *fungus*: The true Picture of *Francis* the firſt of *France*, with that alſo of his Phyſician, both made by *Laurenzo Vinci*, and eſteemed rare pieces, with many other little curioſities.

Villa Ludoviſia.

The firſt Houſe.

rioſities. In another Room, the heads in white marble, of *Gregory* the XV. and his Nephew Cardinal *Ludoviſio*. A Chamber full of curious Glaſſes. Upon the Stairs a little *Cupid* ſo loaden with a Quiver of Arrows, that another little *Cupid* is forced to hold them up behind him. But that which is the moſt rare thing in this *Villa*, or perchance in any in *Rome*, is the incomparable bedſtead which is ſeen in one of the Chambers of this Palace. It's all of precious ſtones, and valued at an Hundred Thouſand Crowns. The four Bed-poſts are all of Oriental poliſhed *Jaſper*. The reſt of it is of other rich Stones; but the head of it exceeds far the reſt, for Riches and Art, eſpecially the midſt of it, where the Arms of the Family of *Ludoviſio*, are curiouſly ſet in rich Stones of ſeveral colours, according to the colours of the Coat of Arms. Here you have bunches of Grapes, ſome red, ſome white, but all of rich Stones. Here are vaſt *Amethyſts*, one ſquare, another round in pyramidal form. Here *Phaeton* in his Chariot in a *Cameo*, with the Wheels of his Chariot of precious Stones; and a world of ſuch rich work, which makes his Bedſtead the *nonplus* of art and magnificence. I do not know for all that, why Beds ſhould be made of Stones, though precious ones? If it be for the Princeſs of this houſe to be brought to Bed in, it portends unto her a hard labour; if to lodge in it the everlaſting fame of the greatueſs of this Family, it is a vain labour; ſeeing precious ſtones will moulter away in time, as other ſtones do.

Omnia

Omnia mortalia mortalitati damnata.

For my part, the beſt uſe I know for it, is, to lay the petrified Man in, whom we ſhall find preſently in the other Palace of this *Villa*: Beds of ſtone are fitteſt for Men of ſtone.

Hard by this houſe ſtand the Fountains and Water-works, which, with their ſhady Trees, correct the hotteſt Beams of the *Italian* Sun, and afford unto the owner of this *Villa*, Rain and Clouds of his own at will, even in *June* and *July*.

The ſecond Houſe. From hence croſſing through the Garden, I went to the other houſe that ſtands in it, where I was ſhewn, in the ſeveral Chambers, many curious things; As, two brave old Gladiators in ſtone, ſitting down: Four rare pieces of *Guido Rheni*, to wit, a St. *Francis*, a *Lucretia*, a *Judith*, and a Converſion of St. *Paul*: Divers curious Pictures of the hand of *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Michel Angelo*, *Carraccio* and others: A rare head in marble of *Scipio Affricanus*: The head of *Seneca* in *buſto*, of great value. *Cicero*'s head alſo in *buſto*: Some rich Tables of inlaid ſtones; the little Boys in Ivory greater than I thought it poſſible for Ivory to have furniſhed: two rare *Apollo*'s in white marble; the Oracle of Porphyry which ſpake once: the ſtatue of an old Gladiator dying of his wounds, in a great ſquare box lined with Velvet. I ſaw the body of a petrified man, that is, a man turned into ſtone. One piece of the leg (broken to aſſure an Embaſſador, doubting of the verity of the thing) ſhewed me plainly both the Bone and the Flesh

A Petrified Man.

The head

head and the other parts lie jumbled up together in the Box. If you ask me why they do not put this Body into ſome Tomb to bury it, I anſwer you, that it needs no other Tomb than this cruſt of Stone. Indeed I never ſaw a body ſo neatly intombed as this: You would ſwear that this Tomb is a pure *Juſtaucorps* rather than a Tomb: It ſits as cloſe as if a Taylor had made it. And that you may not think it an impoſſible thing that men ſhould be thus petrified, I muſt mind you what *Ortelius* ſaith, that upon the Mountains ſituated in the Weſtern parts of *Tartary* are ſeen figures of Men, Cammels, Sheep and other Beaſts, which by an admirable Metamorphoſis, were changed into Stones, about three hundred years ago. And *Ariſtotle* himſelf ſpeaks of men petrified in the hollow cave of a Mountain near *Pergamus*. In another Chamber ſtands a great Clock of braſs, gilt, as tall as a man, and it ſtands indeed; for I think it hath not gone ſince it went out of *Germany* to *Rome*. They tell us pretty things that this Clock did, when it was young; but now it cannot ſo much as ſtir its hand: Thus time caſhiers at laſt its own *Heralds*; and breaketh the Clocks by which we know her. In another Chamber of this houſe I ſaw a new Statue in pure white Marble, of the rape of *Proſerpina*: It's of the hand of *Bernini*. In another Room I ſaw the rare Statue of *Ceſtius Marius*, killing himſelf with his dagger, upon ſight of his dead Daughter, who had killed her ſelf for fear of falling into the hands of a luſtful Emperor. Deſcending from hence into a long low Gallery of Statues, I found here ſome very good ones as that of *Junius Brutus*, of *Nero*, of *Domitian*, &c.

Ortelius *in Tab. Geograph. Ruſſiæ.*

Ariſtot. *lib. de an. c.* 50.

But

But the beſt thing I ſaw there was the head of *Olympias* (Mother of *Alexander* the Great) in a *baſſo rilievo*, and in a frame.

The Capucins. Going out of this *Villa* by the great door behind the *Capucins*, I ſtept into the Church of the ſaid *Capucins*, and ſaw there in the ſecond Chappel on the left hand the Tomb of *Santo Felice*, a Lay-brother of this Order, famous all *Rome* over for his known Sanctity. Here lies alſo buried Cardinal *Antonio Barberino*, brother to Pope *Urban* the VIII. otherwiſe called Cardinal *Sant' Onofrio*, who having been long a *Capucin*, was made Cardinal by his Brothers expreſs command; and being Cardinal, lived ſtill a *Capucin* in the eſteem of all that knew him. His humility would not ſo much as let his name be ſet upon his Tomb-ſtone; but inſtead of it, and his other Titles, I found only theſe words, *hic jacet umbra, cinis, nihil.* This Cardinal, and Cardinal *Mazat*, made by *Clement* the VIII. are all the Cardinals that the *Capucins* order hath had.

Palazzo Barberino. Over againſt the *Capucins* ſtands the Palace of the Family of *Barberini* poſſeſſed now by the Prince of *Paleſtrina* of that Family, this is one of the nobleſt Palaces in *Rome*, for its ſtately ſituation upon an hills ſide; for the two neat ſtaircaſes; the noble Painting in the roof of the great Hall by *Pietro di Cartona*; the world of Statues and Pictures in the Gallery; the rare ſequens of Chambers, one going into another; the double *appartiment*; each capable to lodge any King in, and each rarely furniſhed; in fine, for the rare Library of Cardinal *Franceſco Barberino.*

Deſcending from hence towards the *Minims* of *Trinita di Monte*, I ſtept into a little Church of

of *Spaniſh Auguſtins*, called *Santo Ildefonſo*, which I cannot paſs by without taking notice of; becauſe I think no body elſe doth, it is ſo little; yet having deſcribed the greateſt Church of *Rome* (St. *Peters*) ſo exactly; I cannot but ſay ſomething of the leaſt Church in *Rome*: Dwarfs are Men as well as Gyants; and though this Church may ſeem rather to be a map or model of a Church, than a true Church; yet ſeeing it hath not only all the lineaments, features, and meen of a Church, but alſo all the noble parts of a Church, as High Altars, Side Chappels, Cupola, Quire, *&c.* I fear not to call it a Church, tho' for bigneſs, it would not make the little finger of St. *Peters*. *S. Ildefonſo* *The leaſt Church in Rome.*

From hence I went ſtreight on to the *Mininis* of *Trinita di Monte*, belonging to *France*, and St. *Francis* of *Paula*'s Order. This Convent is the beſt ſeated of any in *Rome*, and one of the nobleſt, being founded by King *Lewis* the XI. of *France*, overlooking all *Rome*, and looked upon reciprocally by the beſt places in *Rome*. In the Church I ſaw divers good pieces, as the Aſſumption of our Lady by *Zuccary*, the Picture of the taking down of our Saviour from the Croſs by *Raphael*; the Picture of our Saviour's appearing to St. *Mary Magdalen*, by *Julio Romano Raphael*'s Scholar, and imitating very much in this Picture *Raphael*'s colours. See in the dormitory of this Convent the curious perſpective of S. *Francis* of *Paula*, and a rare Sun Dial ingeniouſly contrived, *The Church of Trinita di Monte.*

Deſcending from hence into the *Piazza di Spagna* I ſaw the Fountain of the ſhip, which in ſummer nights they let overflow, to cool the *Piazza* and the neighbouring ſtreets. In this *Piazza* ſtands *Piazzo di Spagna.*

the Palace of the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, belonging always to him that is *Embaſſador* here. In the end of the *Piazza* ſtands the College *de propaganda Fide*, of propagating the Faith, founded by *Urban* the VIII. to maintain divers ſtudents of the Eaſtern Countries, and even of *India* and *Ethiopia* too, who having finiſhed their ſtudies in this College, are ſent back again to their ſeveral Countries, with great profit and advantage to thoſe poor Infidels, who would ſit ſtill in the darkneſs of infidelity, were it not for the Pope's care and charity.

Collegio de propaganda fide.

Fontana de Trevi.

From hence I ſteered to the *Piazza* of the *Fontana de Trevi*, and in my way, ſaw divers ſtately Palaces, inhabited by Cardinals, becauſe they ſtand near the Foot of *Montecavallo*, where the Pope reſides. This Fountain of *Treve* is not yet finiſhed, as to the ſtructure that was intended; but only the water is brought hither, and in that quantity, that it ſeems to make three little Rivers, at the three mouths, out of which it guſheth.

The Maronites College.

From hence I went nearer unto the foot of the hill *Montecavallo*, and ſtept into the College of the *Maronites*, in whoſe Church I heard them ſinging Maſs in their own language, and after their own rites, as the Chriſtians of Mount *Libanus* have immemorably uſed to do. Their language is *Arabic*, and they have always kept themſelves free from *Hereſies*; and in Union with the *Roman* Church, theſe five Hundred years.

SS. Apoſtoli.

From hence I went to the Church of the SS. *Apoſtoli*, built in honour of the Twelve Apoſtles, by *Conſtantine* the Great, who in honour of thoſe Holy

Holy Apoſtles, carried out of the Foundation, twelve Baskets of Earth, upon his own Shoulders. In this Church lies buried, St. *Philip* and *Jacob*, two Apoſtles. In the *Piazza* before this Church, ſtand four fine Palaces; that of the Prince *Colonna*, that of Cardinal *Ghiſi*, that of Cardinal *Sforza*, and that of the *Signori Muti*.

Croſſing from hence into the *Corſo*, I took an exact obſervation of this Street, which is the faireſt in *Rome*. It's called the *Corſo*, becauſe here it is that they make Horſes run againſt Horſes, Jews againſt Jews, Boys againſt Boys; and the like, in *Carneval* time. Here alſo it is that the *Maſcarades* march in *Carneval* time, and make themſelves and others merry: And all this is allowed the *Italians*, that they may give a little vent to their Spirits, which have been ſtifled in for a whole year, and are ready elſe to choak with gravity and melancholy; moſt men here living alone in their Houſes and Chambers. If our Stateſmen in *England* had gone on in the courſe their wiſe Anceſtors had ſhewed, and had ſuffered, as they did, ſome honeſt recreations to the People, as Bowling, Shooting, Racing, *&c.* to give vent to their active Spirits, we had all been happier: But while both the Tribunals, and the Pulpits thundred out againſt moderate Recreations and Aſſemblies, out of Fear and Faction, they made the humour of the Engliſh men grow ſo ſowr and Bitter, that nothing would pleaſe them, but flat Rebellion, and Fanatick Hereſies. Now here in *Rome*, once a year, in *Carneval* time, every one vents his humour according to his fancy, and (as it ſeems) according to his need. One plays the Doctor of the *The Corſo.*

Law, and goes up and down the ſtreets with his Book in his Hand, diſputing with every man he meets, and uttering pure rallery: And if by chance two ſuch Doctors meet, they make ſport enough for half an hour, by their abuſing one another. Four of theſe pretended Doctors, with their Gowns and Caps on, and their Books of the *Codex* before them, got an Aſs into their Coach, who had alſo another Book before him; and thus they went along the ſtreets, ſtudying and turning over their Books. Another takes himſelf to be a grand *Cyrus*, and goes a Horſe-back, with a rich *Perſian* Habit, and Plumes highly mounted. One went a Foot gravely, with a Cloak on, and cried a *Secret againſt Mice*, and opening his Cloak, ſhewed a *Cat* that he had under his Arm; another went up and down the ſtreet, combing his Hair like a *Spaniard*, ſaluting the Ladies, and twirling up his Muſtaches with a ſtayed gravity. Some go in Coaches and there play on Inſtruments: Others go on great Carts, with little ſtages of boards thrown upon them, and there act little Plays as they go along, and abuſe Tradeſmen. One rides like a Phyſician upon a Mule, with a world of Urinals hung round about him. Others ride gravely through the ſtreets, with great Cloak-bags behind them, as if they came from *Polonia*. Some Princes here make glorious *Carro*'s, with four Horſes on a breaſt, drawing them, and with rare Pageants upon them, and a great train of Horſemen and Trumpeters clad exotically, accompanying the *Carro* in a moſt glorious manner. Some Noblemen of higheſt Quality, as Dukes and Princes, I have ſeen going a Foot, pelting, with ſugar-plumbs,

plumbs, those that were in Coaches and Windows, and angering them with their sugar affronts. But never did any *Masquarade* please like that speculative *Italian*, who mocked both the *French* and the *Spaniards* at once, by walking up and down the street, clad half like a *Don*, and half like a *Monsieur*. One side of his hair hung down in a long curled lock, powdered white: The other side was black and sweaty. Half of his beard was turned downwards: The other half was turned up with Irons, and twirled in like the hilt of an old Dagger. One eye was bare, and the other had a Glass or half Spectacle before it, held on by a small wire from under his Hat. Half his Hat was a narrow three fingered-brim'd Hat, with a little half Feather upon the Brim: The other half of it was a broad Brim, without so much as a Hat-band. One half of his Band about his neck, was of a broad bone Lace, starched white, the other half was made of course Lawn, starched blew, and standing out upon a pickydilly of wire. Half of his Face looked white with Meal and Powder, the other half looked black and tawny. Half of his Doublet was white Satin with an open Sleeve, and a world of shirt huffing about his wrist, and half on his waist; the other half was of black Freeze, with a black Taffety sleeve close and strait to the arm, and a hanging sleeve of Freeze. One half of his Breeches was of Scarlet, and vastly wide at the knee, with a confusion of Ribbonds, of six colours; the other half was of black Taffety, close at the knee. Upon one leg he had a Linnen Stocking, with a great laced Canon turn'd down to his half leg; on the other he had a black silk

Stocking drawn up close. In fine, on one Foot he had a white Spanish Leather Shoe, with a stiff knot of six coloured Ribbond, a quarter of an Ell long; on the other a little black flat soled Shoe, tied with a short narrow Ribbond. Thus this moral *Hermaphrodite*, and walking Emblem of peace, between the two Nations, walked up and down the *Corso* gravely; yet laughing within himself, to see how he carried about him two such *Antipathetical* Nations in one Suit of Cloaths. By this you may guess at their other fooleries in *Carneval* time, and see how innocently they divert themselves: For you must know, that none are suffered to carry Swords or Arms, while they go masked thus; nor to enter into any house, nor to be abroad masked after it grows dark; nor to do or speak any thing scandalously, that may shock civility or publick view: for which reason here are always Guards set, and Sergeants riding up and down the Street of the *Corso*, to keep all in order, and to make even Mirth observe Decency.

Some Palaces in the Corso.

In this Street also of the *Corso* it is that Noblemen and Ladies take the Air every fair Evening in their Coaches. For this reason there are many fine Palaces built in this Street; as the Palace of *Signor Vitelleschi*, where I saw ten Chambers on a floor, and all of them filled with a rare Collection of Pictures and Statues. Among the Statues I was pleased exceedingly with that of *Cincinnatus*, and with that of *Brutus*, defac'd by the command of the Senate, where the very marks of the punches of the Halberts wherewith they defac'd it, are yet seen. Not far from it stands the Palace of *Principe Pamfilio*, in which I saw more

more Riches and rare Furniture than in any house in *Rome*, or almost in *Italy*. For here they shewed me excellent Plate of Gold and Silver: an Agate Cross fixed upon a foot of the root of *Saphyr-Stone*, and under it a *Basis* beset round about it *Cameos* cut into Pictures: a great Silver Crucifix upon an Ebony Frame, the whole worth 12000 Crowns: a rare Cabinet with the Picture of our blessed Lady in it, the whole valued at 6000 Crowns: a Sword whose Hilt is of three great Turky-Stones of great value: a Basin of gold set thick with Turkey-Stones: three or four great *Bezoar* Stones, as big as Pearmaens, which had been presented to *Clement* the VIII from all Parts, because he stood in need of them: a rich Mitre, set with precious Stones of great value, and a world of curious Originals of the best Painters hands: curious Saddles, Harness, Liveries of show Embroidered with Gold and Silver, with many other rich Curiosities. The other Palaces in the *Corso* are these; that of *Principe Carboniano*; that of Cardinal *Franciotti*; that of *Don Augustino Chisi*, that of *Principe Ludivisio*, that of the Duke *Caetano*. *The Palace of Pamfilio.*

There are also in this Street some Churches worth taking notice of; as that of St. *Maria in Via Lata*, which stands near the Palace of the Prince *Pamfilio*. It's an ancient Church, and Cardinals Title. *Baronius* saith, that it's built there where St. *Paul* lodged at his first coming to *Rome*. It's said also that in the Oratory here St. *Luke* wrote the Acts of the Apostles. *Santa Maria in Via-Lata.*

There is also in the *Corso* the Church of St. *Marcello*, a title of a Cardinal. It was built in the place where anciently stood the Temple of the *S.* Marcello.

Infamous *Egyptian* Goddeſs *Iſis*, which *Tiberius* himſelf cauſed to be pulled down, the Idol thrown into *Tyber*, and all the Prieſts of it to be crucified, for having favoured a great crime committed by a *Roman* Lady. Behind this Church ſtands the Oratory of St. *Marcello*, called the Oratory of the Holy Crucifix, where there is a famous *Confraternity* in which many noble Men of *Rome* are enrolled. Every *Friday* in *Lent* there is excellent Muſic, and one of the beſt Preachers in *Rome*. From hence alſo in the Holy year I ſaw march a Proceſſion of 15000 Men, all in black Buckram Coats to the Heels, with a white Torch in their hands; and they went from hence on the Night of *Manday Thurſday* unto St. *Peters* Church.

St. Carlo *in* Corſo. Then the Church of St. *Carlo* in *Corſo*, where I ſaw the Heart of St. *Charles Barromeo* in a Chryſtal caſe. This Church belongs to the *Milaneſi*.

St. Jacomo *de gl Incurabili.* Then the Church of St. *Jacamo de gl Incurabili*, a neat round Church belonging to the Hoſpital here, where they that are afflicted with incurable diſeaſes, are entertain'd and well tended.

The Convent of the repented Whores. Laſtly, the Church of the Penitent Whores with their Convent; where all thoſe poor Souls that repent themſelves of their bad life, are receiv'd and kept all their Life-time, at the coſt of this Convent. And here I found a great difference between this Convent and the houſe in *Amſterdam*, where Whores are clap'd up. For here theſe poor Souls are lock'd up with their own conſent and deſire: there they are lock'd up by force and violence. Here the poor Women do great acts of Auſterities and Penance; as the bloody Walls of their *Cells*, laid open by a Conflagration,

on, ſhewed unto all the City: there the young Women laugh, and are merry. Here no Man is permitted to ſpeak alone with them, except their Confeſſor and Phyſician; there many Men go to prattle and paſs their time with thoſe wanton Girls, at a ſeparation of rails. Here a Vail hides theſe poor Womens faces: there I ſaw divers with black Patches on their Faces. Here all ſigns of true Repentance are ſeen, there none. Here the love of Virtue and Penance locks up theſe: there the vice of Love locks in thoſe, and not true Repentance; for really all the Repentance I ſaw there was, that it repented me, that I had ſuffered mine Hoſt (who would needs ſhew me all the Rarities of *Amſterdam*) to lead me thither.

O but ſaid an *Hollander* to me, the Pope allows Whores in *Rome*. *Objection.*

To whom I anſwered, no more Sir, than your States do Drunkenneſs, which is a greater Sin of the two, becauſe it rides double, and carrieth Luxury behind it. Do not drink Wine in which is Luxury, *Epheſ.* 5. *Anſwer.*

But ſaith an *Engliſh* Writer, I am told that the Pope both permits, and takes Money of them too for that permiſſion. *Object.*

You have been told many other falſe tales by thoſe who think it lawful to tell untruths, ſo they ſpeak but againſt the Pope: in the mean time I that have been five times in *Rome*, can tell you the contrary; if, by permitting, you mean allowing and approving of them in that courſe. There's a great difference between allowing and permitting a thing. *Moſes* allowed not, but yet permitted the Libel of divorce to the *Jews*, for the hardneſs of their Hearts. So Uſury is permitted, but *Anſw.* Fenton *in his Treatiſe of Uſury.* l. 2. c. 9. *Mat.* 1. 8.

but not allowed in divers Countries for Trades ſake.

Object. But why takes he Money of them?

Anſw. This Money is taken up by you upon credit, not the Pope. For the Pope is ſo far from receiving any Money of theſe drabs, that he goes to great coſt to hinder their trading. No Man perhaps hath told you this, and therefore I'le tell you; know then that the Pope, to hinder all young Women from being naught, hath founded Hoſpitals for poor Girls, where they are carefully brought up till they become either married wives, or Nuns. Nay he gives them Dowries alſo to execute this their choice, diſtributing yearly, upon the Feaſt of our Lady day, in Lent, in the Church of the *Dominicans*, *ſupra Minervam*, a Purſe of Money a piece, to three hundred young Maids who are preſented to him by the Overſeers of the aforeſaid Hoſpitals. Nor is this all, for he cauſeth young Girls of tender years to be taken from their poor ſuſpected Mothers, leſt Poverty *quæ cogit ad turpia*, ſhould make them ſacrifice thoſe tender Virgins to Rich Mens Luſts. In fine, he hath cauſed a Monaſtery to be built in *Rome* to receive thoſe poor unfortunate Women in, who would leave that infamous courſe, if they had but means to live on. Nay, he granteth Indulgences to any that will marry any of thoſe Women to free them from that lewd Courſe, and make them mend. All this the Pope doth, and much more; which would be a deſtroying of his own trade and gain, if it were true, that he countenanceth and alloweth of Whores for his gain. No Miller ever turned the Current of Water from his own Mill.

Petrus a S. Romualdo in his Chronological Treaſure.

Object. But why doth not the Pope diſcountenance and

and puniſh Whores that are known to be ſuch?

He doth ſo. For it is not a diſcountenancing of them, to forbid them to come to publick Meetings, and Aſſemblies, where women of Honour meet? as at the *Corſo*, in the Evenings; at public Marriages; at their ſung *Opera's* and the like? Is it not a diſcountenancing of them to forbid them to go in Coaches in the day time; or to ſtir out of doors in the night? Is it not a puniſhment to them to forbid them to live together, where they might encourage one another, and paſs their time more chearfully? But for the moſt part they live alone, condemned to the melancholy horror of their Crimes, and the Solitude of ſeven whole weeks in *Lent*; when, upon pain of rigorous Puniſhments and Impriſonment, they dare not admit of any Cuſtomers. The like rigour is uſed againſt them alſo in Advent, that during the ſpace of thoſe holy times, theſe unholy Women may have time to think of themſelves, and admit of Gods holy Inſpirations for their amendment. Is it not a *Puniſhment* to them to be oblig'd to enter their names publickly in the Liſt of Whores? For if *Tacitus* obſerves that the old *Romans*, *Satis pœnarum adverſum impudicas in ipſa profeſſione flagitii apud Ædiles credebant*; *thought it Puniſhment enough, againſt unchaſt Women, in their very profeſſing themſelves to be ſuch before the Ædiles.* I cannot but think it a great Puniſhment to Chriſtian Whores (who are at leaſt as ſenſible as the Heathens, of the horrible Diſgrace of having their Name liſted) to be thus defam'd for ever, by remaining Whores upon Record. Is it not a puniſhing of them, to deprive them all their Life-time (as long as they live Whores) of the holy Sacraments; and after their Death, of Chriſtian Burial?

Anſw.

Tacit. *Annal.* 2.

al? Is it not a Puniſhment, and a deterring of them from Vice, to throw their Bodies when they die into an obſcure place, out of the Walls of the Town, as if they deſerv'd no other Burial-places than that of Aſſes? Is it not, in fine, a Puniſhment to them not to be allow'd to make any Will or Teſtament, but to leave all their Goods confiſcated either to the Hoſpitals of poor honeſt Girls, or to the maintaining of thoſe Guards, that are to watch over their deportments? If theſe Puniſhments both of Body, Soul, and Honour, be inflicted upon Whores in *Rome*, as they are, do not urge any more, that Whores are not puniſhed in *Rome*, nor diſcountenanced.

Object. But why doth not the Pope puniſh them home, and root them quite out by baniſhment?

Anſw. This hath been attempted by divers Popes, and namely by *Pius Quintus* of happy memory; (as *Thuanus* in his Hiſtory writes) but ſeeing greater inconveniencies, and greater ſins aroſe upon it, Prudence, which is the Salt that muſt ſeaſon all moral Actions, thought it not fit to carry on that rigor; nor yet allow of Fornication neither. So that all the permiſſion of Whores in *Rome*, that can colourably be imagin'd, is only a not Puniſhing of them in all rigor; and even that too, for a good end; and to hinder greater Evils.

Object. But the Pope being both a Temporal and an Eccleſiaſtical *Superior*, is bound, in my Mind, to break through all reports, and ſettle Innocency in the World.

Anſw. It's Zealouſly ſpoken, and I wiſh he could do it; but *difficilem rem optas generis humani innocentiam, he wiſheth a hard thing, who wiſheth for the Innocency of Mankind*, ſaith a Wiſe Man. And if Princes

Seneca.

Princes ſometimes do not puniſh factious Subjects, when they ſee that the puniſhing of them would pull the whole State to pieces over their heads, and put the whole Kingdom in danger, as it did in *Henry* the Third's time in *France*, upon his cauſing of the Duke of *Guiſe* to be killed in *Blois*: if Generals of Armies take no notice of ſome treacherous Commander, who is univerſally belov'd by the Soldiers; leſt the puniſhing of one Man, loſe them the affection of the whole Army, as we ſaw lately in the caſe of *Lubemirsky* (how truly guilty I know not) and ſome years ago I remember, in the caſe of *Walſtein*, whoſe Puniſhment had almoſt undone the Emperor: why may not the Pope, without approving the Sin of Whores, prudently wave the puniſhing of it with all Rigor, when he ſees that ſuch rigor would cauſe greater diſorders in that hot Nation, and in that City where all nations ſeem to club Vices, as Virtues? Hence learned *Abulenſis*, a great Divine ſaith; *Lecet leges humanæ aliqua mala permittant non puniendo, nullum tamen malum permittunt ſtatuendo.* *In c. 8. l. 1. Reg.*

But the Pope ſhould not govern according either to humane Policy, or humane Laws and Examples. *Object.*

You pretend Zeal, but you would do well to take her Siſter Prudence with her, as our Saviour did, who when he heard his Diſciples deſiring him to let them call down Fire from Heaven upon the criminal *Samaritans*, anſwer'd them calmly, *you know not of what Spirit you are.* Nay doth not God himſelf, who being able to puniſh all criminal Perſons, and root them quite out of the World, *Anſw.* Luke 9.

World, ſuffer both his Sun to Riſe and ſhine upon Sinners, and Sinners to offend in this Sunſhine, and often by it? Hence St. *Thomas* ſaith much to my purpoſe: *Humanum regimen derivatur a divino regimine & ipſum debet imitari. Deus autem quamvis ſit Omnipotens, ac ſumme bonus, permittit tamen aliqua mala fieri in univerſo, quæ prohibere poſſet; ne iis ſublatis, majora bona tollerentur, vel majora mala ſequerentur. Humane Government is deriv'd from Divine Government, and ought to imitate it. Now God although he be Almighty, and highly good, yet he permits Evils to be done in the World, which he could hinder, leſt by taking away them, greater Goods ſhould be taken away, or greater Evils ſhould follow.* But I wade too far in this puddle: yet remember who thruſt me into it, and you'll pardon me.

S. Tho. 2. 2. *q.* 10. *art.* 11. *in Corpore.*

St. Silveſtro in Capite.

Behind the Church and Convent of the aforeſaid Penitents, ſtands the Church of *San Silveſtro in Capite*, ſo called from the Picture of our Saviour's Head and Face, which our Saviour himſelf made by Miracle, and ſent to *Abagarus*, King of *Edeſſa*; as you may read at length in *Baronius*, and in *Boſius* in his rare Book called *Roma Soterranea.* Now this Picture is kept here in this Monaſtery, and with great Probability, ſeeing it was here that divers *Greek* Monks, driven out of their Country by *Conſtantine Capronimus*, for the defence of Sacred Images, were entertained by Pope *Paul* the firſt; and it's very likely that theſe good Men brought with them this famous Picture of our Saviour, to ſave it from the fury of the *Inconoclaſts.*

Returning

Returning from hence into the *Corſo* again, I went to ſee there the *Colonna d' Antonino*, the great Pillar of *Antoninus* the Emperor. It's built juſt like that of *Trajan* deſcrib'd above. It was built by *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* the Emperor, in honour of his Father *Antonius Pius*. It's all of white Marble, engraven without with a *Baſſo relievo* from top to bottom, containing the memorable actions of *M. Aurelius*. It's 175 foot high, and hath in it 206 ſtairs which lead up to the top of it, and 56 little Windows giving light to thoſe Stairs: and yet this high Pillar was made of 28 Stones of Marble. The Carving that is upon it contains the brave Actions of *Marcus Aurelius* over the *Armenians*, *Parthians*, *Germans*, *Wandals*, and *Sarmats*, or *Polonians*, but age hath ſo defac'd theſe *Baſſi relievi* that it is hard to decipher them. He that's curious to know them, may buy them in the printed Cuts ſold in *Rome*. Upon the top of this Pillar ſtands mounted the Statue in Braſs gilt, of St. *Paul*, ſet up here by *Sixtus Quintus*. From the top of this Pillar I had a perfect view of *Rome*, and of almoſt all the ſeven Hills upon which it is built, and are within the Walls: which are theſe. *Colonna Antonia.* *The ſeven Hills of* Rome.

1. The *Capitolin* Hill, where now *Ara Cœli* ſtands, and the *Conſervatorio*. *Mons Capitolinus.*

2. The *Palatin* Hill, I could not ſee becauſe it ſtands behind the former. It was ſo called from the Emperor's Palace that ſtood upon it. *Palatinus.*

3. The *Aventine* Hill ſo called from *Aventinus*, King of *Alba*, buried here where now St. *Sabinas* is. *Aventinus.*

4. The *Cœlian* Hill beginning at St. *Gregories*, and running to St. *John Lateran's*. *Cœlius.*

5. The

Eſquilinus. 5. The *Eſquiline* Hill, *Exquilinus quaſi excubinus*, becauſe of the nightly Watch and Guard upon it. Here ſtands St. *Mary Majors.*

Viminalis. 6. The *Viminal* Hill, ſo called from *Vimina*, that is, *Oſiers*: wherewith it was anciently covered. Here ſtands the *Thermæ Diocletiani*, and the *Villa Montalto.*

Quirinalis. 7. The *Quirinal* Hill, ſo called from the Temple of *Quirinus*, or *Romulus*, which ſtood upon it. Here now ſtands *Montecavallo.* Theſe were the ſeven ancient Hills of *Rome*, to which were added three more, to wit, the *Janicule* hill, ſo called, *Janiculus.* from *Janus* buried here. Here ſtands St. *Petro Montorio.*

Vaticanus. The *Vatican* hill, ſo called from the *Vaticinations* and Soothſayings made here. St. *Peters* Church ſtands now upon it.

Pincius, or hortuorum. The Pazzorella. The *Pincian* hill, now called *Montrinita.* Deſcending from hence, I went to the *Pazzorella*, where they keep Madmen and Fools; and ſaw there ſtrange variety of humours in Folly: yet I was pleaſed to ſee with what Charity and Care thoſe poor Men were tended there.

From hence I ſtept to conſider in the *Piazza di Pietra*, the row of curious Pillars which adorn'd the *Baſilica* of the Emperor *Antoninus*, who had his Palace here, and his *Forum.*

The Roman *College.* Then turning by little unfrequented Streets, I came to the *Roman* College belonging to the Jeſuits.

It's a fair Building, and ſtands conveniently for Concourſe of Scholars from all Parts. Here I Kerkerius *his Gallery.* ſaw the Schools and Gallery of famous *Athanaſius Kerkerius*, full of pretty Curioſities and Experiences, both *Mechanical*, *Mathematical*, and *Hydraulical:*

Hydraulical: yet in my Opinion, its far ſhort of *Canonico Settala*'s Gallery in *Milan*, or *Monſieur Servieres* in *Lyons*. Here's alſo a fair Library, having no fault in it but the common fault of moſt Libraries, to wit, Locks and Keys to it. Good Books ſhould be as common as the Sun, ſeeing they are the lights of our Minds, and made publick by the Preſs: and I cannot but pity a Book, that is impriſoned and lock'd up in a Library, by ſaying unto it: *Odiſti claves & grata ſigilla pudicæ, Paucis oſtendi gemis, & communia laudas.* In fine, I ſaw here the Apothecaries Shop, where a Lay-Brother makes excellent *Roman* Treacle, and other odoriferous Diſtillations of Sovereign Virtue. The Church belonging to this College is deſign'd to be a noble thing, but it's but half built, for want of a whole Founder.

From hence I went to the Dominicans Convent, called *La Minerva*, becauſe it's built upon the place where anciently ſtood the Temple of *Minerva*. Hence alſo the Church is called *Santa Maria ſupra Minervam:* in this Church I ſaw many neat Tombs, as thoſe of *Leo* the X, and *Clement* the VII, both Popes of the Houſe of *Medices:* they ſtand in the Quire, and are neatly wrought by that great Artiſt *Baccio Bandinelli*. Then the Tomb of Cardinal *Pimentelli*, a modern Cardinal. The Tomb of great Cardinal *Morona*, Legate for the Pope in the Council of *Trent*, and a Man who had been thirteen times *Legatus a Latere*. Here alſo lie buried the Aſhes of *Egidio Foſcaria*, Biſhop of *Modena*, called in the Council of *Trent*, *Luminare Majus*. The Tomb of a Lady of the Family of the *Raggi*, is very neat for the new manner of ſpread-

La Minerva.

ing (as I may ſay, and as you would think) of black Marble upon another coloured Marble; and both of them upon a round Pillar. Here on the Goſpel ſide of the high Altar ſtandeth a Statue of our Saviour, made by *Michel Angelo*, of white Marble; a rare piece. At the Entrance of the great door of this Church, lies buried, under a plain flat Stone, *Thomas a Vio Caetanus* St. *Thomas* of *Aquin*'s Second, his Brother in Religion, his Name-ſake, his learned Commentator, and only not he. Out of humility he would not be buried within the Church, but out of it. In the Sacriſty of this Church, I ſaw the Chappel of *Katherine* of *Siena*, and this Chappel was once her very Chamber in *Siena*: Cardinal *Antonio Barberino*, Protector of this Order, cauſed it to be transferred hither from *Siena*. Her Body lieth under the Altar of the *Roſary* in this Church.

St. Andrea *della Valle.* From the *Minerva* I went to Saint *Andrea della Valle*, a fine Church belonging to the *Theatins*. It's built upon the place where the Theater of *Pompey* ſtood, anciently; and where, in latter times, ſtood the Palace of the Family of the *Picolomini*; and perchance this was the reaſon why two Popes of that Family, to wit, *Pius Secundus*, and *Pius Tertius* are now buried in this Church. The *Cupola* was painted by *Cavalier Lanfranco*; the three Corners under the *Cupola*, and the Tribune are of the hand of *Domenichini*. The neat Chappel of the *Barberini*, made by Pope *Urban* the VIII, while he was but yet Cardinal, is built upon the very place where St. *Sebaſtian* was beaten and thrown into a Sink after he had been ſhot. There had been formerly a little Church built upon

upon this place, and over this Sink, but *Sixtus Quintus* gave leave it ſhould be pulled down, upon condition a Chappel of the new deſign'd Church ſhould be built in place of it. In fine, take all this Church together, and it is one of the neateſt Churches (except the *Baſilica*) that are in *Rome*, being of the Architecture of *Maderna*.

In the *Piazza*, or rather the Street which goes before this Church, lived not long ago, *Pietro della Valle*, that ingenious *Roman* Gentleman, who having ſpent great means in Travelling, hath left us three Volumes in *Quarto* of his curious relations of Voyages. In this houſe here he had three whole *Mummies* with their Coffins or Caſes painted anciently, and adorned with divers *Hieroglyphics*. He ſpent much Money in buying many other rarities, which he kept alſo here. *Pietro della Valle.*

Behind this Church lived, when I firſt was acquainted with *Rome*, another great *Virtuoſo*, and Gentleman of *Rome*, I mean the ingenious *Cavalier Pozzo*, with whom I was brought acquainted, and ſaw all his Rarities, his curious Pictures, Medals, *Baſſi relievi*, his excellent Books of the rareſt things in the World, which he cauſed to be Painted, Copied, and deſign'd out with great Coſt. *Cavalier Pozzo.*

From hence I went to the Palace of the Duke *Matthei*, where I ſaw many good Pictures and Statues, eſpecially that long Picture repreſenting fully the manner of *Clement* the VIII his going from *Rome* to take poſſeſſion of *Ferrara*. *The Palace of Matthei*

Thence falling in at St. *Carlo in Catenari*, a neat round Church, I went to the *Cancellaria*. This Palace was built of the Stones of the *Coliſeo*, by Cardinal *Riarii*. The chief thing *The Cancellaria.*

I saw in it was the Gallery of Pictures of Cardinal *Barberin*, who being *Vice-Chancellor*, liveth always in this Palace, to exercise his Charge the better.

San Lorenzo in Damaso. This Palace looks into the Church of *San Lorenzo* in *Damaso*, a *Collegiate* Church. Under the high Altar reposeth the Body of St. *Damasus* Pope. The Walls of the Body of the Church are rarely painted with the History of St. *Laurence*.

The Palace of Farnesi. Not far from hence stands the Palace of *Farnesi* belonging to the Duke of *Parma*. Before it stands a noble *Piazza* with two rare Fountains in it. The Palace it self is one of the best in *Rome*, or elsewhere. It makes an Isle, that is, it hath no houses joyning to it. The form of it is square, and it hath, in the midst of every square, a great door, letting you into the Court. This Court is built upon Pillars and Arches, with a fair open Gallery above, letting you into several appartiments. In this Court I saw the famous Statue of *Hercules*, leaning upon his Club, which was found in the *Therme* of *Antoninus Caracalla*: One of the Legs is modern, the rest old, and made by *Glyco* an *Athenian*, as the Greek words upon it told me.

There is another Statue of *Hercules* opposite to it, and just like it, but not so good, being but a Copy of the former. The other Statues here of the two *Flora*'s, the two *Gladiators* and others, are excellent pieces. Mounting up the great stairs to go into the Chambers and open Gallery, I saw the curious statue of the Boy and the Dolphin; and at the door of the great Hall, the statues of two *Parthian* Captive Kings. Entring into

into that Hall, I met presently with the rare statue of *Alexander Farnesi*, Duke of *Parma*, trampling upon two prostrate Statues, representing Heresie and Rebellion, while Fame Crowns him. All these four several Persons are of white Marble, and of one entire stone. Its pity that such a Statue stands not in some more publick place, to teach Men to beware of the Mother and the Daughter, Heresie and Rebellion; and shew them what long hands Kings have. In the same Hall I saw the two excellent statues of Charity and Plenty, in cumbent postures; and they are the Fellows to those two statues which adorn the Tomb of *Paulus Tertius*, the raiser of this Family, in St. *Peter*'s Church. Round about this Room also, stand a world of statues of Gladiators, standing with their Swords in their hands, and in several postures, upon their guard. In the next Chamber I saw rare Pictures, containing some actions of *Paulus Tertius*; and they are of the hand of *Salviati* and *Federico Zuccari*. There is also the Picture of *Luther* disputing with *Cajetan*; and a Picture of the four Latin Doctors of the Church, St. *Hierome*, St. *Ambrose*, St. *Augustin*, and St. *Gregory*, of the hand of *Perdonini*. In another Chamber, a world of ancient statues of Philosophers and Poets: As *Euripides*, *Plato*, *Possidonius*, *Zeno*, *Seneca*, *Diogenes*, *Pacchus*, *Meleager*, and others: Another Room full of Pictures of choice hands, and a curious Table of *Pietre Commesse*, about twelve Foot long, and five wide. Then the rare Gallery of statues, with the Roof of it painted most admirably, by the ravishing hand of great *Hunibal Carraccio*, and containing the representation of the

The Statue of Alexander Farnesi.

loves of the Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes. This Painting may be compared, if not preferred, before all the Galleries of *Rome* or *Europe*; and the very cuts of it in Paper Pictures, ſold at the Stationers ſhop, are moſt admirable and worth buying. In the ſame Gallery alſo ſtands the incomparable ſtatue of *Apollo*, in a flint ſtone. Here is alſo a curious Library, in which, beſides the curious Books, are many rare pieces of miniature, and rare Pictures of *Raphael* and *Titian*, and divers excellent deſigns of the ſame *Raphael*, and of *Michel Angelo*; that eſpecially of his Judgment. Returning again through the ſame Rooms, I could not but gaze again at the ſtatue of my favourite *Heros*, *Alexander Farneſi*, and began at laſt to think that I was miſtaken, even now when I ſaid, that *Hercules* his ſtatue ſtood in the Court below; for upon better reflection, I find no ſtatue in the Palace to reſemble *Hercules* ſo much, as this of *Alexander* of *Parma*; of whom I may ſay, as *Sulla* ſaid of *Cæſar*, *In uno Cæſare, multi ſunt Marii : In one* Alexander *of* Parma, *there are many* Herculeſes.

Then mounting up into an appartment over the former, I ſaw divers Chambers exquiſitely furniſhed with Pictures and leſſer Statues. In the long Gallery there are divers rare pieces, of the hand of *Carraccio*. In the other Rooms many ancient curious things, as an ancient piece of Painting, found in *Adrian*'s *Villa*, and made fifteen hundred years ago; another ancient Picture of *Eugenius* the IV. ſtudying, and St. *Bernard* ſtanding by him. A rare deſign of *Vaſſari*, repreſenting a Town in *Flanders*, taken by *Alexander Farneſi*. *Michael Angelo*'s true Picture. The *Ve-*

nus

nus of *Michael Angelo*. The little old Picture of our Lady, and St. *John Baptist* in a small Mosaick work. A Crucifix in Ivory of *Michael Angelo*'s making. The design, or rather the perfect model of the Bridge thrown over the *Scheld*, by which *Alexander Farnesi* took *Antwerp*. A great Cabinet of *Medals*, with a world of other rarities, too long to be related, but never enough to be seen.

Then descending into a little back Court, I saw there the famous *Toro*. It is a statue of a great Bull, to whose Horns, a Rope being tied at one end, and at the other end of it a Womans hair, two lusty Fellows are striving to push this Bull from a promontory, into the Sea below, and the Woman together with him, to make her away. The story is known, and it is of *Amphion* and *Zetus*, who to revenge their Mother *Antiope*, for the wrong done her by *Dirce* (who had got *Lycus* King of *Thebes*, to repudiate *Antiope*, for to marry her) took this *Dirce*, and tying her to a Bulls Horns, threw them both, the Bull and the Woman into the Sea. The Bull, the two Brothers, the Woman, a little Boy, and a Dog, are all cut out of one Marble stone. The snatling Fellow that keeps this Bull, or rather, whom this Bull keeps, will tell you another story of this Statue through the Nose: But seeing he sells his story as well as tells it, you had better give him a *Julio* betimes, to be rid of him, than hear another long and new Fable. *The famous Bull.*

Going from hence into the great *Piazza* again, I stept into the house of the *Signori Pighini*, which stands over against the Palace of *Farnesi*; to see two Statues, the one of *Venus*, the other

of *Adonis*; both ancient ones, and ſo rarely made, that the Earl of *Arondel*, late Lord Marſhal of *England*, offered twelve Thouſand Crowns for them, but was refuſed.

Paſſing from hence towards the Palace of Cardinal *Spada*, I entered into it, and there ſaw many exquiſite Pictures.

Ponte Siſto The Hoſpital of the Holy Trinity.

Thence I went to *Ponte Siſto*, and from thence to the Hoſpital of the Trinity, which receives all Pilgrims coming to *Rome*, for three days, and treateth them plentifully. I confeſs, I went often hither, and as often admired the wonderful charity which is done here daily; but eſpecially in the holy week in *Lent*, by the *Confraternity* of this *Hoſpital*, of which, moſt are Gentlemen. Here Noblemen, Biſhops and Cardinals waſh the Pilgrims feet, and then ſerve them at Supper in the long Refectory, where there are frequently, in the holy week, four hundred Pilgrims at once at Table.

S. Girolamo della Charita.

Returning from thence, I went to St. *Girolamo della Charita*, a Church and Houſe of good Prieſts, and moſt of them Gentlemen, living of their own expences, yet all in Community. St. *Philip Neri* inſtituted them, and lived among them thirty years. In the Church I ſaw, upon the high Altar, an excellent Picture of St. *Hierome*.

The Engliſh College.

Hard by ſtands the Engliſh College, once an Hoſpital for the Engliſh, and built by the Engliſh Merchants in *Rome*, to receive Engliſh Pilgrims in; becauſe a poor Engliſh Woman had been found worried by Dogs, in the night, for want of a Lodging. In the Church of this Col-

lege

lege lies buried, Cardinal *Alan*, the laſt Engliſh Cardinal of our Nation.

From hence I went to the *Chieſa Nuova*, belonging to the good Prieſts of the Oratory. This is one of the neateſt Churches in *Rome*, and the beſt ſerved. It's all painted in the roof, by the rare hand of *Pietro di Cartona*, and richly gilt. Here I ſaw the neat Chappel of St. *Philip Neri*, a primitive Saint in all things but time. He was the Inſtitutor of this holy Company of Prieſts, who are Religious Men in all things but in vows, and name. The Chappel and Altar of this great Saint, is on the Goſpel ſide of the high Altar, his true Picture there, was made by *Guido Rheni*. Under this Altar, in a lower Chappel, or Vault, lieth the body of this Saint, in an Iron Cheſt: If you deſire to know his Merits and Life, ask all *Rome* which lately ſaw them, and daily feels them. On the other ſide of the high Altar within the Rails, lies buried *Cæſar Baronius*, once a Prieſt of this houſe, and forced, after much reluctancy, to be made Cardinal by *Clement* the VIII. He deſerved this honour in the opinion of all Men, for having written his incomparable Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory: and if *Hercules*, for helping *Atlas* to bear up Heaven one day only, was feigned by *Poets* to have deſerved to be taken up to Heaven; I may juſtly ſay, that *Baronius* deſerved well the purple of the Church, for having alone born up the cauſe of the Church of God, againſt a whole Troop of Centuriators. For my part, I reckon it among my felicities, to have lived after *Baronius*, and to have ſpent a good part of three years ſtudy, in reading his Sacred Annals, which coſt him ten times three years

The Chieſa Nuova.

Cardinal Cæſar Baronius.

ſtudy

ſtudy in writing. And here I could enter into a fair field of his Praiſes; and like the Eagle, in the ſtory, having nothing elſe to give him, give him a Feather, that is one caſt of my Pen; but that I write of Countries now, and not of Men; and that his full Praiſes may be included in thoſe three ſhort Encomiums; *Eccleſiæ Cotles*; *Cæſar Chriſtianus*; *Orbis Locupletator*.

The houſe of theſe good Prieſts deſerves alſo to be ſeen, for the Libraries ſake, which is one of the beſt in *Rome*, and for the great Oratories ſake; where there is every Sunday and Holy-day in *Winter* at Night, the beſt Muſic in the World.

The Oratory

From hence I went to the Church *de la Pace*, a neat Church, and adorned with excellent Painting and Statues. Here many famous Painters have ſignaliz'd their Memories, as *Peruzzi* of *Siene*, *Vaſaria*, *Lavinia*, a Lady of *Bolognia*, *Fontana*, *Genteleſchi*, *Cavalier Gioſeppe*, *Roſſi*, and *Raphael Urbin* himſelf, who painted the Prophets and *Sybils* in the Chappel of *Auguſtino Chigi*: and ſome think that he made the little Boys that are ſo well done. The Statues of St. *Peter* and S. *Paul* are of the Hand of *Michel Angelo*.

La Pace.

Going from hence through the Street of the *Stationers*, I came to *Piazza di Paſquino*, which is thought to be the very Center of *Rome*. And here I cannot forget *Paſquin* himſelf, who forgets no man. This *Paſquin* is an old broken Statue, ſomething like that of *Hercules* in the *Belvedere*, deſcribed above, and of ſome rare Hand. And becauſe it ſtands near three or four Streets, whereby to eſcape when they have fixed the *Libels*, jeering Wits ſet up here, and father upon poor *Meſſer Paſquino*, their Satyrical Jeſts, called from

Paſquin.

from him, *Paſquinades*; which *Morſorius*, another Statue near the *Capitol*, uſeth to anſwer.

From hence paſſing on to the Church of S. *Pantaleon*, belonging to the Fathers of the *Scholæ Piæ*. I was willing to enter into it, and ſee it, becauſe four Hundred years ago it was a Collegiate Church, and poſſeſſed by *Engliſh* Prieſts, as may appear by the Inſcription upon a Bell which was caſt then. *St.* Pantaleon.

From hence I ſtept into *Pizza Navona*, called ſo by corruption, from *Piazza d'Agona*, becauſe this *Piazza* was anciently a *Circus* for Sports, and it was called *Circus Agonalis*. In the midſt of it anciently ſtood a great *Egyptian* Pillar, with Hieroglyphics upon it; and now of late it hath gotten another ſuch Pillar ſet up here by Pope *Innocent* the X, with a rare Fountain iſſuing forth at the Foot of it, and adorned with four great Statues of white Marble, repreſenting the four Parts of the World. In this place alſo ſtands the new Church of St. *Agnes*, built upon the place where ſhe was condemned to the Stews. This Church is built at the Coſt of *Princepe Pamphilio*, whoſe Palace joyns upon it. This Palace overlooking the *Piazza Navona*, deſeres not only a glance of an Eye, but alſo an hours Inſpection within. The Chambers are many and fair, and the great Hall a moſt lovely Room, if Paintings and variety of Pictures in Frames can make a Houſe handſome. *Piazza Navona.* *The Church of* Agnes. *The Palazzo Pamphilio.*

In this *Piazza* I ſaw the Palace of the Duke of *Braccino*, of the Houſe of *Orſini*, and that of the Family of *Torres*.

The *Spaniſh* Church here called St. *Jacomos*, is not to be forgotten. Here lies buried in it *Ciaconius*, *St.* Jacomo.

conius, a learned Critic for a *Spaniard*. The Picture here in Oyl of *San Diego* is of *Annibal Caraccio*.

The Sapienza. Over againſt the Back-door of this Church ſtands the *Sapienza*, a fair College, where the publick *Lectures* are read. This College was begun by *Eugenius* the IV, but much beautified of late with handſome Schools, and a neat Church, by *Urban* the VIII, and a public Library by *Alexander* the VII. We have had in my time two *Engliſhmen* that were Readers here; Doctor [illegible], and Doctor *Gibbs*, a noble *Ceſarean Laureat* Poet, and the *Horace* of this Age.

St. Lewis. From hence paſſing through the *Piazza Madama*, and before the Palace of the Grand *Duca*, I went to St. *Lewis* his Church, belonging to the *French* Nation. It's an handſome Church, and well ſerved with *French* Prieſts. There's alſo an Hoſpital belonging to that Church and Nation. In the Church I found, upon a Pillar on the left hand, the Picture of great Cardinal *Doſſat*, a *French-man*, whom I may juſtly call Great, becauſe he was both a great States-man, and yet a very good Man; that is, he was a great Servant to his King, and yet a great Servant of God. His rare Letters ſhew the one, and his Life written by *Du Verdier* ſhews the other. Here lies alſo buried, in the middle almoſt of this Church, an *Engliſh* Prieſt of great Vertue, by name *More*, of the Family of great Sir *Thomas More*; and Heir of that Family, if I miſtake not. His younger Brother and he ſtriving whether of them ſhould be Prieſt, it was his prerogative of Age, which making him to be four and twenty before his Brother, made him enter into Orders before him,

him, and become Prieſt, leaving the Eſtate to his Brother. It was he that ſet us out the Life of Sir *Thomas More*, in *Engliſh*: at laſt retiring to *Rome* to be Agent for his Brethren the Clergy, having ended this Buſineſs there happily (which was the procuring a Catholic Biſhop) he ended his Life ſo too, and was buried here by his own Choice.

The Palace of Juſtiniani.

From hence I went to the Palace of *Juſtiniani*, which is hard by. Here I ſaw ſo many Statues of the old heathen Gods, and ſuch Rooms full of old Marble Feet of them, that you would almoſt ſwear the Heathen Gods, when they were baniſhed out of the *Pantheon*, had been committed hither as to a Priſon: or that ſome of the Anceſtors of this Houſe had been Shoo-makers to the old Gods, and therefore was oblig'd to have their Laſts and Meaſures. For they had Gods of all ſizes, ſeeing (as *Varro* ſaith) they had 30000 Gods. A world of theſe Statues are yet ſeen in the Gallery above, and in every Room in the Houſe, which they clog, rather than adorn. And yet ſcarce one of them but is a *Palladium* to this Family; and would portend its ſudden ruin if alienated. For as I remember the old Prince *Juſtiniani* dying without Heirs Male, left this Man his Heir, with this *Proviſo*, that he ſhould not ſo much as alienate one Statue upon pain of forfeiting the whole Houſe and Goods. Judge then whether he had not need to keep the Statues chain'd up, as the *Tyrians* did their Gods, in a Siege; or whether the throwing of one of theſe Statues out of the Window, would not be properly a throwing the Houſe out of the Windows. Upon which occaſion, I cannot omit to tell you how the ancient

ancient Statues of *Rome* were grown at last to be so many in number, that (as *Cassiodore* saith wittily of them) *posteritas pene parem populum urbi dedit, quam natura procreavit*, Posterity had made almost as many Men, by Art, in the City, as were made by Nature. And these Statues grew to that excess too, that Marble ones were thought too vulgar, and Gold and Silver ones were erected by riotous Men, who scorned to be like others in any thing but in being Mortal. But to return again to this House, I cannot leave it without minding you of some rare Pictures, of *Titian* and other prime Masters, which are shown in the Gallery above; especially the rare Picture of St. *John* the Evangelist, of the hand of *Raphael Urbin*; and that of our Lady and St. *Joseph* in another Room, which is a rare Copy of that famous Picture in the Cloister of the *Annunciata* in *Florence*, of *Andrea del Sarta*.

Cassiod. l. 7.

St. Eustachio.

From hence I went to the Church of St. *Eustachio*, having seen in the way the goodly Ruins of the *Thermæ* of *Alexander Severus*. In the Porch of this Church I saw an Inscription in a Stone, which told me that *Alexander* of *Parma* was Christened here with his Brother, being Twins. This Church stands in the place where St. *Eustachius* with his Wife *Theopista*, and his Sons *Agapitus* and *Theopistus*, were put into a Brazen Bull, and martyr'd by the brazen Heart of *Trajan*, whom *Eustachius* had served twice as General of his Armies, and gained him as many Victories.

The Rotonda or Pantheon.

From hence I went to the *Rotonda*, otherwise called anciently the *Pantheon*, because it was dedicated to all Gods. This is a bolder piece of Architecture

cture than Men think. For whereas other Vaults are ſtrengthened and made good by being ſhut up cloſe at the top, and in the Center of the Vault, which hinders the Vault from ſhrinking; here this great maſſive Vault is left wide open at the top, with a hole above three yards wide in Diameter. Indeed *Sebaſtianus Serlius*, an experienced Man in Fabrics, thinks this Church to be the Unic example of perfect Architecture; and *Pliny* in his time placed it among the rareſt Works that were then extant. It hath no window in it, nor any other light, but what comes in at the wide hole mentioned above. Anciently it was covered with Brazen Tiles, and thoſe gilt too, as *Lipſius* thinks; but now it's covered with great flat Stones. It's an Hundred and forty Foot high, and as many broad: and yet it hath no pillars to bear up that great Roof. Indeed it hath thruſt all the Pillars out of doors, and makes them wait in the Porch; where there are thirteen great Pillars all of one piece, each one 53 Foot high, and ſix in Diameter, all of a granite or ſpeckled Marble. The *Capitelli* of theſe Pillars are the beſt in *Rome*, of *Corinthian* order. Here is the Tomb of the incomparable Painter, *Raphael Urbin.*

Ille hic eſt Raphael, *timuit quo ſoſpite vinci.*
Rerum magna Parens, & moriente mori.

In this Temple ſtood anciently the famous *Minerva* made by *Phidias*, of which Hiſtories ring. There alſo was plac'd the Statue of *Venus*, in whoſe Ear that incomparable Pearl of *Cleopatra* hung, which upon a riotous Wager with *M. Antony*

tony (whether of them ſhould make the moſt coſtly Supper) ſhe was going to throw into a glaſs of Vinegar, to macerate it (as ſhe had done another before) and drink it up: But *M. Antony* ſtopping her hand, and confeſſing himſelf overcome, the Pearl ſaith *Pliny*, was put in the Ear of *Venus* in the *Pantheon*. In the round holes over the Altars, were ſet thoſe Heads of the Gods of the Heathens, which are now ſeen in the *Belvedere* of the *Maſchere*. This Temple and its Porch were ſo lined anciently with Braſs, that there was enough of it to make divers great Cannons, by Pope *Urbans* Command, and the great Canopy with the four Pillars which adorn St. *Peter*'s high Altar. And though the People and *Paſquin*, two equally ſenſeleſs things, murmured much at the taking away of this Braſs, yet ſeeing the *Pantheon* receiv'd no damage thereby, and ſeeing it was improv'd to that heighth, that it became *Eccleſiæ Ornamentum & Urbi Munimentum*, the wiſer ſort of Men thought it well employed, and let the People and Malice talk. I had almoſt forgot to tell you that this Temple was made by *Agrippa*, who had been thrice *Conſul*, as the words in the *Architrave* of the Porch yet ſhew.

S. Lorenzo *in* Lucina.

From hence I went through the *Campo Marzo*, unto the Church of St. *Lorenzo* in *Lucina*, which is ſerved by *Clerici Regolari Minori*. It's an ancient Church neatly repaired of late, and the greateſt Pariſh Church in *Rome*.

The Palace of Burgheſi.

From hence I went to ſee the Palace of *Burgheſi*, which is hard by. This is one of the nobleſt Palaces in *Rome*. It gives you a fair Broadſide of Windows, three Stories one over another; and its Length is Prodigious. Mounting up to the

the Chambers I found a fair open Gallery built upon Arches and Pillars round about the Court. This Gallery lets you into ſeveral Apartments; and on that ſide which overlooks the *Piazza*, I ſaw a Row of ten or twelve great Chambers, through which I looked at once. In theſe Chambers, and the other Rooms I obſerv'd theſe things. 1. Rich Hangings, and over them rare Painting, made by a *Capucin* Lay-Brother. The Hiſtory of the Queen of *Saba* coming to viſit *Solomon*'s Court; and the rape of the *Sabines*, which make this *Fregio* over the Hangings, are ſo rarely well done, that *Raphael* and *Michel Angelo* could not have mended them for Colours. 2. A great Cabinet of *Ebony*, ſet with Hiſtories caſt in Gold, and ſet with rich Precious Stones; it's valued at threeſcore Thouſand Crowns. 3. A rare picture of *Hercules* and *Anteus*. 4. *Raphael*'s own Picture. 5. The laſt Supper, by *Titian*. 6. The Terraſs and Garden, with Box, Knots and Fountains of Water, all at the very top of the Houſe, and overlooking the Street, River, Meadows and St. *Peters*. 7. The little black Gallery of Pictures, where among others I was ſhewn the Pictures of *Martin Luther*, *Nicolas Macchiavel*, and *Caſar Borgia*; the two laſt great Corrupters of Policy and Manners. 8. The low cool Gallery, full of Statues and Pictures, eſpecially of the *Borgheſian* Family. That of *Paulus Quintus* in a ſmall Moſaick work is ſcarce to be diſcover'd from Painting: as alſo the aſſumption of our Lady in the ſame work. There I ſaw alſo *Titian*'s own Picture, and the rare *Crucifix* made by *Michel Angelo*, ſo to Life, that ſome Men have fabulouſly given out that he drew it after a crucified Man.

Mauſoleum Auguſti. From hence I went to the *Mauſoleum Auguſti*, or the Tomb of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, ſtanding near St. *Rock's* Church, in a place hard to be found out. It was once one of the neateſt Structures in *Rome*. And it was but fitting that the firſt of the Emperors ſhould have an honourable Tomb; and that he who having found *Rome* built of Brick only, had left it all of Marble, ſhould have a Marble Monument erected to him after his Death. *Urbem Lateritiam inveni, marmoream relinquo:* ſaid *Auguſtus*. The *Mauſoleum* was a round Building of white Marble, going up with four Stories ſet round with Pillars, and each Story growing leſſer and leſſer, with green Trees ſet about every Story; having at the top of all, the Brazen Statue of *Auguſtus*. It was two Hundred and Fifty Cubits high. But now it's much defaced, and we ſee ſomething of the greatneſs of it, but little of its Beauty.

Suetan.

St. Ant. di Padua. Going from hence to the Church of St. *Antony of Padua* belonging to the *Portugheſi*, I ſaw the Tomb of the great *Canoniſt* and *Caſuiſt Navarre*, or *Martin Aſpeleuita*, with his Statue in Buſto over it. This good Man hearing how his great Friend *Caranza* was called to *Rome* to anſwer for himſelf in Points of Doctrin, which he was falſly accuſed of, followed him thither of his own accord, to defend his cauſe and clear his innocency, and having done it, died here.

St. Auguſtino. Near to this Church ſtands the Church and Convent of the *Auſtin Friers*. In the Church I ſaw the Tomb of St. *Monica*, Mother to St. *Auguſtin*. Here alſo lies buried *Onufrius Panvinus* a Fryar of this Convent, learned in ſacred Antiquities, and in the *Hebrew* Tongue. In the Convent

vent I often ſaw the neat Library, called *Bibliotheca Angelica*, becauſe *Angelus Rocca*, a Biſhop and Maſter of the Popes *Sacriſty*, gave it at his Death to his Convent; with an Obligation of letting it be open in the Mornings. There among many curious Books, I remember to have ſeen the Prophecies of *Joachim*, where among other things he ſaith, that the *Turks* ſhall be overcome and ruined by three Nations: by the *French*, *propter bonos equos:* by the *Engliſh*, *propter bonos marinarios*: and by the *Venetians*, *propter bonum conſilium*. Theſe are his very words.

Bibliotheca Angelica.

Joachims Prophecy of the Turks.

Near to the aforeſaid Church ſtands the Church of St. *Apollinaris*, and the *German* College. Here the beſt Singers of *Rome* meet conſtantly.

St. *Apollinaris*

The German College.

Over againſt this Church ſtands the Palace of the Duke of *Alteмps*: In which I ſaw the great Hall, and in it the triumph of *Bacchus* in a *Baſſo relievo* cut in Marble, with exquiſite Art. I ſaw alſo here the repreſentation of a Town cut in Wood, an ancient and curious piece. The Picture of our B. Lady, with her Son in her Arms, valued at five Thouſand Piſtols; it is of *Raphael's* Hand. The neat Library full of divers good Manuſcripts and other Books. In fine, the noble Chapel with the Tomb of S. *Anaclet* Pope, under the Altar, with the Head of this Saint in the *Sacriſty*, enchaſed in Silver, and ſet thick with rich Stones. The rich ornaments here for the Church Service, coſt the Duke an Hundred and twenty Thouſand Crowns.

The Palazzo d' Altemps.

From hence in fine, I went to St. *John Florentins*, a neat Church belonging to the *Florentins*, at whoſe coſt it was built. Here is in one of the

St. *John* Florentins *Church.*

Chappels the picture of our Saviour's Resurrection, made by *Lanfrans*, a rare piece. And being lodged near this Church, I found that I had wandered all over *Rome*, and was now come again to the Bridg of St. *Angelo*, where I began my first days Journey thro *Rome*.

But seeing that in such Towns as this, there is always something to be seen after all, I made many irregular excursions up and down *Rome*, to view many things which I had not taken in my direct way before: as some Palaces, some rare Fountains, divers Antiquities, studies of *Virtuosi*, and the like, which I have been forc'd, for Methods sake, to pass over; yet because there are whole Books of all the Palaces, Fountains, Statues and Antiquities, set forth in Cuts and Pictures, I remit my Reader to them, while I ask one question.

Where are now those rare pieces of Antiquity which Histories rather mention, than we find now in *Rome*? as the *Cymboum Marii*, the *Gregostasis*; the *Curia Hostilia*, the Golden House of *Nero*; the Theater of *Pompey*, of which *Tertullian* saith, *Pompeius magnus solo suo Theatro minor*; the *Forum Nervæ*; the Theater of *Statilius Taurus*; the *Septizonium Severi*, the Tower of *Mecænas*; the *Hippodromus*; the House of *Gordianus*; the *Circus Flaminius*; the *Circus Maximus*; the *Atrium Libertatis*; *Scipio*'s House; the Triumphal Arch of *Augustus Cæsar*, of *Domitian*? And a World of other such rare buildings, whereby the *Romans* thought to have eternized their memories; if you ask for these things in Books, you should find their names only, if you look for them now in *Rome*, you shall find no marks at all of them: which makes me cry out with *Petrarch*,

Tertul. Lib. de Spectac. c. 10.

Crede

Crede mihi aliis quam lapideis fundamentis eget gloria, ut sit mansura: Believe me, true permanent glory stands in need of other Foundations than those of Stone. Hence *Janus Vitalis* an ingenious *Italian* Poet, having observ'd that all the old massive Buildings of *Rome* are mouldered away, and that *Fluid Tyber* only remains still, cries out with this sweet Moral, *Petrarc. In Remed. utriusque Fort.*

Disce hinc quid possit fortuna; immota labascunt
Et quæ perpetuo sunt fluitura, manent.

But I cannot leave *Rome* without taking notice of the Devotion, Music, Ceremonies, Shows, Government, and the Inhabitants of this place: of each of which I will give a touch, both for my Travellers sake, and my Readers.

And first for the Devotion of *Rome*, I found it to be very great and real in those places where the *Quarante Hore* and Stations are kept. For all the year long the *Quarante Hore* go from one Church to another, through all the Churches of *Rome*; and there you shall always see a world of devout People praying and meditating and hearing the Sermons, and giving of Alms, and all this with that profound respect and silence, with that assiduity and concourse, with that fervor and zeal, that you need not ask where the Station is, but only observe where you see the People flocking so fast in the morning, and where the Poor make the greatest Hedge and Lane. In other Churches of *Rome*, upon their Festival days (which happen almost every day, in one place or other) they have the best Music can be got: and though this seems to draw mens Ears to the *Devotion in* Rome.

Church, rather than their hearts; yet when I remember what elevated thoughts it breeds in the mind, and how innocently it detains Men from doing worſe, I cannot but place Church-Muſic among the acts of devotion.

The Muſic of Rome.

Now, as for this Muſic, it is the beſt in the world, and in the beſt kind, which is Voices. For my part having read in a learned Author, that the hating of Muſic is a ſign of a Soul quite out of tune, and not right ſtrung for predeſtination; and that the *Scythian* King, who held the neighing of his Horſe to be far better Muſic, than the Pipe of famous *Timotheus*; was held for an Aſs himſelf; I thought it both comely and lawful to love Muſic: And being in a place where the beſt Muſic was, I frequented it often with ſingular ſatisfaction. Now the beſt Muſic I heard, was the Muſic of the Popes Chappel, conſiſting of pure Voices, without any Organ or other Inſtruments: Every ſinger here knowing his part ſo well, that they ſeem all to be Maſters of Muſic. Then the Muſic of the *Chieſa Nova*; of S. *Apollinaris*; upon St. *Cecilies* day in the Church of that Saint, the *Patroneſs* of Singers; of the Oratory of St. *Marcello* every *Friday* in *Lent*; of the *Jeſuits*, during the *Quarante Hore* in *Shrovetide*; of every good Church of Nuns upon their Patrons day; eſpecially that of the Nuns of *Campo Marzo*, where I heard often *Fonſeca* ſing ſo rarely well, that ſhe ſeemed to me, to cheer up much the Church in its Combats; and to make the Church *Militant*, either look like the Church *Triumphant*, or long for it. In a word, whoſoever loves Muſic, and hears but once this of *Rome*, thinks he hath made a ſaving Journey

to

to *Rome*, and is well payed for all his pains of coming ſo far.

Having given my ears many a break-faſt upon the Muſic, I gave my eyes many a Collation upon the Ceremonies of *Rome*, which were chiefly theſe. The Ceremony of the Popes opening of the *Porta Santa* of St. *Peter's* Church, in the *Jubile year*. The Ceremonies of the Popes Chappel, when he aſſiſts there, eſpecially upon *Candelmas-day*, *Palmſunday*, *Maunday-Thurſday*, &c. The Ceremony of the Popes waſhing of thirteen Pilgrims Feet; of his ſinging Maſs publickly in St. *Peter's* Church, upon St. *Peter's* day, and other great days; the Ceremony of Beatifying and of Canonizing of Saints; the Ceremony of his creating new Cardinals, & giving them their Cap in public Conſiſtory; the Ceremony of the Maſs ſung in *Greek* and according to the *Greek* rites, in the Church of the *Greek Seminary*, upon the Feaſt of the *Epiphany*, and St. *Athanaſius* his day; the Ceremony of Baptizing the *Jews*; with a world of others. One Ceremony I was not unwilling to miſs in my five ſeveral Voyages, becauſe it always implies the death of a Spiritual Father, I mean, the Ceremony of a *Sede Vacante*: And of all the bad Compliments that ever I heard made, I like none ſo ill as that of a Noble Man of *Germany*, who being asked by Pope *Innocent* the X. whether he had ſeen all the Ceremonies of *Rome*, anſwered, that he had ſeen all, but a *Sede Vacante*, as if he had ſaid; Holy Father, I have ſeen all the fine ſights of *Rome*, but your death. A horrible *Tramontane* compliment, which put even the Pope himſelf to a ſmile. *The Ceremonies.*

The Shows of Rome *Sacred.*

As for the Shows, I ſaw divers, both Sacred and Prophane. As the whipping Proceſſions in the Holy Week. The great Proceſſion from St. *Marcello's* Oratory to St. *Peter's* Church, upon *Maunday Thurſday*, in the Holy Year. The *Spaniſh* Proceſſion, in *Piazza Navona*, upon *Eaſter-day* in the Morning, in the Holy Year. The Proceſſion of the *Zitelle* upon our *Ladies* day in *Lent*. The Proceſſion of the Prieſts of the Oratory upon *ShroveTueſday*, to the ſeven Churches; with five or ſix Thouſand perſons following of them, all whom they treat in an open field, giving every one a couple of hard Eggs, and a ſlice of *ſalſigia*, with Bread and Wine. The ſeveral *Cavalcata's* of the Pope and Cardinals. The *Spaniſh Cavalcata* upon St. *Peters* Eve, when then *Spaniſh* Embaſſador preſents the purſe of Gold, and the *Gennet*. The *Girandola* and Fireworks upon St. *Peter's* Eve and divers ſuch like ſacred Triumphs.

Prophane.

For the prophane Shows, I ſaw the ſolemn entries of Embaſſadors, eſpecially thoſe of Obedience, where each Prince's Embaſſador ſtrives to out-vye the other, and by exceſſive expences, make their Maſters Greatneſs appear above that of others. Their *Cavalcata's* to Court upon their public Audience: Their reception in a public Conſiſtory: Their Audience of Leave are all ſtately. Then the curious *Opera*, or muſical *Drammata*, recited with ſuch admirable art, and ſet forth with ſuch wonderful changes of Scenes, that nothing can be more ſurprizing. Here I have ſeen upon their Stages, Rivers ſwelling, and Boats rowing upon them; Waters overflowing their Banks and Stage; Men flying in the Air, Serpents

craw-

crawling upon the Stage, Houſes falling on the ſuddain, Temples and *Boſcos* appearing, whole Towns, known Towns, ſtarting up on the ſuddain with Men walking in the Streets; the Sun appearing and chaſing away darkneſs, Sugar Plumbs fall upon the Spectators heads like Hail, Rubans flaſh in the Ladies faces like lightning, with a Thouſand ſuch like repreſentations. In fine, the *Carneval* pomps in the Streets, exhibited by Noble-men, with great coſt and glory.

The Government of Rome.

As for the Government of *Rome*, I found it divided into two parts: The Government of the City, and the Government of the Church. That of the City is exactly performed by a Governor (ſome Prelate of great parts) conſtituted by the Pope, to watch over the City carefully, and to render him an acccount weekly, of all that paſſeth. This Governour liveth always in the heart of the City, and hath beſides his own Guards, a *Barigello* or Captain of the *Sbirri*, or Sergeants, to keep all in order and awe, both day and night. This *Barigello* hath, *Argus* like, an hundred eyes to ſpy into the deportments of all that live in *Rome*, and, *Briareus* like, as many hands, to carry to priſon thoſe that infringe the Laws. Hence Juſtice here is as exactly performed, as Orders are deſcreetly given out. The prizes of all things are printed and affixed in publick Places, and Shops Inns and Taverns are bound to have them ſet up in their entrance, that ſtrangers may know the rates of all proviſions, and blame none but themſelves, if they be couzened. So that its as hard a thing to be couzened here, as its hard not to be couzened in other places. And for thoſe that cannot read or

That of the City.

ſpeak

ſpeak the Language well, *Sbirri* will ask of them, what they paid a Meal, how much for a pound of Meat, how much for a Pint of ſuch and ſuch Wine, *&c.* and if they find him to have been couzened either in the quantity, weight, or price, they'l right the ſtranger beyond his expectation, and puniſh the delinquent beyond his deſire. The laſt *Jubile* year I was ſhewn ſome of the *Sbirri* in Pilgrims habits, on purpoſe to mingle themſelves with the other Pilgrims, the better to obſerve how they were uſed or abuſed by their Hoſts in Inns or Taverns, and accordingly puniſh them. In fine, Juſtice is ſo well adminiſtred here, and impriſoning caſes ſo many, that the laſt Prince of *Conde* being in *Rome*, ſaid he wondred much at one thing there, which was, to ſee ſo many Men go out of their Houſes in the Morning, and return home again to dinner, without being impriſoned. A Knife in a Man's Pocket, a dark Lanthorn, a Sword worn without leave, *&c.* will ſuffice to make a Man be ſent to Priſon; and a Pocket Piſtol found about you, or in your Cloakbag, is enough to make you be ſet to the Gallies, with *tre tratti di corda*, that is, ſtrappada thrice; yet they mitigate the rigor of theſe Laws to Strangers, who offend out of ignorance.

That of the Church. As for the Government of the Church that's done partly by the Pope himſelf, in ſeveral Congregations held before him: Partly by his Vicar General, a Cardinal who hath under him a *Vice-Gerent* (a Biſhop) to help him. There's ſcarce a day in the Week, but the Pope holds one Congregation or other, about Church affairs, in which Congregations, not only Cardinals intervene,

vene, but alſo Biſhops and Doctors; and where all buſineſſes are headed as well as handled with great deliberation. Every three weeks the *Pope* holds a *Conſiſtory*, where all the *Cardinals* that are in *Rome*, meet his *Holyneſs*, as at a Grand Council, to adviſe with him concerning the neceſſary affairs of the Church. And its pretty to ſee, how, like the motions of a well ordered Watch, all buſineſſes here move at once, and yet never interfere or claſh with one another.

As for the Inhabitants of *Rome*, they follow the fortune of their City, and as when *Rome* was but yet a new Town, the Inhabitants were but three Thouſand in all, ſaith *Dionyſius*, and when it was come to its full growth, it had three or four Millions of People: Inſomuch, that in a great Plague, the Bills of Mortality came to ten Thouſand Men a day, and this for many days together: So now, *Rome* having been ſix times ſack'd and ruin'd(as I ſaid above)is not the tenth part ſo populous as heretofore it was; and even thoſe Inhabitants that are now in *Rome*, are, for the moſt part, originary from other parts of *Italy* and *Europe*; and have been drawn to take up here, either by preferment or buſineſs. The Nobility it ſelf is, for the major part, foreign, and ſprung out of ſuch Families of Popes, Princes and Cardinals, as have been Foreign before their promotions and preferments. The true, Ancient and Illuſtrious *Roman* Families, I found to be theſe few, *Urſini*, *Colonna*, *Favelli*, *Frangepani*, and ſome few others.

The Inhabitants of Rome.

Euſeb in Chronico.

Having thus, as Painters do, taken *Rome* in all her poſtures, I confeſs it happened to me, as it did to *Apelles*, taking the Picture of *Compaſpe*; that

that is, by looking ſo often and ſo attentively upon *Rome*, I began to be ſo far in love with it, as not only to ſubſcribe to *Caſſiodorus* his opinion, who affirms it to be a kind of crime not to live in *Rome*, when you can do it. *Caſſiod. Epiſt.* *Piaculi genus eſt abſentem ſibi Romam diutius facere, qui in ea conſtitutis poſſit laribus habitare*; but alſo to ſubſcribe to our old *Britain* Kings, *Cadwallader*, *Cedwalla*, *Coenred*, *Offa*, *Ina* and *Burrhed*, who thought *Rome* alſo the beſt place to die in. For if thoſe places be thought by all Men, the beſt places to live in, where a Man may learn the moſt experimental knowledg, and how to manage great affairs, where can a Man learn more knowledg than in *Rome*? Where all Languages are ſpoken, all Sciences are taught, the ableſt Men of *Europe* meet, all the beſt Records are found, all Wits appear as upon their true Theater, all Foreign Embaſſadors render themſelves, all *Nuncio's* at their return to *Rome*, unload themſelves of the obſervations they have made abroad; and where every Stone almoſt is a Book; every Statue a Maſter; every Inſcription a Leſſon, every Antichamber an Academy? And again, if thoſe places be the beſt to die in, where all comforts of the ſoul are beſt had; what place can be better to die in than *Rome*? The very Center and Boſom it ſelf of Catholick Communion; and where there is ſo much devotion, and ſo much vertue practiſed, and where you have this comfort in your grave; that you lie in a ground which hath been bathed in the blood of ſo many Thouſand Martyrs,

Rome, a fine place to live in.

And a fine place to die in.

And thus much of *Rome*, in the deſcribing of which, if I have been too *Prolix*, remember that

that great Ladies are long in dreſſing, if too ſhort, remember that I only relate what I ſaw there, not all that is to be ſeen there.

Having thus ſeen *Rome*, I agreed with the *Procaccio*, to carry me to *Naples*. Others take with them a *Vetturino*, that lets them have Horſes, and diets them too; I mean, defrays a Man for Meat and Drink and Horſe-hire, both going and coming, and your Horſe five days at *Naples* (but not your diet there) and lets you have his Horſes two days, to go ſee *Veſuvius* and *Pozzolo*; and all this for fourteen or fifteen Crowns a Man. It's true, a Man is ill lodged, and badly treated in that journey, but it doth a Gentleman good to be acquainted with hardſhip. *My Journey from Rome to Naples.*

Parting then from *Rome* by the Gate of St. *John Lateran*, we paſſed through theſe places.

Marino, a neat little Town belonging to Cardinal *Colonna*. It looks like a painted Town. *Marino.*

Veletri, famous for the birth of the Anceſtors of *Auguſtus Caſar*. Here's a brazen Statue of *Urban* the VIII. and a neat Palace and Garden of Cardinal *Ginetti*. Its an Epiſcopal Town. *Veletri.*

The *Tre Taberne* where St. *Paul* was met, at his firſt coming to *Rome*, *by the Chriſtians of* Rome. *Act.* 28. *v.* 15. *Tre Taberne.*

Peperno, where *Camilla* the *Amazon* was born. *Peperno.*

Foſſa Nuova, where St. *Thomas* of *Aquin* going to the Council of *Lyons*, fell ſick and died. *Foſſa Nuova.*

Taracina (old *Anxur*) the head Town of the *Volſcians*, but now bare and bald; ſhewing nothing but ſome old ruins of the Heaven which *Antoninus Pius*, here adorned; and of an old Temple. Its an Epiſcopal Town. *Tracina.*

Not

Amycla. Not far from hence ſtood anciently, the Town *Amycla*, that *Pythagorical* Town which was ruined by Serpents, becauſe none would kill them; *Pythagoras* his Doctrin forbidding Men to kill any living Creature. Another time it was ruined by ſilence; no Man daring to ſpeak of the Enemies coming; too many falſe Alarms having made the Magiſtrates forbid, under pain of death, that no Man ſhould ſpeak any more of the Enemies coming; ſo that when they came indeed, no Man durſt ſpeak of it. Thus, not only Philoſophy, but even ſilence it ſelf and obedience, two noble Vertues are hurtful to Men, if they be not accompanied with diſcretion.

Serv. in lib. 10. Eneid.

Amyclas ſilentium predidit. Proverb. apud S. Hieron.

From *Taricini* we went to *Fundi* to Supper; having paſſed through a Foreſt of Bay Trees, and through an open Gate, called *Portello*, which lets Men into the Kingdom of *Naples*.

Fundi. *Fundi* is ſo called, becauſe its built in a low Flat. Its antient, if you believe your Ears, not your Eyes. For it looks younger than the other Towns I have paſſed through before. The reaſon is, becauſe this Town was burned ſome 130 years ago by *Caradin Barbarozza*, Admiral of the great Turk *Solyman*. It was this *Caradin*, who, of a famous Pyrat, became King of *Algiers*, having perſuaded thoſe of *Algiers* to ſhake off the *Spaniſh* yoke. This *Caradin* being upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, and hearing, by his Spies, that *Julia Eonſaga* (widow of *Veſpaſian Colonna*, and the handſomeſt Woman in the World) lived here in *Fundi*, landed his Men in the Night, and ſent them to catch her napping; reſolved to make a fine preſent of her to his lend Maſter *Solyman*. But ſhe leaping out of her Bed, rid away in her very

Leo Afer.

very Linnen, and escaped so narrowly, that had she staid to put on any Cloaths, she had for ever put off all liberty. The Pyrats missing of this fair *Helena*, failed not to make a burning *Troy* of *Fundi*; ransacking it, and carrying away the best of its Inhabitants: Such dangerous things are great Beauties to weak Towns.

The Via Appia.

From *Fundi* we went to *Mela*, upon the *Via Appia*, so called, because *Appius Claudius*, a Noble *Roman* made it, at his own cost, during his *Consulat*. This Cawsey is one of the greatest Proofs of the *Romans* Greatness and Riches. For it was five days Journey long; beginning at *Rome* and reaching through the Kingdom of *Naples* to *Brundusium*. It was as broad as two Carts might easily meet upon it and pass: It was all of great black Flint Stones, each one as big as two Men can carry, and laid so close together, that they have held together these 1800 years, and seem, as *Procopius* saith ingeniously to be rather *Congeniti*, than *Congesti*, born together, than laid together. The frequent passing of Horses and Mules (for so many Years) upon this Cawsey, have made it both so smooth and shining, that when the Sun shines upon it, you may see it glister two Miles off, like a Silver Highway.

See Plut. *in Graccho.*

Procop. l 1. *de bell. Goth.*

Mola Formiæ.

Arriving at *Molo*, called anciently *Formiæ*, I went to see *Cicero's* Tomb, which stands in a Garden not far off. And I the more willingly believe it to be his Tomb, because 'its certain, that *Tully* had a *Villa* in *Formiis* (which was this place) and thither he was going in his Litter, when he was overtaken by the executioners of the *Triumviri* and Beheaded. There are no words upon his

Val. Max. l. 1. *c.* 4.

his Tomb; of which if you ask me the reaſon, I can only tell you that either words in Proſe could not ſpeak, their *Tully* being dead; or Verſes would not, out of Envy, praiſe him, who had made Proſe ſo famous.

Having ſeen this, ſome of our Company and I took a Boat and four luſty Watermen to row us to *Caeta* and back again, while the reſt ſtayed at *Mola* to provide Dinnner. Arriving in little more than half an hour at *Caeta*, we went up to the Caſtle where we ſaw the *Sceleton* of *Charles Bourbon*, once Conſtable of *France*; but afterwards taking againſt his own King upon a diſguſt, he ſerved the Emperor *Charles* the V. and was made one of his Generals and Governour of *Milan*. Where having borrowed Money of the *Milaneſi*, and laid a deep Curſe upon himſelf, wiſhing he might die (in the firſt Enterpriſe he undertook) if he paid not back the Money by ſuch a time, he failed in his word, but his Curſe did not. For his next enterpriſe was to ſack *Rome*: there his Curſe met him as he ſcaled the Walls; and being ſhot with a Muſquet-Bullet, he was forced to pay his debt to Nature. His Body was carried to *Caeta*, where it ſtands with its Cloaths, Boots and Spurs on, in a long Box ſtreight up, with this *Spaniſh* Epitaph over his Head.

Caeta.

The Biſhop of Bellay in his Hiſtory.

Bourbon's *body.*

Francia mi dio la lecche,
Eſpagnalos y Ventura,
Roma mi dio la muerte,
Caeta la Sepoltura.

France

France *gave me Milk*, Spain *great Employments gave.*
Rome *gave me Death, and here* Caet' *a Grave.*

This Caſtle ſtanding upon a Promontory overlooketh the Town, and thirty Miles of Sea. In the end of the Town, towards Land-ſide, for this Town is a pure *Peninſula*, I ſaw the Cloven *Rock*, which Tradition here holds to have been thus cloven at our Saviours Death. The long Stairs going down between the two Mountains in the very open gaſh, and rendring you to a neat Chappel below, ſtrike you all the way long with a ſacred Reverence. And are able almoſt to rend alſo a Stony Heart in two, with the thoughts of our Saviour's Paſſion. *The Cloven Rock.*

Upon the top of all this *Promontory* there is an antient *Monument* of *Manutius Plancus* an old *Roman*, with a great deal of old *Latin* upon it; but my riding Boots put me out of all reading Humour, and I was very willing to let *Plancus* lye quietly in his Monument above, ſo I could but recover again our Boat and there ſit ſtill. Of this Town was the famous Cardinal *Caetanus*, of St. *Thomas Aquinas* his Name, Order, and almoſt Learning. This Town was built by *Æneas*, in honour of his Nurſe *Caeta* who died here.

Returning again to *Mola*, we went after Dinner to ſee *Cicero's Grotte*, and ſo away. *Cicero's Grotte.*

We had not ridden three hours but we came to the Ferry of *Carigliano*, near to which I ſaw the fair Reſts of an old *Amphitheater* ſtanding alone in the Fields, with the Reſts alſo of an *Aqueduct*. I wondered at firſt to ſee an *Amphithea-* *The Ferry of Carigliano.*

ter ſtanding alone, and far from any great Town: but upon enquiry, I found that here had ſtood
Minturna. once a noble Town called *Minturna*, but now ſo ruined that not one Stone of it appeareth. Indeed we are often at this fault in *Italy*, and look for Towns in Corn-Fields. *Luna*, *Populonia*, *Cuma*, *Baiæ*, and *Minturna* cheat thus our Expectations, and leave us no Monuments of themſelves, but a pure *Fuit Ilium*, which though it be Travellers loſs, yet it's Mans comfort, that Towns do die as well as he: hence *Rutilius*,

Non indignemur mortalia Corpora ſolvi;
Cernimus exemplis oppida poſſe mori.

Having paſſed over the River in a Ferry-Boat, we entred upon the Meadows, in whoſe *Fens* (called the *Fens* of *Minturna*) *Caius Marius* lay hid a while, and there with his ſtern looks and manly Voice, ſaying, dareſt thou kill *Caius Marius*? So terrified the Slave ſent there to kill him, that he let him eſcape to his Ship, and ſo into *Africk*. He
Plutarch. may ſpeak big that ſpeaks for his Life; and any looks become a Man when he looks to himſelf well in dangers.

While we rode along theſe Meadows we ſaw before us the Mountain of *Garo*, anciently called *Mons Maſſicus*, famous for excellent Wines; as well as the Country thereabout, which was called *Ager Falernus*, ſo famed by Poets for its *Vinum Falernum*.

Paſſing thus along, we came at Night to St. *Agatha's*, and the next Morning betimes we entred
Campania Felix. into *Campania Felix*, ſo ſurnam'd becauſe of its admirable Air, wonderful plenty of Corn and Wine,

Wine, and pleaſant Proſpects on all ſides, which makes an Ancient call it, *Certamen Cereris & Bacchi*, the ſtrife of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. It was this Country which, with its delights broke *Hannibal's* Army; which neither Snow could cool, nor *Alpes* ſtop, nor *Romans* vanquiſh, ſath *Seneca*. Indeed the pleaſantneſs of this Country made us a full mends for all the ill way we had before: Nature having ſet that ſcurvy way there on purpoſe that we might like her Favourite *Campania* the better after it. I call this Country Natures Favourite, in imitation of *Pliny*, who calls it *Opus gaudentis naturæ*, that is, a Country made by Nature when ſhe was in a good humour. It's an Heathen that ſpeaks, and you muſt pardon him.

We intended that day to have gone to *Capua* to Dinner; but when we came thither, we did not find it at home. For this Town now called *Capua* is two Miles diſtant from the place where old *Capua* ſtood. Indeed the old *Capua* was a Town of Importance; for it was either the ſecond or third in the World; and ſtood in Competition, as *Carthage* did with *Rome*. Nay it demanded of *Rome* to be uſed like a Siſter, not like a Subject; and ſtood high upon it, that one of the Annual Conſuls ſhould always reſide here. But that *Capua* is vaniſhed with its vanity; and this *Capua* hath no reaſon to be ſo proud, being famous for nothing but that action of many noble Women here, who to avoid the Inſolencies of the *French* Soldiers (received into the Town friendly) leapt into the River *Vulturno* to ſave their Virginity and Honour, from their leudneſs: an action rather wonderful, than warrantable. Capua.

See St. Aug. 1. 2. de mirib. Eccleſ. And St. Thom. 2. 2. qu. 64. an. 5.

There is a Caſtle here of pretty Strength, a good River, and an Arch-Biſhop's Seat.

Averſa. From *Capua* we paſſed through *Averſa*, a ſweet Seat of a Town, and once great, till *Charles* the I, King of *Naples*, almoſt ruined it. It's a Biſhops ſeat ſtill. Here it was that Queen *Joanne* of *Naples* ſtrangled her Husband *Andreaſſo*; and was her ſelf not long after ſerved ſo too in the ſame place. Travelling ſome eight Miles farther we came to *Naples* before we could ſee it. This Town was antiently called *Parthenope*, from one of the *Syrens*. It's now called *Neapolis*, a new City; becauſe the Inhabitants of *Cuma* having out of Jealouſy ruined *Parthenope*, were ſore vexed with a Plague, till they had built it up again better than before. This happened about the year of the World, 1449.

Naples.

Petr. a St. Romualdo in his Cronolog. Treaſor.

As for *Naples*, it's now the head of a great Kingdom, ſo called. This kingdom belonged once to the Emperor: But after that it had been overrun by *Sarazens*, and freed by Pope *John* the X, united with *Alberico*, *Marquis* of *Tuſcany*, it acknowledged the Church for its Miſtreſs, and the firſt Man that was inveſted by the Pope (*Innocent* the II, 1130.) was *Roger* the Second, a *Norman*. Since that time the *French* and the *Spaniard* have ſtrugled hugely for this Kingdom; ſometimes the one plucking it to him, then the other. But now its under the *Spaniard*, who holds it of the Pope, and for it payeth every year the Purſe of Gold, and the Gennet ſpoken of above.

The Kingdom of Naples.

This Kingdom is of great importance to *Spain*. It makes his Party too ſtrong for *France* in *Italy*. It correſponds conveniently with *Sicily*, and *Milan*: And ſtrengthens them both. In fine, it bear-

It's importance to Spain.

eth

eth up notably the Intereſt of *Spain* in the Court of *Rome*: And it ſqueezeth it ſelf now and then into huge Sums, four millions of Crowns, to ſend Tribute into *Spains* Coffers. For this Kingdom is a Thouſand five Hundred Miles in Compaſs, four Hundred and Fifty wide. It hath in it twenty Arch-Biſhops Seats; an Hundred and twenty five Biſhops Seat? A Thouſand five hundred Bourghs; two millions of Souls: Ten *Principalities*; twenty three *Dutchies*; thirty *Marquiſats*; Fifty four Counties; and about a Thouſand Baronies, whereof four Hundred are Ancient: It can raiſe an Hundred and fifty Thouſand Foot, and an hundred Thouſand Horſe. It's ordinary Squadron of Gallies are but twenty.

It's greatneſs.

It's Strength.

As for the Town it ſelf of *Naples*, if it be the third of *Italy* for greatneſs, it is the firſt for ſtrength and neatneſs; and therefore deſervedly ſurnamed *La Gentile*, the Gentile. It hath *Campania* on one ſide of it, and the *Mediterranean* Sea on the other: So that it's fed by Natures beſt Dugs, Sea and Land. Its Air was always eſteemed ſo pure; that the great Men of *Rome* had either their *Villas*, in *Naples*, or hard by. It's well built, well paved, well furniſhed with excellent Proviſions, well filled with Nobility, and the Nobility well mounted. The chief ſtreet is *Strada di Toledo*, Paved with Freeſtone, and flanked with noble Pallaces and Houſes. We entred into ſome of them, and others we ſaw which had not recovered their *emponpoint* ſince they had been ſick of *Mazienello's* Diſeaſe: Their very looks ſhewed us that their Sickneſs had been *Convulſion-Fits*. The chief Palaces are theſe: The ſtately Palace of the Viceroy, that of *Gra-*

The Town of Naples.

vina, *Caraffa*, *Urſino*, *Sulmone*, *Toledo*, &c. Moſt of the Houſes of *Naples* are made flat at top, to walk upon: A moſt convenient thing to Breath upon in the freſh Evenings, and eaſy to be imitated by other Countries.

I ſaw here alſo the ſeveral publick places of Aſſemblies of the Nobility, according to their ſeveral ranks. Theſe places are like open walking places, rail'd about with high Iron Rails, and painted within.

The Molo. Then the *Molo* running a quarter of a Mile into the Sea, and affording great refreſhment to the Towns-Men who walk here in the Evenings in Summer, where they are ſure to cool their Lungs with a ſweet *Freſco*. At the end of the *Molo* ſtands mounted the high *Lantern*, to direct Ships home ſafe in the Night; and a fine Fountain of freſh Water.

The Churches of Naples. As for the Churches here they yield to none in *Italy*. The *Domo* is antient, and therefore out of the mode a little: Yet it hath a modern Chappel which is very Beautiful: and is one of the fineſt in *Europe*, both for Brazen Statues, and rich Painting. The *Cupola* was painted by the rare hand of *Domenichino*. In this Chappel is the Tomb of St. *Januarius*, Biſhop of *Benevent*, and now Patron of this Town; whoſe Blood being conſerved in a little Glaſs, and Concrete, melts and grows liquid when it is placed near to his Head, and even bubbles in the Glaſs. A *French* Nobleman, Count of *La Val*, was converted from *Calviniſm* to the Catholick Religion upon ſight of this Wonder. On the Left-hand of this Chappel without, lies Buried Pope *Innocent* the IV. who ordered firſt, that Cardinals ſhould

Baronius & Breviarium Rom.

ſhould wear red Hats. The Verſes upon his Tomb told me this. In the Sacriſty are kept many precious gifts of Princes, and divers Relicks of *Saints* enchaſed in Gold and Silver. *Petrus à St. Romualdo in his Treaſor. Chro ad an.* 1604.

The *Annunciata* is both neat and devout: The *Cupola* and Roof are well painted and guilt. The two Infants of *Bethlehem* with their ſeveral Wounds, one in the Head, the other the Body, are ſhewn here. The Hoſpital is joyning to it, and is of great reception: It maintains two Thouſand Sick and Decrepid in it; beſides above eight Hundred Orphans and poor Children. *The Annunciata.*

Near the great Hoſpital ſtands St. *Peters* Church, and before it the Altar upon which (as the Inſcription ſaith) St. *Peter* ſaid Maſs at his firſt coming to *Naples*.

The *Theatins* Church called St. *Pauls*, is very neat; and if you ſaw it with its beſt Hangings on, you would think it one of the neateſt Churches in *Italy*. The Roof is curiouſly painted and guilt. Here I ſaw the rich Tomb of *Beato Coetano* a holy Man of this Order, and the Tabernacle of the high Altar, both very Rich. In the Sacriſty they have as rich Ornaments as in any Church of *Italy*. *St.* Paulo.

The Jeſuits Church here is the beſt they have in *Italy*, if it be not a little too wide for its length. In the Sacriſty I ſaw the richeſt ornaments for the Altars, and the beſt Silver Candleſticks that I have ſeen any where elſe. It's rich in Painting, Sculptures, and Marble. The High Altar was not yet finiſhed, but promiſeth Wonders. *The Jeſuits Church.*

The *Franciſcans* Church, called St. *Maria Nova*, is very trim, with its neat Chappels and Tombs, and guilt Roof. Here I ſaw the Tomb *St.* Maria Nova.

of *Lotretch*; who commanded ſo long the *French* Forces in this Kingdom. His Virtue in Military affairs was ſo great, that his very Enemies admiring his worth, have cauſed his Body to be tranſlated out of an obſcure place, where it lay before, into this Church and Tomb. I wonder they did not cauſe theſe words of *Virgil* to be put upon it.

——— ——— ——— *Si Pergama dextra*
Defendi poſſent etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent.

The Dominicans Church. The Church of the *Dominicans* is very handſome too, if you do not ſurprize it, and take it before it be dreſſed. I ſaw it once in its beſt attire, hung with a rare ſuit of Embroidered Hangings, which ſet it out with great advantage. I ſaw alſo here, the *Crucifix* which ſpoke to St. *Thomas* of *Aquin*, the Doctor of this Order and Country, and ſaid, *Bene de me ſcripſiſti Thoma.* In the Sacriſty of this Church are kept in ſeveral Coffins (ſome covered with white, ſome with black Velvet) the Bodies of ſeveral great Perſons, depoſited here till their Tombs ſhould be made: As of *Alphonſo* the firſt, King of *Naples* and *Arragon*: Of Queen *Joanne* the unfortunate: That of an Emperor of *Conſtantinople*: That of *Durazzo*: That of the Marquis of *Vaſti*: with divers others.

The Olivetani. The Church of the *Olivetan* Fathers is ſtately: Here lies buried *Alexander ab Alexandro*, a great Antiquary, whoſe ingenious Book *Genialium dierum*, gives light to many Books, by the unſhelling of a world of antient cuſtoms of the *Romans*. In this Church alſo is the Tomb of brave *Marcheſe*

Marcheſe di Piſcara, ſurnamed the Thunderbolt of War. The words upon this Tomb are ſo ingenious (that though I profeſs not to ſet down many Epitaphs in this my Voyage) I cannot but ſtrive to carry them into other Countries. They are theſe.

Quis jacet hoc gelido ſub marmore? Maximus ille
Piſcator, belli gloria, pacis honos.
Nunquid & hic piſces cepit? Non. Ergo quid? Urbes,
Magnanimos Reges, oppida, regna, Duces.
Dic quibus hæc cepit Piſcator retibus? Alto
Conſilio, intrepido corde, alacrique manu.
Qui tantum rapuere ducem? Duo Numina, Mars, Mors.
Ut raperent quidnam compulit? Invidia.
Nil nocuere ipſi; vivit nam Fama ſuperſtes,
Quæ Martem & Mortem vincit, & Invidiam.

The Church of St. *John Carbonare* is conſiderable for it ſelf, but much more for the ſtately Tomb in it, of King *Robert*. In the Church of the Nunnery which ſtands at the foot of the Hill, as you go up to the *Carthuſians*, I ſaw a moſt curious Tabernacle upon the Altar, of precious poliſhed Stones. Its one of the richeſt I have ſeen any where, but that of *Florence* deſcribed above.

The ſtately Monaſtry of the Carthuſians.

Then we mounted up that winding Hill of the *Carthuſians* Church and Monaſtry, called St. *Martin's*. It's the moſt ſumptuous thing in all *Europe* for a Monaſtry, whether you regard it's ſituation, or it's fabric. It's ſituated upon an high Hill under the wing of the Caſtle St. *Elmo*, to

put

put Caſtles in mind, that they ought to defend and protect Religion. The whole Quadrangle, or Cloiſter of this Monaſtry, is of pure poliſhed white Marble, paved with Marble ſquares, and adorned round with a Baluſter, and white Marble Pillars. Then entring into an open Gallery, we had as fine a Proſpect as *Europe* can afford, not excepting that of *Greenwich*, thought by *Barclay*, the beſt Proſpect in *Europe*. For here I ſaw all *Naples* under me, with the perfect ſight of the two other Caſtles, with the Haven, the *Molo*, the *Arſenal*, the Ships, the Country round about *Naples*, Mount *Veſuvius*, *Pauſilipus*, the Ships at Sea, the Promontories of *Miſenum* and *Minerva*, the Iſle of *Caprea*, with a world of other delightful ſights. Then I was led into the apartment of the *Padre Viſitatore*, where I ſaw moſt neat Rooms, and ſome good Pictures. Then going to the Church, I found it to exceed the Cloyſter, which before I thought to have exceeded all other things. It's all of Marble, gilding and painting. The Pavement is all of curious red and white Marble ſquares as alſo the Sacriſty. The Chappels and Pictures match the roof, and the Pillars with their particular Graces. The Sacriſty is abſolutely the richeſt I ever ſaw. The great Cupboards are of ſuch a rare *Moſaic* wood work, inlaid into Pictures, that it diſputes hard with the Quire of *Dominicans* in *Bologna*. Here they ſhewed me a great Crucifix of Silver, which had been fifteen years in making. The *Remonſtrance* to expoſe the B. Sacrament in, is made like a Sun, whoſe Beams are mingled with Silver and Coral. The great Candleſticks of Maſſive Silver, and the great Flower-pots are curiouſly wrought. Then

Barcly Iron Animorum.

Then I went to ſee the three Caſtles; That of St. *Elmo*, which is hard by the *Carthuſians*, was built by *Charles* the V. It ſtands well upon its own Guard, by reaſon of its high ſituation: But I doubt whether it can offend any enemy, except *Naples* it ſelf, which is under it. *Caſtle St. Elmo.*

The Caſtle *Vovo* was built by *William* the third of *Normandy*, upon a rock in the Sea; and from its oval form, is called *Caſtel vovo*. There is a digue leading unto it from the Land. *Caſtle Vovo.*

The *Caſtle Nuovo* was built by *Charles* of *Anjou*, deſigned King of *Naples*. It ſtands near the *Molo*, and level with the Town and Sea, as if it could defend and offend both. *Caſtle Nuovo.*

Theſe three Caſtles are guarded by natural *Spaniards*; and well furniſhed with great Cannons, by whoſe language (which is *ultima ratio Regum*, Kings laſt Arguments) the *Neopolitans* are either Catechiſed into duty, or threatned into obedience. Indeed, ſuch a People and Town are not eaſily bridled: Such a wanton Courſer as *Naples*, is not to be ridden with Snaffles; it hath often plunged under the King of *Spain*, but could never fling him quite out of the Saddle, *merce agli tre Caſtelli.*

Then I went to ſee the Markets here, and found them moſt admirable, eſpecially thoſe of Fruit, which *Campania* ſends hither: And were but the Taxes taken off, or reaſonably moderated, *Naples* would be the cheapeſt and richeſt place in the world. But the Kings Officers, if they ſuck in *Milan*, and fleece in *Sicily*, they fley in *Naples*, which uſage drove the People ſome years paſt, into ſuch a deſperate humour, that they took up Arms, under the command of *Ma-* *The Markets.*

zainelo

zanello: His true Name was *Thomas Angelus Maia*, a poor Fiſher-man, without Stockings or Shooes, who, for ten days together, ſwagger'd here ſo powerfully in the Head Two hundred thouſand mutinous People, that when he commanded them to burn a Houſe, they did it: When he commanded them to caſt into the Fire all the Goods, Papers, Plate, Beds, Hangings, *&c.* of the *Gabelliers*, they did it without reſerving the leaſt precious Piece to themſelves: When he commanded them to cry out, *Down with the Gabells*, they did it: When he put his Finger to his Mouth, they were all ſilent again; as if this poor Fiſher-man had been the Soul that animated that great Body of People: It was prodigious indeed, that ſuch a poor young Man (not paſt Twenty three) in Waſtecoat and Drawers, and his Fiſhers Cap on, ſhould find ſuch Obedience from ſuch Rich and Witty Citizens. But as Tumultuous People make Arms of every thing their Fury meets with, ſo they make Captains of every Man that will but head them; and as the Proverb goes, *In ſeditione vel Androclides belli ducem agit.* They ſhewed me the Houſe of this Fiſher-Man; but the other Houſes ſhewed me his Fury. Thouſands have not yet recovered thoſe ten days Tumults. Thus we ſee, that when Men are ripe for Rebellion, *Cromwells* and *Mazanells* are cried up for great Men: Or rather, when God hath a mind to puniſh, Flies and Gnats are powerful things, even againſt Princes.

The Academies of Wits.

Here are two Academies of Wits, the one called the *Ardenti*, to ſhew their Ardor in ſtudying: The other the *Otioſi*, wiſely inſtituted as an allay to the others Heat.

Some

Some of the famous Men for Learning of this Town, were old *Statius*, rare *Sannazarius*, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, and *John Baptist Marini*: three excellent Poets, and one Antiquary. *Naples* hath furnished the Church with eighteen Popes. *Learn. Men.*

Having thus seen the Town it self of *Naples*, I was most willing to see the Wonders of Nature, which are near unto it. Horsing therefore betimes one Morning, we went with a Guide to see *Vesuvius*, the burning Mountain, some seven miles distant from *Naples*. Our honest Guide had studied the History of this Hill, and could tell how often it had broken forth into Flames, since the beginning of the World, that is, twenty times. *Xiphilinus* the Epitomist of *Dio*, relates at length, one that happened under the Emperor *Titus*. But the last which happened in the year 1631. he remembred very well, and related it to me as we went along, with a sad Preface, of *The Mountain Vesuvius.*

Infandum Peregrine jubes renovare dolorem,

because he could also say,

——— *Et quorum pars magna fui,*

having been an Actor in that Diforder. For he was Son to a rich Husbandman here, and with much ado, *Æneas* like, he had rescued his old Father from the Ashes of *Vesuvius*, which overwhelmed and buried whole Villages. Here said he, pointing to the place, stood a great Vineyard, one of the best of the Country; but now three fathom deep in Ashes. Here stood a Village full of

of rich Husbandmen and goodly Houſes; but now ruin'd by the Stones ſhot at it from *Veſuvius*. Here ſtood once a pleaſant *Villa*, beautified with curious Walks, Orange-trees, Fountains and Arbors, but *Jam cinis eſt ubi villa fuit*. In a word, above Two thouſand People were burnt, lamed or ſtifled in this Eruption. Then he ſhewed me the vaſt Stones, which overcharging the Stomach of *Veſuvius*, he had vomited up, with ſuch a boaking, that *Naples* thought the day of Judgment had been at hand. Then he ſhewed me a Channel, where a River of fiery green matter, mingled with Brimſtone, Allum, Iron, Water, and Salt-Petre, had run from that ſpewing Hill. The manner of its breaking out was thus: The Hill began firſt to ſmoke more vehemently than before: Then it flamed and caſt out a Cloud of Aſhes, which, had the wind ſtood toward the City, had cover'd all *Naples*, and buried it in thoſe Aſhes: Then it began to roar, as if Madam Nature her ſelf had been in Labour; Thunder was but Piſtol-crack to this noiſe: And the mouth a Cannon a full mile wide, muſt needs give a great report. It bellowed and thundered again: *Naples* trembled: The Ground ſwelled: The Sea it ſelf ſhiver'd for fear, when the Hill tearing its Entrals with huge violence, was brought to Bed of a world of vaſt Stones, and a flood of Sulphurous Matter, which ran from the top of the Mountain into the Sea, for the ſpace of three Miles. All this he told me, and this he ſhew'd me afterward, in a public Inſcription, upon a fair Marble Stone erected hard by. And all this made me but the more deſirous of ſeeing this Mountain. Wherefore ſpurring

ring on, we came ſoon after to the foot of the Hill; where leaving our Horſes, we began to crawl up that ſteep Hill for a good mile together, to the mid-leg in aſhes. At laſt, with much ado, we got to the top of the Hill; and peeping fearfully (remembring *Pliny*'s accident) into the great hollow, from the brink of it, found it to be like a vaſt Kettle, far greater than thoſe Hell Kettles, near *Diſlington*, in the Biſhoprick of *Durham*, made by Earthquakes. For the Oriſice of this Kettle is a Mile or two wide, and very nigh as deep. In the bottom of it, is a new little Hill, riſing out of the hollow of the old, and fuming perpetually with a thick Smoke, as if it alſo would play tricks too in it's turn. Having gazed a while at this Chimney of Hell (for *Tertullian* calls *Ætna* and *Veſuvius*, *Fumariola inferni*) we came faſter down than we went up. He that is not content with this my ſhort deſcription of the burning of this Hill, let him read *Julius Cæſar Recupitus*, who hath made a little Book alone of it, called, *De Veſuviano incendio Nuncius*.

See Baker's Chronic. in Henric. 2.

Hell's Chimneys.

Having recovered our Horſes again, we came back to *Naples*; and the next Morning, taking a new Guide, we went to ſee the wonders of Nature about *Baiæ* and *Puzzuolo*.

Horſing then again betimes in the Morning, we paſſed by the Caſtle *Vovo*, and ſoon after to *Margelino*, to ſee the Tomb of *Sannazarius* the Poet, who lies buried in the Church of *Santa Maria del Porto*, which was once *Sannazarius* his own Houſe, which dying, he left to be made a Church of, under that Title: So that in his Teſtament, he wrote *de Virginis partu*, as well as

Our journey to Puzzuolo.

Sannazarius's Tom

as in his Book: And he might as well have written upon the Frontiſpice of this Church, as upon the Frontiſpice of his Book, *Opera Sannazarii de Virginis partu.* His Tomb here is adorned with Marble figures, and with this ingenuous Epitaph made of him by *Cardinal Bembo.*

Da ſacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus Muſa proximus, ut tumulo.

His name was *Jacobus Sannazarius*, but he changed his name for that of *Sincerus*, at the requeſt of *Pontanus*, who alſo changed his Name too, and cauſed himſelf to be called *Jovianus*, as *Jovius*, in *Elogiis virorum doctorum*, ſaith. Not far off this place, nor far from the entrance of the *Grotte* of *Pauſilipus*, in the Gardens of St. *Severino*, ſtands *Virgil*'s Tomb, covered almoſt over with Laurel, or Bay-trees: As if that Poets Laurel were grown into a ſhady Bower, to make a whole Tomb of Laurel for the Prince of Poets.

Virgil's Tomb.

From thence we returned again into our way, and preſently came to the entrance of the *Grotte* of *Pauſilipus.* This Mountain lying at the very back of *Naples*, and rendring the paſſage to *Naples* extremely inconvenient for carriages, it was thought fit to cut a Cart-away under Ground, quite through the Mountain: Some ſay it was *Lucullus*, that cauſed it to be thus boared: Others ſay it was *Cocceius Nerva.* Certain it is, that it is antient, ſeeing *Seneca* makes mention of it.

The Grotte of Pauſilipo.

Entring into the Grotte of *Pauſilipus*, we found it to be about forty Foot high, and broad enough for two Carts laden to meet with eaſe. They ſay

ſay here that it is a full Mile long; but I thought it ſcarce ſo much. We rid ſome forty paces by the light of the wide Entrance; but that vaniſhing, we were left in the Dark a good while, till we came to the half way, where there hangs a burning Lamp before the Picture of our Saviour in the B. Virgins Arms. The light of this Lamp was very grateful unto us; and I am confident a Puritan himſelf, were he here, would be glad to ſee this Lamp and Picture, and love them better for it ever after. All the way of this *Grotta* is very even and level, but hugely duſty; as a Room muſt be that hath not been ſwept theſe ſixteen Hundred Years. The People of the Country meeting here in the Dark, know how to avoid one another, by going from *Naples* on the right hand, and returning on the left; that is, by keeping on the Mountain ſide going, and returning on the Sea-ſide: And this they expreſs by crying out often; *A la Montagna*, or *a la Marina*; *to the Mountain-ſide, or to the Sea-ſide*, to give notice whether they come, or go. Our Guide underſtood the Word, and he gave it unto me, and I to my next Man, it ran through our whole *Brigade*, which conſiſted of a dozen Horſemen in all. Almoſt all the way we rid in it, we ſhut our Eyes, having little uſe of them; and our Mouths and Noſes too, for fear of being choaked with the Duſt: So that our exterior Senſes being thus ſhut up, our Interior began to work more freely, and to think of this odd place. My thoughts, coming newly from *Sannazarius* and *Virgils* Tombs, fell preſently upon Poetry, (for all this Country is a Poetical Country) and I began to think whether this were not *Polyphemus*

his Den, becauſe *Homer* makes it to have been near the Sea-ſide, as this is, and capable of holding great Herds of Sheep, as this alſo is. Sometimes I thought that it might have been here, that *Jupiter* was hidden from his devouring Father, *Saturn*, who came into *Italy* for certain; as alſo becauſe *Sophocles* makes mention of *Jupiter Pauſilipus*. But at laſt I concluded that this was the place where merry Gods and Goddeſſes, after their jovial Suppers, plaid at Hide and Seek, without being Hood-wink'd. By this time we began to ſee the other end of the Grot a far off, by a little Light which grew grater and greater, till at laſt we came to the Iſſue of it.

Grotta del Cane. Being got out of this *Cymmerian* rode, we began to open our Eyes again to ſee if we could find one another; and our Mouths too to diſcourſe upon this exotick place. Thus we rid diſcourſing upon this Wonder, till we came to the *Grotta del Cane*, a new Wonder.

Arriving there we preſently had a Dog ready (though for the moſt part the Dogs here run whining away when they ſee a troop of ſtrangers arrive) and I ſaw the Experiment of that famous *Grotta*, which being but three yards within the ſide of the Hill, may be ſeen without entring into it. The Experiment is this. A Man takes a Dog alive, and holding down his Head with a wooden Fork to the Gound, the Dog begins firſt to cry, and then to turn up the white of the Eyes, as if he would die. Then letting him hold up his Head again, he recovers. And having thus twice or thrice ſhewed us the Experience of this infectious place, he puts down the Dogs head again, and holds it down ſo long, till the Dog ſeems

ſeems to be dead indeed. Then taking him by the ſtiff Leg, and running with him to the Lake *Agnano*, ſome forty Paces off, he throws him into the ſhallow water of this Lake, and preſently he begins to recover, and to wade out. They would make us believe, that as it is the nature of this *Grotta* to kill, ſo it is the nature of this Lake to revive dead things again. But if the Dog were dead indeed, all the water of *Agnano*, tho' it were *Aqua Vitæ*, would not recover him: He is only aſtoniſhed with the infectious Vapor which breatheth out of this *Sulphurous* ground below. The Peſtilent nature of this *Grotta* was ſhewed us plainly by a lighted Torch, which as long as it was high from the Ground, burnt clearly: But as it was approached by little and little near to the Ground it grew dimmer and dimmer, till at laſt it burnt blew, and being held cloſe to the Ground, it went quite out.

The Stoves of St. Gennaro.

Then we were ſhown hard by, the Stoves of St. *Gennaro*, which by a natural ſulphurous Vapor iſſuing ſtrongly from low cauſes, put a Man preſently in a Sweat, and are excellent Remedies for the *Neapolitan* Diſeaſe, called by ſome Authors, *Campanus Morbus*: *Nature*, an *Indulgent Mother*, thinking herſelf bound to afford a Remedy to the diſorders which ſhe her ſelf hath enclin'd the *Neapolitans* unto.

The Capucins.

Then fetching about the Hills by a narrow unfrequented way, we came to the Convent of the *Capucins* ſtanding there where St. *Januarius* was Beheaded. In a little Chappel on the Right-hand as you enter into the Church, they ſhewed us the Stone upon which he was beheaded; the Blood is ſtill upon it.

The Sulphatara.

From hence we deſcended down into the *Sulphatara*, where the burning *Sulphur* ſmokes out perpetually from under ground. This *Sulphatara* is a kind of Pit, environed on all ſides with Banks, and it is about fifteen Hundred Foot long, and a Thouſand broad. We rid down into it on Horſe-back, and it ſounded hollow under our Horſes Feet, as if we had been riding over a wooden Bridg. There are divers *Spiracula*, or vents round about it, out of which the thick Smoak preſſeth furiouſly, as out of a Furnace; and makes Poets and Potters find matter enough; thoſe for their Fables calling it, *Forum Vulcani*: Theſe for their Medicinal Pots, which they make of this Brimſtony Earth.

Near to *Sulphatara* ſtands a round Pool of black, thick Water, which always boileth; and whatſoever you throw into it, it comes out boiled indeed, but not entire; ſomething or other of it being always diminiſhed, ſaith *Leandro Alberti*. One putting in four Eggs in a long Ladle, pulled out but three again: I wonder Poets feigned not this Lake to be that part of Hell allotted to puniſh Uſurers, ſeeing it takes uſe for every thing that's put into it.

Deſcending from *Sulphatara* to *Puzzuolo*, we wondered to ſe the very High-way ſmoak under our Horſes Feet, when yet we found not them ſo fiery under us; but I found the Smoak to come out of little chinks of the dried ground: which ſhewed us that the whole Country was on Fire under us. Before we came to the Town we ſaw the remnants of a fair *Amphitheater*, and *Cicero's* Academy.

Im-

Immediately after this we came to *Puzzuolo*, so called, either from the multitude of Springs about it, or else a *Putore*, from the smell which this Brimstony Country affords. The Town is but little, yet anciently a Bishops Seat. Taking Boat here presently, we passed over the Creek of the Sea to *Baiæ*, which is three Miles from hence; and as we row'd along, I admired the wild design of *Caligula*, who built a Bridge from *Puzzuola* to *Baiæ*: Some of the Arches yet standing on both sides, shew us that his folly is real: And I believe *Suetonius* meant this work when he taxeth the *insanas substructiones*, and made buildings of this Emperor. That which contributed much to the bold attempt; was the nature of the Sand of this Country, which made into Morter, and let down into the Water, grows hard and solid, even to petrify there at last. *Puteolanus pulvis, si aquam attigit saxum est.* *Puzzuolo.* Pliny *and* Vitruvius. *Baiæ.*

Reaching the other side of the Bay, and leaving our Boat to attend us, we rambled for an hour and an half among the Antiquities of this ruined Paradise of *Baiæ*: For you know, *Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluxit amœnis.*

First we were led to the *Mercato di Sabato*, looking still like a Street with ruins of Houses on both Sides. *Mercato di Sabato.*

Thence we went to the *Elizian* Fields, which are much beholding to Poets for their Fame: Otherwise they are but a very common Plat of Ground without any gracefulness at all; except only that if *Baiæ* were a Town still a Man might make a fine Bowling-ground here. But Poets who have Power and Licence to erect *Ithacum* in- *The Elisian Fields.*

to a Kingdom, have out-poeted it here, by erecting this little ſpot of Ground into a Paradiſe.

Piſcina Mirabili.

Thence we came preſently to the *Piſcini Mirabili*, a vaſt building under ground born up by forty or fifty great ſquare Pillars, long an Hundred and fifty Paces, forty wide, and thirty high. We deſcended into it by many Steps, and it's ſo well walled with Stone, and Lime on all ſides, that Water cannot ſink through. And all this was only to keep freſh Water in, either for the *Roman* Gallies that uſed to lie hereabouts, in this Harbor; or elſe for the *Romans Guſto*; who having their curious *Villa's* hereabouts, had no mind to drink of the Springs of this Bituminous Country. At the top of this *Piſcini Mirabili*, I eſpied ſome Spouts of Stone yet remaining, by which they uſed to let the Water from above into the vaſt Reſerver.

Promont. Miſeni. Mare mortuum Cento Camerelle.

Returning again, we were ſhown the *Promontory* of *Miſenum* a far off; and the *Mare Mortuum* hard by.

Then we went into the *Cento Camerelle*; ſo called from an Hundred little Rooms that were built together like Chambers within one another, to keep Slaves in, who ſerved the Gallies.

Going again towards our Boat, we were ſhown the place where *Agrippina* ſhould have been drowned by a falſe-bottomed Boat; but that failing, her Son *Nero* cauſed her to be Stabbed here. Indeed Breaſts that had turn'd their Blood into Milk, to give Suck to ſuch a Monſter, could expect nothing elſe but to be emptied of all their Blood; but ſhe was deſign'd to this ill uſage long before. For being foretold, when

ſhe

ſhe was with Child of *Nero*, that ſhe had in her Womb a Son, who ſhould be Emperor, but withal, who ſhould kill her, ſhe cried out: *Occidat, modo imperet: Let him kill me, ſo he be but Emperor*; and ſhe had her Wiſh. It's ſaid alſo that this *Parricide* (for, *Nero nunquam ſine publici paricidii prefatione nominandus eſt*, (ſaith *Valerius Maximus*) after his Mother was kill'd, would needs have her ript up, that he might ſee where he had lodged nine Months together: And I believe that nothing haſtened more the Conſpiracy of the *Romans*, againſt him, than that they could now no longer endure him, who could not endure his own Mother. Hard by the Shoar ſtands yet the Tomb of that unfortunate Princeſs.

Agrippina's *Tomb*.

Then taking Boat again, we rowed by the ruins of *Marius*, and *Caſar's Villas*, and divers other ſcraps of Antiquity, and all along in the Water (in a clear day) you may ſee the Foundations of *Baiæ*, and ſome Arches, and the Pavement of the very Streets; all now in the Sea. *Omnia fert atas*; and Time, which in all other places is called *Edax rerum*, may here be called *Bibax rerum*, having ſup'd up here a whole Town.

Rowing on ſtill by the Shoar, we came to the Foot of *Nero's* Pallace, near to the ruins of which, ſtands mounted a ſtrong Caſtle, built *a la moderna*, upon a high Hill. Leaving here our Boat again, we were wiſhed to put our Hands into the Sand of the very Sea which we found to burn under the cold Water.

Cicero's *Baths*.

Then we went hard by to *Cicero's* Baths, a great ſquare place, where antiently were written over Head in old Letters, the names of the Diſeaſes which theſe Waters Cured: Which

Letters ſome Phyſitians cauſed to be defac'd, pretending that they were ſuperſtitious Characters, when indeed they were unwilling Men ſhould be cured by any thing, but the ſtrange Characters in their *Recipes*.

The Baths of Tritola.

Near theſe aforeſaid Baths, are thoſe of *Tritola*, where we were led into the long *Grotte*, and preſently put into a Sweat by a ſtifling heat that met us violently in that long entry. I followed my Guide, and finding the ſteam to be Choaking, I ſtooped down low behind the Guide, to let him break the hot Air before me. As I thus ſtooped, I found out by Experience what others find by hearſay; that the nearer the Ground a Man ſtoops here, the cooler he finds himſelf. Thus *Anteus* like, fetching now and then ſuccor from my Mother Earth, I found Humility to be a ſafe Remedy. In the middle of this long, narrow Entry there's a place for thoſe that ſtand in need of Sweating, to ſtand on ſtradling wide, and ſo ſweat abundantly. They told me that at the end of this *Grotta*, there are Baths of Sovereign Virtue; but I being well without them, had no mind to be choked in ſeeking out Health.

Lacus Avernus.

Returning from hence we had a huge walk of it to the *Lacus Avernus*, made by the River *Acheron*, *i. e. ſine gaudio*: a fit name for the River of Hell. This Lake is famous for it's ſtinking Air which was obſerv'd to kill Birds as they flew over here. On the farther ſide of it was the Temple of *Apollo*.

The Grotte of Sibylla Cumæa.

Leaving this Lake on our Right hand, we made towards the *Grotte* of *Sybilla Cumæa*, ſo called from the City *Cumæ*, which ſtood not far off. This long *Grotta* war once a *Subterranean* paſſage

passage to the City of *Cumæ* (as that of *Pausilipus* is yet to *Naples*) and the *Sybills Grotte* is that little dark Entry which strikes out of the long *Grotte*. This leads you to the Chamber of the said *Sybille* and her Baths. It's a fine retiring place for a chast Maid, that fears as well to see as to be seen: *Tam timet videre, quam videri*, and such the *Sybills* were; who for their Virginities sake, had the gift of Prophecy given them, saith St. *Hierome*. This *Sybilla Cumæa* Propheciced very particularly of our Saveour's Birth, and for that reason *Julian* the *Apostate* burnt her Prophecies saith *Ammianus Marcellinus*, an Heathen Historian of those times. *Tertull.*

As we returned again from hence to our Boat, we gazed upon a great Mountain called *Monte Nuovo* because it was cast up in one Night (on *Michaelmas* Night, *Anno* 1536) by a Earthquake, which the Philosophers call *Brasmarichus*, that is, when the Earth is thrown up, and Mountains are formed. Some hold this Mountain to be three Miles high, but I think it enough to give it a full Mile. It cover'd (at its rising up) a great part of the old *Lacus Lucrinus*, which was quite sucked up by this great sop. *Monte Nuovo.*

Then taking our Boat again, we returned to *Puzzuolo*, and at night to *Naples*; where we staid but one day more, as well to rest our Horses, as to see the Silk-shops, where they make curious Silk Wastcoats, Stockings, Scarfs, *&c.*

He that desires to know the History of *Naples*, let him read the Book called, *Il Compendio dell' Historia di Napoli, di Collenuccio.* *The History of Naples.*

Having thus seen *Naples*, we returned again towards *Rome*, the same way we came, without any

any danger of *Banditi*, but not without ſome trouble cauſed us by the Officers of the *Gabella* at *Fundi*, who met us a quarter of a Mile out of the Town, and ſtopt us upon the Road to ſearch us, and ſee whether we had any thing liable to the *Gabella*; or more Money of the Country, than the Law allows Men to carry out. For my part, I had taken care of all this afore hand, and had nothing liable to the greateſt rigor. But ſome of our Company, that did not believe the rigor to be ſo great, found it. For to ſome they pulled off their Boots, ſearched their Pockets, Breeches, Doublets; nay, even their Saddles, Horſes tails, and the very Horſes feet. From one Gentleman they took four Piſtols of Gold, becauſe he carryed ſo much more than was allowed: Though with much ado we got the Gentleman his Money again; I have known divers that have not eſcaped ſo well, having been ſtripped in the open Fields, even to their Shirts, *&c.* their Watches taken from them, though they had brought them with them to *Naples*, and not bought them there. This is to learn my Traveller to be inquiſitive in all his journeys, of the Laws of the Country where he travelleth, eſpecially ſuch obvious ones as concern public Paſſages, Bridges, Ferries, bearing of Arms, and the like; the knowledge of which cuſtoms will make him avoid many inconveniencies, which I have known others fall into.

Take heed of the Gabellers of Fundi.

In another Voyage to *Naples*, in our return to *Rome*, we made little excurſions, to take in ſome places about *Rome*, which he had not ſeen before, as *Arbano*, *Caſtel Gandulfo*, *Freſcati* and *Tivoli*, which lay almoſt in our way.

Riſing

Riſing therefore betimes at *Veletri*, we croſſed over the Hills, and came to *Albano* (anciently called *Longo Alba*) and now one of the ſeven Biſhops Seats about *Rome*, which are given to the eldeſt Biſhop Cardinals, that they may be at hand always, and ready to aſſiſt the Pope in his affairs of importance. The others are *Porto*, *Oſtia*, *Freſcati*, *Tivoli*, *Preneſte*, *Veletri*. In *Albano*, I ſaw nothing of moment but an old Church, and ſome old Houſes: Yet ſeeing it ſtands in ſo good an Air, I wonder the great Men of *Rome* have not built Houſes here, where the Wine is ſo exquiſitely good. Indeed this Wine makes this Town to be much taken notice of by all ſtrangers, as being the beſt Wine that's conſtantly drunk in *Rome*. *Albano.*

Hard by *Albano* ſtands *Caſtel Gandulfo*, the Popes Country Houſe, in Summer. It ſtands very pleaſantly, having on one ſide of it a Lake and Woods; and on the other, the *Campania* of *Rome*, and the City it ſelf in view. I ſtept into this Caſtle but found nothing but bare Walls, it being unfurniſhed. *Caſtle Gandulf.*

From hence we went to *Freſcati*, called antiently *Tuſculum*. This is abſolutely one of the ſweeteſt places in *Europe*. The Town is but little; but round about it, eſpecially on the Hill ſide there are ſo many curious *Villas*, *Pallaces*, *Gardens*, *Fountains*, *ſhady Walks*, and *Summer delights*, that I wonder not, if Princes, Cardinals, and other great Perſons, retire hither, in Summer. In a word, here *Cato* was born, here *Lucullus* delighted himſelf, and *Cicero* ſtudied and wrote his *Tuſculan* queſtions. The firſt place we went to ſee here, was the *Villa Aldobrandani*. *Freſcati.*

This

The Villa Aldobrandina Belvedere.

This *Villa* is also called the *Belvedere* of *Frescati*, because it stands so pleasantly; having the *Campania* of *Rome*, and *Rome* it self in sight on one side; and on the other, the Hill side all covered with Laurel Trees, curious Fountains, *Cascatas*, and other delightsome Water-works, which afford here a cool season, even in the Months of *July* and *August*. The variety of these Water-works, are so many and so curious, that I cannot but describe them.

The Cascata.

First then, the rare *Cascata* presents it self, and its made thus. At the turning of a vast Cock, the Water (which is brought through a great Hill, from a source five Miles off) spouts out of the top of two high winding Pillars of Stone, which stand mounted upon the head of an high pair of open Stairs, and then falling down upon the same Pillars again, it follows the winding bent of them, cut into Channels and little Gutters, and so warbles about these Pilars visibly, till it arrive at the foot of them. There finding issue, it falls upon the foresaid Stairs, and covers them all with a thin gliding Stream, which makes an open Stair-case of Water. Besides, this Water sets a number of little Fountains on work, which stand on either side of these Stairs, and descends by degrees with them: So that in a moment the whole Hill side is spouting out Water and filling the Air with a sweet murmur.

The Girandola.

2. Then the Gardiner turning another Cock above, gives, at once, such store of Wind and Water to the great *Girandola*, below the Stars, in the *Grotta* of *Atlas*, that it imitateth perfectly Thunder, Hail, Rain and Mist.

3. By

3. By this time, the great Statue of the Centaure, with an Hunters Horn at his Mouth, windeth it duly, and in perfect measure. *The Centaure.*

4. *Pan* also plays on his Mouth-Organ tuneably. *Pan.*

5. Whilst the Lion and the Leopard fighting together, spit angerly in one anothers Faces, though all pass in cold Blood, because in cold Water. *The Lion and the Leopard.*

6. These Waters also afford innumerable and inavoidable wetting places; as the false steps in the Stairs; the wetting place behind *Pan*; the owetting place behind the Centaure, and the little under-ground spouts on all sides.

7. Then the Hall of *Apollo* is opened, where he sitting upon Mount *Parnassus*, and the nine Muses under him in a Circle, with several wind Instruments in their Hands, strike up altogether melodiously, whilst an untouched Organ underneath the Hill, plays a soft ground to the Muses Instruments. *The Hall of Apollo.*

8. During the Melody, a little round hole in the midst of the Room, bloweth out from below, such a cool and stiff Wind, that bears up a little hollw ball of Copper, a yard from the Ground. Over the Door is this distich.

Huc ego migravi Musis comitatus Apollo.
Hic Delphi, *hic* Helicon, *hic mihi* Delos *erit.*

Then being led to see this Hydraulic Organ, and to view what Fingers Art had lent unto Water; I found the Organ to be made thus. First, the Pipes are like other Organ Pipes of Lead, and set in a close frame, as the manner is, with *The Water Organ.*

stops

ſtops, and touches to them. Cloſe to the ſtops the force of water turns a Wheel, made like a great Drum, and as long as the Organ. This Wheel hath in it, here and there, divers pieces of Braſs, about the thickneſs of an half Crown piece, and juſt as broad as the ſtops of the Organ. Theſe Braſs pieces ſticking out juſt ſo far, as to reach the ſtops in their turning about, and to preſs them down as the Organiſts Fingers do, and being placed here and there, in that Muſical diſtance, as to ſtrike their note in tune, as they turn about leiſurely, they altogether compoſe a perfect and ſweet Harmony; the Wind-pipe of this room (mentioned even now) ſerveth ſufficiently for Bellows to this Organ, as well as to the wind Inſtruments of the Muſe; and all is cauſed by force of Water. But as we were taken with theſe Water-works, which make this Organ play in tune, we were ſuddenly overtaken with another Water-work, which playing terribly upon us, put us quite out of tune: So ſeldom doth Wind come without Water.

A terrible wetting place.

Villa Ludoviſia.

Having ſeen this Garden and Pallace, we went to the *Villa* of Prince *Ludoviſia*, which is hard by. The Houſe is but little, but the Garden is both large and adorned with ſtore of Water-works; ſo that if the Gardiner befriend you not, you cannot eſcape without being ſoundly wet. One thing I obſerved in this Pallace here, that the Curtains of the Beds are wrought with little holes of Needle-work, that the Air may enter by them, but not the Gnats.

Monte-dragone.

From hence we went to the *Villa* of Prince *Burgheſe*, called *Monte-dragone*, from the Dragon in his Arms. It ſtands a mile and an half from

from the *Belvedere*, and the way to it, is through curious walks of Laurel-trees. The Houſe is ſtately, and capable of lodging a King, with his whole Court. The Chambers are neat and fit for both Seaſons, Winter and Summer. I ſaw divers good Pictures in them. The laſt Supper is of *Alberto Dureo*'s Hand, and hugely eſteemed. The ſtory of *Polyphemus* is of the Hand of *Lanfranco*. But that which pleaſed me beſt, was the Hall below, full of the true Pictures of famous Men, both for Learning and Arms. Its an excellent School, where a Man may learn much true skill in Phyſiogmony, and ſee how Worthies looked. This Hall lets you out into the little neat Garden, where you find Waterworks, wetting ſports, and a pretty *Girandola*.

Tivoli.

Having thus ſeen *Freſcati*, we went to *Tivoli* ſome fifteen Miles off. This is an antient Town, ſtanding upon an Hill ſome fifteen Miles diſtant from *Rome*, and in ſight of it. It was anciently called *Tyber*, and held by the *Romans* for a delicious place. We ſaw here the old Temple, and the Houſe of *Sibylla Tyburtina*. Then we ſaw the *Caſcata*, much admired here by thoſe that never were in *Swiſſerland*, or at *Terni*. This here is made by the River *Anio*, which falls ſuddenly down a ſtony Rock, and foams for anger, to ſee its bed grown too ſhort for it. Indeed it makes ſuch a murmuring complaint againſt nature, to the ſtones below, that it almoſt deafs, like the *Catadoups* of *Nilus*, all its neighbors.

Old Tyber.

The Caſcata.

Thence we went to the *Villa* of Cardinal *d'Eſte*. It ſtands high and overlooks the *Campania* of *Rome*. But the Gardens of this *Villa*, is that which

Villa d' Eſte.

which is here moſt looked after. They lie upon the ſide of an Hill, and are placed in four rows of Gardens, with four degrees in the deſcent, all furniſhed with *Caſcatas*, *Grottas*, and other admirable Water-works: The Water is let in hither from the River *Anio*, which runs behind this Hill. For they have tapt the very Hill, and bored the Rock quite through to the River; ſo that the Gardiner hereby turning a great Cock, can let in as much Water as fills the Fountains, the *Caſcatas*, the *Grottas*, the *Girandola*, and the other rare Water-works. Hence is made the great Fountain of *Leda*; the Stairs of Water; the long walk of two Hundred paces, ſet all along with little ſtone Fountains and Baſins, purling in your ears, and caſting out little tets of Water as you walk along them. And here you ſhall ſee as rare things for ſight and delight, as the World can afford in this kind. Here a perfect repreſentation of old *Rome* in a Perſpective: Where you ſee the *Capitol*, the *Pantheon*, the chief *Triumphal Arches*, the *Circos*, *Theaters*, *Obeliſques*, *Mauſoleas*, and even *Tyber* it ſelf: Here curious groves of Trees making a green ſpring in the midſt of Winter: Here cool *Grottas* and Fountains, making a cold Winter in the midſt of Summer. Here falſe birds chirping upon true Trees, every one according to his true nature; and all of them chattering at once at the ſight of a falſe Owl, appearing and howling in a Tree. Here curious *Grottas*, eſpecially the *Grotta* of Nature, adorned with Nymphs, Shells, Statues, and unavoidable wetting places, and Organs playing without any Man touching them: There a fearful *Girandola* of the Dragons, thundering

dering as if they would ſet Heaven on Fire with cold Water, and pelt *Jupiter* from thence with Hailſtones. But I wrong theſe things, which are rather to be ſeen than deſcribed: And my Traveller will wrong himſelf much, if he ſtay not here three or four days, to view *munitamente*, theſe wonders of Art. Having ſeen theſe famous places, we returned to *Rome* again; where we ſaw its chief rareties over and over again; for *Romam juvat uſque videre*, and all Men that have ſeen *Rome* only once, deſire to ſee it again: Hence the *Romans* taking leave of a ſtranger departing from *Rome*, after his firſt Voyage, ſay jeſting to him, *a Riveder ci*; that is, Farewel till I ſee you again; knowing that every Man who hath ſeen *Rome* but once, will deſire to return again. For my part, I confeſs I was of this ſentiment in my firſt journey; but now having ſeen it five ſeveral times, I took a long leave of it, and began to think of returning homeward by the way of *Loreto* and *Venice*. And that we might be ſure to be at *Venice* at the great ſolemnity of the *Aſcenſion*, we left *Rome* the firſt week after *Eaſter*.

We ſet out of *Rome* by the *Porta del Populo*, all along the *via Flaminia*, which reached as far almoſt on this ſide of *Rome*, as the *via Appia* did on the other; that is from *Rome* to *Rimini*. Its called *Flaminia*, becauſe the *Conſul Flaminius* made it by his Souldiers, in time of peace, leſt they ſhould grow idle and have their ſtrength to ſeek when the War ſhould break out. The reſt of the way from *Rimini* to *Bologna*, was paved by *Æmilius Lepidus* the Collegue of *Flaminius*, and from him called *via Æmilia*. *Via Flaminia.*

Ponte Molo. This *via Flaminia* led us first to *Ponte Molo* (*Pons Milvius*) a good Mile distant from the Gates of *Rome*, where *Constantin* the Great overcame *Maxentius* the Tyrant, and drove him and his Men into the River. *Tyber.* Here it was I saw *Tyber* first; and I wonder to find it such a small River, which Poets, with their Hyperbolical Ink, had made swell into a River of the first rate.

Narni. Following on the way, we passed by *Castel Nuovo*, *Civita*, *Castellana*, *Utricoli*, and so to *Narni*: so called from the River *Nar*. It was anciently called *Nequinum* (wicked Town) because of the Inhabitants, who being pressed with hunger in a Siege resolved to kill one another, rather than fall alive into the Hands of their Enemies. They began with their Children, Sisters, Mothers, Wives, and at last fell upon one another; leaving their Enemies nothing to triumph over but bare Walls and Ashes. This Town is an ancient Bishops Seat, and St. *Juvenalis* (whose body lyeth in a neat low Chappel in the *Domo*) was the first Bishop of it. A little out of the Town are seen high Arches, belonging anciently to an Aqueduct.

Terni. From hence we went to *Terni*, a Bishops Seat too. It was called anciently *Interamna*, because of a world of little Brooks here. This Town stands in a most pleasant soyl, and is famous for being the birth-place of *Cornelius Tacitus* the great Historian. Arriving here betimes, we went four miles off, to see the famous *Cascata*, in the Mountains, which far excells that of *Tivoli*.

Spoleto. From *Terni* we went to *Spoleto*. This is a neat Town, which giveth denomination to the Dutchy of *Spoleto*. Anciently the Country hereabout

about was called *Umbria*, but in aftertimes it was called, the Dutchy of *Spoleto*, upon this occaſion. The Emperor *Juſtin* having called *Narſes* (the great General) out of *Italy*, he ſent *Longinus* with the Power and Title of *Exarch*, in his place. This *Longinus* ſettled himſelf in *Ravenna*, and governed the reſt of *Italy* by his Captains and Officers called *Duces*, or Dukes. Hence *Rome* loſt her Conſuls, (*Narſes* and *Baſilius* being the two laſt Conſuls) and was governed by a Duke too, as well as *Spoleto*. This Town hath been famous anciently, for holding out againſt *Hannibal*, even then when he had newly overcome the *Romans* at the Lake *Thraſimeno* near *Perugia*; in which Siege of *Spoleto*, happened that famous Prodigy (which I may call, in a manner, a *Metaphyſical tranſmutation*, rather than a *Metamorphoſis*) mentioned by *Leandro Alberti*, who quotes *Livy* for it; of a Man in *Spoleto*, changed into a Woman in the time of the Siege. Surely it was ſome notable Coward, whom Nature diſavowing, degraded him of his Breeches. Hence I remember that *Plato* ſaith, *Abjectori armorum Maxime conveniret, ut in Mulierem ex Viro tranſlatus, ſic puniatur: A Man that caſts away his Arms in a Battle, ought to be puniſhed, by being changed from a Man into a Woman.* Plato *lib.* 12. *de Legib.*

This Town of *Spoleto* gives the name to the pleaſant Valley of *Spoleto*, which lies near it. It's above thirty Miles in Compaſs, ſurrounded on all ſides with Hills, and thoſe Hills are clad with many fine Towns: People willingly dwelling here, where the Air and the Earth, our chiefeſt Nurſes, are ſo purely good. *The Valley of* Spoleto.

Foligni. From *Spoleto* we went to *Foligni* (*Fulignum* in Latin) famous for *Confectioners.* Not far from *Assisium.* hence ſtands *Aſſiſium*, famous for St. *Francis*, Founder of the *Franciſcan* Order; the Convent here is ſtately, and much viſited by devout Pilgrims: And *Montefalco* famous for the miraculous heart of B. *Clara.*

Montefalco.

Tolentino. From *Fologni*, climbing up the *Apanins*, we came to *Tolentino*, famous for the Tomb and Relicks of St. *Nicholas Tolentinas.* Of this Town was *Philelphus* a learned and noble Knight, who deſirous of poſſeſſing of the Greek Tongue in Perfection, was not only content to go into *Greece* in Perſon, and there viſit the ruins of *Athens*, and the Tombs of the ancient Philoſophers; but brought thence with him a *Grecian* Lady, whom he had married at *Conſtantinople*, by whoſe daily Converſation he might learn the pure Accent of the *Greek Tongue.* And this he did in ſuch Perfection, that he triumph'd over the *Grecians* themſelves in their own Language. Witneſs that diſpute which he had with *Timotheus*, a *Grecian*, about the Force and Accent of a *Greek* Word, where both of them growing hot, and betting at laſt their Beards, which they both wore then long, *Philelphus* won the others Beard: and cauſed it to be ſhaved off immediately, and kept it in his Family as a Trophy: Though the poor *Grecian* would have redeemed it with a conſiderable Sum of Money. Indeed they deſerv'd both to loſe their Beards, that could be ſo hot about ſuch a Hairs matter, as the Accent of a Word. The Statue of this notable Shaver, victorious *Philelphus*, I ſaw here in the Town-houſe.

From

From *Tolentino* we went to *Macerata*, a neat Town of *la Marca*; and passing through *Recanata*, another handsome Town of the same Country, we came betime to *Loreto*. *Macerata.* *Recanata.* *Loreto.*

Resolving but to stay here one day, we put out all our time to use presently, and spent that Afternoon, and the next day in viewing exactly this sacred place, which is so much frequented by the devout Pilgrims of all Christendom. This place at first was nothing but a plain High-way till the Chamber of our Blessed Lady (in which the Angel announced unto her the mystery of the Incarnation of our Saviour in her Womb) was translated thither miraculously by the Hands of Angels, about the year 1294, when Infidels and *Turks* over-spreading the holy Land, would otherwise have profaned that holy place, which even from the Apostles time had been turned into a Chappel. For my part, though this be no Article of Faith, yet when I remember what was said in this Chamber, by the Angel to our Lady, to wit, *Non est impossibile apud Deum omne Verbum: Nothing is impossible to God*, I easily believe that he who plac'd this great World it self in a place where there was nothing before, can easily place a House there where there was no House before; and that he who makes an Angel wheel the *Primum mobile*, and the vast Machines of the Heavenly Orbs, quite round in four and twenty hours, may easily make Angels translate this little Chamber of our Lady, from one part of the World to another. Now that it was so translated *de facto*, both ancient Records, solid depositions, constant tradition, and the belief of all, almost of the Catholick Princes of *Europe* See Trusellinus his *History of the House of* Loreto

rope (who have ſent rich Preſents hither) do teſtify. Beſides I can ſay this, that the Walls are of ſuch a Stone as is not uſed in any Houſe in all the Country about: A great Preſumption, that this Wall is Exotic. Again, the holy Houſe here having no foundation in the Ground (as we ſee plainly) it is not credible that it was built here by Men who would have given ſome little Foundation to Walls of that thickneſs, and to a Houſe of that bigneſs, eſpecially ſtanding alone in the Fields, as it did at firſt, and expoſed to all Weather. Add farther, that the very old Painting which is ſeen upon part of the Wall on the inſide ſheweth the high Antiquity of this Houſe. In fine, the whole Country would have given the Lie to his tradition at firſt, or as ſoon as Men had begun to cry it up for an Houſe brought thither miraculouſly.

The holy Houſe of Loreto.

Now for the holy Houſe it ſelf it ſtands in the midſt of a great Church which hath been built over it in latter times, for the better conveniency of the Peoples Devotion, and the Church Service: And round about it more immediately there hath been built a decoration of white Marble, which ſtands half a Foot diſtant from the holy Houſe, that Men may ſee it was not intended ſo much for a Prop, as for a Decoration to it, as alſo to keep it from the hands of devout Pilgrims, who otherwiſe would have made no ſcruple to have been nibling at the Stones of the Walls here, and ſo in time have much defac'd the holy Houſe with their Pious Theſts. This Decoration is ſet round with two rows of ſtatues of white Marble, cut by the rareſt Workmen of *Italy* in thoſe times, to wit, *Sanſovino*, *Bandinelli*, *San-*

San Gallo, *Monte Lupo*, and others. The lower row of theſe Statues expreſſeth the figures of the ancient Prophets: And the other row above expreſſeth the Statues of the *Sybills*, who Prophecyed among the Gentiles, and Heathens, of our Saviours Birth of a Virgin, and his Paſſion, as you may read at large in *Lactantius*.

As for the matter and form of this Houſe, I found it to be of hard, red Stone, like Brick, but far harder and bigger than our Brick: The form ſomewhat ſquare, about the bigneſs of a reaſonable lodging Chamber. There's but one Window in it, and anciently there was but one Door; but now there are three; one at either ſide, and one behind the Altar, for the Chaplains that have care of the Lights and Lamps, which are always burning here. Towards the upper end of the Houſe there is an Altar, where the Holy Sacrifice of Maſs is offered from four in the Morning, until one in the Afternoon. This Altar is of Silver, and was given by *Coſmus* II. Great Duke of *Florence*. Before it hangs a Lamp of Gold, as great as two Men could carry. It was the gift and Vow of the Senate of *Venice* in a Plague time. On either ſide of the Walls are faſtened two great Candleſticks of pure Gold, made like *Cornucopias* and neatly wrought, they were the gift of the great Dutches of *Florence*, *Magdelena d' Auſtria*, as her Arms upon them told me. On the Goſpel ſide of the Altar, there's an old Cupboard within the Wall, in which are yet kept ſome little Earthen Diſhes, which were brought hither with the Houſe, and therefore Tradition holds them to have been our Saviours Plate, and our Ladies Veſſels. Now this Cupboard is adorn'd

with a door of Silver given (if I remember well) by a Duke of *Parma*. In the end of the holy Houſe there is a Window, where it is imagined the Angel entred when he came Embaſſador to the *Virgin Mary* concerning the great Buſineſs of the Incarnation of his Lord and Maſter. This Window is now cheeked and enriched with Silver. Round about above, hang Silver Lamps; and on the ſides of the Walls there remains yet ſome very old Painting, wherewith this Chamber was painted when it was firſt conſecrated into a Chappel in the primitive times. In the very bottom of this Chamber, they ſhewed me, by a lighted Candle, how that it hath no Foundation in the Ground; but ſtands here juſt as if it had been let down from the Air, and ſet upon the plain Ground.

Cloſe behind the Altar runs quite croſs the Chappel, a great iron Grate, through which you ſee the Statue of *Cedar*, of our Bleſſed Lady, with her Son in her Arms. It's ſaid to have been made by St. *Luke*, and was brought hither, together with the Chappel or holy Houſe. It ſtands up high in the very farther end of the Chappel: It's about four Foot high, and adorned with a particular kind of Vail hung before it, looking ſomething like a Womans Garment. They call theſe Vails here, *Veſti*, and they are of divers Colors and Stuffs; but all rich and glittering; witneſs that which I ſaw in the *Treaſury*, which was given by the *Infanta Iſabella* of *Flanders*, which is valued at forty Thouſand Crowns. It's ſet thick with ſix rows of Diamonds down before, to the number of three Thouſand; and it's all wrought over with a kind of Embroidery of little

little Pearl, ſet thick every where within the Flowers with great round Pearl, to the number of twenty Thouſand Pearls in all. Upon the Heads of our Saviour and our Lady in that Statue, are ſet two rich Crowns (cloſe Royal Crowns) of Diamonds given by the Queen of *France Anne d' Auſtriche*. Before the Breaſt of this Statue hangs a Royal *Toſone*, or Fleece of rich Jewels, given by a Prince of *Tranſilvania*: A Collar of Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds, and a rich Croſs hanging at it, all given by Cardinal *Sfondrati*. Round about the *Niche*, in which this Statue ſtands, there goes a cloſe row of precious Stones of ſeveral ſorts and Luſtres, but all great, both in bulk, in value, and in number; being Seventy one, in all, and together compoſing a rich *Iris* of ſeveral colours. Between this Statue of our Lady, and the Iron Grate, hang a row of Lamps, (about twelve in all) of pure Gold, and all as big as a Mans Head, one whereof exceeds the reſt in curious Workmanſhip; and it was the gift of *Sigiſmond*, King of *Poloxia*.

All the reſt of the Chappel, where thoſe Lamps hang, is loaden with the rich Vows, and Preſents of great Princes. Theſe I yet remember: To wit, the Image in Silver of the eldeſt Son of *Ferdinand* the Third, Emperor, with a Chain of Diamonds about it. An Angel of Silver, holding out and as it were preſenting to our Lady a Child of Gold in Swathing-Bands, upon a Silver Cuſhion. It was the gift of the aforeſaid Queen of *France*, being brougt to Bed of the *Dolphin*, now *Lewis* the XIV. The Picture of this Prince of *Conde* in Silver kneeling, a vow of his Mother when he went firſt to War. The *Buſto* of

of St. *Barbara* in Silver, ſet with Jewels; the gift of an Arch Duke of *Auſtria*. Another *Buſto* of St. *Girione*, ſet with Jewels alſo a gift of a Queen of *Bohemia*. The Statue of St. *Ladiſlaus* in Silver; the gift of *Ladiſlaus* the IV. King of *Polonia*. A fine kneeling Stool or Pew of Silver, given by Cardinal *Colonna*, with a world of other Silver Preſents, wherewith this place is filled. In fine, I ſaw there the very Chimney which was anciently in this Chamber; its under the Statue of our Lady, and now adorned with Silver.

The Treaſury.

Having ſeen the Holy Houſe or Chappel, we were led the next Morning into the *Treaſury*, where many other rich preſents are kept. This *Treaſury* is a large Room forty paces long, and about fifteen wide, like a long Chappel vaulted and painted over head. On the left hand of this Room, ſtand great Cupboards, which opening above, have little Nets of ſtrong Wyar before them, which let in Eyes to behold, but keep off Hands from touching the ineſtimable *Treaſure* contained within them. Some of theſe preſents were given by Popes, ſome by Kings, Queens, Princes, Cardinals, Generals, Ladies and Noblemen of ſeveral Nations. In one Cupboard they ſhewed us a whole ſervice for the Altar, that is, Crucifix, Candleſticks, Cruets, Baſin and Eure, and the foot of the Chalice, all of Amber. In another, ſuch a whole ſervice of Agate. Another ſuch a Service all of *Lapis Lazuli*, given by *Count Olivares*. Another all of Coral given by the Arch-duke *Leopold*. In another, ſuch a Service in Chryſtal. In another ſuch a Service of Silver, with Flower-pots neatly wrought, given by

by *Don Thadeo Barberino*, *Prefect of Rome*. In another, a ſtately Crucifix of *Ebony* adorn'd with many curious Pictures in Miniature, given by Pope *Clement* the VIII. In another, the Spread-Eagle of Diamonds, the Gift of *Mary*, Queen of *Hungary*. Two Crowns of Gold enrich'd with Pearl; the Gift of a Queen of *Polonia*. A Crown of Gold ſet with great Rubies of extraordinary ſize; the Gift of a Dutcheſs of *Nevers*. In another the Crown and Scepter of Gold enamell'd, given by *Chriſtina*, Queen of *Sweden*, at her firſt coming into *Italy*. In another, the enamelled Pigeon, with a rich Jewel in its Breaſt; the Gift of the Prince *Ludoviſio*. The Heart enriched with Diamonds, with a great Emerald in the middle of it, of an exceſſive bigneſs; the Gift of *Henry* III. of *France*, at his return out of *Polonia*. In another, the rich enamelled three corner'd Jewel, with the Picture of the Bleſſed Virgin in the middle of it; the Preſent of two *Bohemian* Counts and a Gentleman; who being thrown out of a Window in *Prague*, by the Calviniſts, and recommended themſelves to God's Protection, and our Ladies Interceſſion, fell down all three gently, without the leaſt hurt: Their Names were Count *Martinis*, Count *Slavata*, and a Gentleman that was Secretary to Count *Slavata*, who being thrown out the laſt, and falling upon the Count his Maſter, cryed him mercy for his rudeneſs in falling upon him: A great argument that they were little hurt, when they could Compliment with one another. There are now three Pillars before that houſe in *Prague*, out of which theſe three Men were thrown. In another Cupboard I ſaw ſeveral great Chains of Gold,

Gold, given by great Men; and ſome of theſe by great Generals. In another, a great Heart of Gold, as big as both a Mans hands, enamelled with blew, and ſet on the outſide of it, with theſe Words in pretty big Diamonds, JESUS, MARIA, and within it are the Pictures of the Bleſſed Virgin on one ſide, and of the Queen of *England*, *Henrietta Maria*, one the other; the Heart opening it ſelf into two leaves. In another, a neat little Heart alſo, of Gold, enamelled and ſet with Jewels, the Preſent of Madam *Chriſtina*, Dutcheſs of *Savoy*; and Siſter to the foreſaid Queen of *England*, with her own and her Sons Picture in it. In another, the Picture of our Bleſſed Lady, with her Son Jeſus in her Arms, cut in a great Pearl, and ſet in Gold. In another Cupboard, I ſaw a Picture of our Bleſſed Lady, wrought curiouſly in *Indian* Feathers of ſeveral Colors, and cut ſhort as Pluſh; which Picture changeth Colors as often as you change its Situation, or your own Poſture. In another, a great *Cuſtodia* of Chryſtal, given by *Chriſtina* of *Tuſcany*. In another, a *Cuſtodia* of *Lapis Lazuli*. In another, a Diamond valued at twelve Thouſand Crowns, the gift of the Prince *d'Oria*, in *Genoua*. Another of almoſt equal price, given by a *German* Prince. In another, a curious Book of Gold covered with Diamonds, with the leaves of Gold, but rarely painted in Miniature, the gift of a Duke of *Bavaria*. In another, the *Samaritans* Well of Gold, with Pictures of our Saviour, and the *Samaritan* Woman in Gold alſo; the Preſent of Cardinal *Brancaccio*. In divers other Cupboards, I ſaw a world of Jewels of all ſorts, which confounded my Memory as well

well as dazled my Eyes. In other great Cupboards, they ſhewed me excellent Church Ornaments, of moſt rich Stuffs, embroidered with Silver and Gold, but one there was (to wit, a whole compleat Suit for the Altar, Prieſt, Deacon and Subdeacon) ſo thick covered with an Embroidery of Pearl, and thoſe no little ones, that I could not perceive the Ground of the Stuff for Pearl: All theſe were the Preſents of *Catherine Zomoiſky*, Wife of the Chancellor of *Polonia*; and they are valued at an Hundred and thirty Thouſand Crowns. I know not whether this ſuit of Church Ornaments, or that deſcribed above in the Popes *Sacriſty*, be the Richer.

On the other ſide of this Room, are great Windows, betwixt every one of which, are ſet upon long Tables, divers great Towns, ſo preciſely expreſſed in Silver, with their Walls, Ramparts, Churches, Steeples, Houſes, Streets, Windmils, *&c.* That whoſoever had once ſeen theſe Towns, would eaſily know them again in their Pictures here, they were all Vows and Gifts, and all ingenious *German* Work, as well as *German* Towns.

This is all I can Remember, though not half I ſaw in this *Treaſury*. And having thanked the civil Prieſt that ſhewed us this fine place, we went out again into the great Church; where I obſerved upon the great Pillars that make the Iſles of this Church, the Hiſtory of the Holy Houſe engraven in Stone, or written in Parchment in a fair Text-hand, in twelve or thirteen ſeveral Languages, for the uſe of the Pilgrims who flock hither from all Countries.

Going

Going out of the Church, I ſaw before the Church door the Statue in Braſs of *Sixtus Quintus*, and a ſtately Fountain.

From hence we went to ſee the Cellar of the Holy Houſe, which furniſhed with Wine, not only the Governors Houſe, the Canons and the Church-men, the College of the *Penitentiaries*, the Convent of the *Capucins*, the *Seminariſts*, the Hoſpital and all thoſe that belong to the Church any way; but alſo furniſh'd all Pilgrims, yea even all Princes, Cardinals, Biſhops, Ambaſſadors, and great Men of known quality, with Wine, as long as they ſtay here upon Devotion. For this reaſon there belong large Revenues to this Church; and this Cellar is abſolutely the beſt I ſaw in *Italy*. The Veſſels are hugely great, and not to be removed from hence. They have a way to take out a piece of their broad ſides, and ſo to make them clean. They are all hooped with Iron, and ſome of them are ſo contrived, that they can draw three ſeveral ſorts of Wine out of one Veſſel, and by the ſame tap. The Experience is pretty, but the Wine is better. Now whether theſe Veſſels be too many, or the Revenues of the Holy Houſe too great, you may eaſily conjecture, when ſo many Perſons are fed daily, as I mentioned above, and ſo many Thouſand Pilgrims paſs ſo frequently that way. *Turſelinus** writes, that between *Eaſter* and *Whitſuntide*, there have flock'd thither, ſometims, five, ſometimes ſix Hundred thouſand Communicants; and in two days ſpace in *September* (about the Feaſt of the Nativity of our Bleſſed Lady) there have appeared Two hundred thouſand Communicants, moſt of which were Pilgrims. Having

* *In his Hiſt. of Loreto, l. 3. c. 15.*

Having refreſhed our ſelves in this Cellar, we went to the Apothecaries-ſhop, belonging to the holy Houſe alſo; and furniſhing Phyſick to ſick Pilgrims for nothing. There we ſaw thoſe famous Pots, which make even Phyſick it ſelf look ſweetly, and draw all curious ſtrangers to viſit them. For round about a great inner Shop, ſtand Pots of a great Size, painted by *Raphael Urbin's* own Hand, and therefore judged by *Virtuoſi* to be of great Value. Witneſs thoſe four only, on which are painted the four *Evangeliſts*, for the which were offered by a *French* Embaſſador in his Kings name, four Pots of Gold of the ſame bigneſs, and were refuſed. Brave *Raphael*, whoſe only touch of a Finger could, *Midas* like, turn Galli-pots into Gold. *But as Phydias* his Statues of Clay were as much adored antiently, as his Golden ones; So *Raphaels* Hand is as much admired in the Apothecaries Shop of *Loreto*, as in the *Vatican* Pallace of *Rome*. Theſe Pots were given to the holy Houſe by a Duke of *Urbin*, whoſe Subject *Raphael* was, and for whom he had made them with more than ordinary Art. *The Apothecaries-ſhop.*

He that deſires to know more of *Loreto*, let him read *Turſelinus* his Hiſtory of *Loreto*. For my part, my time being out, I muſt be gone.

Taking therefore Horſe again, we made towards *Venice*, and ſaw theſe Places in our way.

Ancona, the Capital Town of the *Marca*, and one of the beſt Havens in the *Gulph*: Correſponding with *Slavonia*, *Greece*, *Dalmatica*, and many other Countries. Its built upon a Promontory, and back'd up Land-way, with a good Caſtle. The Haven was built by the Emperour *Trajan*, whoſe Triumphal Arch is yet ſeen here, and *Ancona.*

and is the chief Monument of this Town. Here is a *Molo* ſtriking two Hundred paces into the Sea. *Pius* II. whilſt he ſtayed here to animate in Perſon, the great expedition againſt the *Turks*, which he had zealouſly given beginning to, died. In the Vaults of the great Church, are kept many Saints Bodies and pretious Relicks. Its called St. *Ciriaco's* Church, and it is the Cathedral.

Senegallia. From *Ancona* we went to *Senegallia*, all along the Sea ſide. This Town is ſo called from the *Senones Gallia*. Its a very neat and pleaſant Town, ſtanding in a ſweet Air. Its a Biſhops Seat. Here began anciently *Gallia Ciſalpina*.

Fano. From hence we went to *Fano* (*Fanum fortunæ*) becauſe of the Temple of Fortune built here in memory of a Battle won by the *Romans*, near the River *Metaurus*, hard by where *Aſdrubal*, *Hannibal's* Brother was ſlain. Here's an antient Triumphal Arch yet ſtanding. Not far from this Town alſo, *Narſetes* overcame *Totila*. Its an Epiſcopal Town.

Peſaro. From hence we went to *Peſaro* ſtanding alſo moſt pleaſantly by the Sea ſide. Its called *Peſaro*, and *Peſaurum* in Latin, from the weighing here of the Gold which the *Romans* beſeiged in the Capitol, ſent hither to be payed to the *Gauls*, ſaith *Servius*. It once belonging to the Dukes of *Urbin*, but for want of Heirs Male, fell to the Church by right. From the Bridge of Stone, which is here, begins the *Marca d' Ancona*. The Air is here thought by *Uranoſcopiſts*, to be the beſt in *Italy*; as are alſo the Figs here.

Catholica. From hence we paſſed by *Catholica*, a poor Village, adorned with nothing but a ſtately *Name*, and an Inſcription upon the Wall of the Chappel,

pel, rendering you the reaſon why this Town is called *Catholica*, which was this. When the Emperour *Conſtantius*, a fierce *Arian*, uſed violence to the Fathers that had been aſſembled in the Council of *Arimini* (a Town not far off) and would not ſuffer them to depart (their buſineſs being done, which they came for, to wit, the Catholick Faith of the Council of *Nice* being here aſſerted and confirmed) till they had complyed with the Emperour's faction, conſiſting of *Arians*; Many of them too weakly (being weary of ſo long a ſtay from their Seats) fell to an unworthy compliance with the *Arian* Party. Which the zealous *Orthodox* Fathers ſeeing, left *Rimini*, and came into this little Village, becauſe they would not Communicate with the *Arians*: Whereupon this Village got the Name of *Catholica*, becauſe the true Catholick and Orthodox Fathers retired hither. If you ask me then, whether this Council of *Rimini* were good or no; I anſwer you, that the Council was good and Orthodox, and confirmed the Faith of the *Nicene* Council againſt the *Arians*; which was the buſineſs it was called about. And what happened afterwards when the Council was ended by the oppreſſion of the Emperour, is not to be imputed to the Council, but to ſome weak Fathers, as an error of Coverſation, and a too unworthy Compliance.

From *Catholica* we went to *Rimini*, called *Ariminum* in Latin, this is a pretty Town, in which the foreſaid Council was kept. In the Market place I ſaw the Stone (ſet now upon a *Pedeſtal*) upon which *Cæſar* ſtood when he made a Speech to his Souldiers, to make them reſolve to *Rimini.*

march up to *Rome*. Hard by, in the ſame Market place, ſtands a little round Chappel, famous for a miracle wrought there by St. *Antony* of *Padua*, in Confirmation of the real Preſence. The Hiſtory is too long, but ſeen here painted round the Chappel, with a caſt of an Eye.

Ceſena. *Forli.* From hence we went through *Ceſena* an Epiſcopal Town; and *Forli*, *Forum Livii* another Biſhops Seat; in the way before we came to *Ceſena*, we ſaw an old Inſcription in Stone, ſet up by a little River ſide, which I found to be the very Decree of the old Senate of *Rome*, forbidding in general, any Officer or Souldier whatſoever, to paſs over the *Rubicon*, upon pain of being judged an Eenemy to his Country, and guilty of high Treaſon. By which Words I gathered, that this *Rubicon.* little River here now called *Piſtatello*, was *Rubicon*, mentioned in the Decree of the Senate; and that this Decree pointed at *Julius Cæſar* and his Army. Yet *Cæſar* being reſolved to march up to *Rome* with his Army, made a Speech to his Souldiers; and finding a compliance in their reſolutions, paſſed over *Rubicon*, crying out: *Jacta eſt alea: We muſt either Sink or Swim*, and ſo paſſed on to *Rome*, which he ſoon poſſeſſed himſelf of, and then of the World. When once powerful Men draw their Swords, they throw away their Scabbards; and when once they have offended beyond Pardon, they ſtrike at the very Throat of Authority; running upon that horrid *Maxime*, that *ſcelera ſceleribus ſunt tuenda.*

Faenza. From *Forli* we paſſed on the Right hand of *Faenza*, *Faventia* in Latin (leaving the way on the Left hand, which leads to *Imola* and *Bologna*) *Faenza* is a neat Town, as all the others we had

had paſſed by before: But having no conſiderable thing in it, but white Earthen Pots, called Veſſels of *Faenza*, we ſtayed not long in it, but made towards *Ferrara*. In the way I found little worth Obſervation, except only, that as we Travelled one Night ſomewhat late for Coolneſs, I ſaw Millions of little Flies in the Air, carrying a bright Light about them like Glow-worms. They continued all the way to our Inn for two hours after Sun ſet, eſpecially upon the Corn Fields and high Graſs. It was huge pretty me thought, to ſee Heaven upon Earth almoſt, and flying Stars conduct us to our Lodging. A Poet would have ſworn by all the Cords of *Apollo*'s Harp, that *Jupiter* then was making *Vulcan* pave the Vault of Heaven with a *Moſack* Work of Diamonds, and that theſe were only the ſparks that fell from him: Or that he was repairing the old Cauſey of the *Via Lactea* with freſh Stars, and that theſe were the old ones which he had thrown away. I catched ſome of theſe fiery Flies, to ſee where it was that they carried their little *Lanterns* and *Candles*, and I found it was in their Tails. The Country People call them *Lucciole*. And I believe, theſe are thoſe Flies which *Pliny* calls *Cicindelas*, and *Ariſtotle* calls λαμπυρίδα. *Plin. l. 18. c. 26.* *Ariſt. l. 1. de partib. animal. c. 3.*

Paſſing thus along we came late to a little Village, and the next Morning betimes to *Ferrara*. This Town of *Ferrara* was once the Seat of a Sovereign Prince of the houſe of *Eſte*, but for want of Heirs Male, after the Death of *Alfonſo* the II. it fell to the Church, and *Clement* the VIII. took poſſeſſion of it in Perſon, by an Entry and Ceremony, worthy of the Pen of Cardinal *Bentivoglio* who was there. The Town ſtands in a *Ferrara*:

Plain, carrying above four Miles compaſs; it hath a good *Citadel*, ſtrong Walls, Ramparts, Bulworks, and a good Garriſon of Soldiers. Here are fair Streets, and very handſom Pallaces; but People are ſomewhat thin. The things which I ſaw here were theſe.

The Rarities.

1. The *Domo*, Ancient rather than Beautiful.

2. Over againſt it, two Statues in Braſs, of the Princes of the Houſe of *Eſte*; the one Duke; the other *Marquis*; the one Sitting, the other on Horſeback.

3. Behind theſe Statues is the Houſe of Juſtice, or Town-houſe.

4. The ſtrong Pallace of the Dukes anciently, is in the middle of the Town, with a great Mote about it; the Court within is painted with the Pictures of all the Dukes of *Ferrara*: here the Popes Legate lyeth.

The Diamond Pallace.

5. The Diamond Pallace, as they call it, is of white Marble without, whoſe Stones are all cut Diamond ways, into ſharp Points. Having ſeen it without, I longed to ſee it within, hoping that a Diamond Pallace without, would be all Carbuncle and Pearl within. But I was deceiv'd; for entring in, I found nothing worth the Pains of going up the ugly Stairs; and the poor Woman that kept the Houſe told me as much, as well as the cold Kitchin. I wonder the Maſter of this Houſe doth not keep it always lock'd up, that Strangers might value it by its outſide only, which is admirable indeed.

Arioſto's Tomb.

6. The Monaſtery of the *Benedictins* is ſtately, in whoſe Church I found the Tomb of *Arioſto*, Author of the long *Poem* called *Orlando Furioſo*. He was eſteemed, in his Life-time, a great Poet, and

as

as ſuch was Crowned *Laureat* Poet, by the Emperor *Charles* the V. but he was oftentimes ſeen, even in the Streets, to be too much tranſported with Poetick Fury, and to become *Arioſto Furioſo*, while he was penning his *Orlando*. He had a rich Vein, but a poor Purſe; and while his head was crowned with *Laurel*, his Breeches were often out behind, as well as thoſe of *Torquato Taſſo*, of whom *Balzac* ſaith, that though he were a good Poet, yet he had *des fort mauvaiſes chauſes*.

7. The *Carthuſians* Church is neat and full of good Pictures.

8. The Church and Convent of the *Carmelites* is alſo neat, in whoſe Library I ſaw a Manuſcript of *John Bacon*, and another of Learned *Thomas Waldenſis*, both *Engliſh-Men*, and both Learned Men.

Here's an Academy of Wits called *Gli Elivati*. Of this Town was *Hyronymus Savonarola*, Author of the *Triumphus Crucis*; and *Baptiſta Guarini* Author of the *Paſtor Fido*. *The Academy of Wits.* *The Learned Men.*

He that deſires to know the Hiſtory of *Ferrara*, let him read *Giovanni Baptiſta Pigna*, who hath written of it, *ex Profeſſo*. *The Hiſtory.*

From *Ferrara* we went to *Padua* in two days, the Seaſon being good and dry; otherwiſe in Winter, it's too deep a way to go by Land; therefore moſt Men embark at *Ferrara*, and go by Boat to *Venice*. The firſt day paſſing over the *Po* in a Boat at *Francalino*, we reached *Ruigo* the firſt Town of the *Venetian* ſtate. This Town is built near where *Adria* (from whence the *Adriatic* Sea is called) once ſtood, and almoſt upon its ruins. It's governed by a *Podeſta* and a *Capitano Grande*, as the other Towns of St. *Mark* are. Of this *Ruigo.* *Adria.*

Town was *Cælius Rhodiginus*, a Man of various Learning, as his Books ſhew; and *Boniſacius Boniſacii* another learned Humaniſt.

From *Ruigo* we arrived at *Padua* betimes, but the deſire of ſeeing *Venice*, made us haſten away the next day; deferring to ſee *Padua* till our return from *Venice*.

Embarking then betimes in the Morning at *Padua* in a *Piotta*, a neat little Barge, taken to our ſelves, and much more honourable than to go in the great Tilt-Boat, where all ſorts of louſy Ruffians and idle People throng you up, we ſaw a world of ſtately Pallaces and Gardens, ſtanding upon the Banks of the River *Bronta*, and ſhewing us that we were approaching to a great Town indeed.

Some five Miles ſhort of *Venice*, we left the River and the Horſes that drew us, and rowed through the ſhallow Sea which environeth *Venice* on all ſides, for above five Miles ſpace. This *La Laguna.* low Sea is called here *La Laguna*; and the Water is ſo ſhallow that no great Ships can come to *Venice*, little Veſſels come by certain Channels which are well fortified with Caſtles, Forts and Chains, ſo that no Man can come to *Venice*, but with leave, or knocks. We arrived there betimes, and all the way we admired to ſee ſuch a ſtately City, lying as it were at Anchor, in the midſt of the Sea; and ſtanding fixed where every thing elſe Floats.

The Origin of Venice. *Venice* at firſt was nothing but a company of little dry Spots of Ground, which held up their Heads in a ſhallow Sea, furniſhed by ſeven Rivers, *Piava*, *Sila*, *Livenza*, *Po*, *Adige*, *Brenta*, and *Tagliamento*, which run into it. To theſe little dry

dry Spots of Ground, Fiſhermen repaired anciently for their Fiſhing, and built little Cottages upon them. But afterwards *Italy* being overrun by *Goths*, *Huns*, and *Viſigoths*, divers rich Men, from ſeveral parts of *Italy*, as well as from *Padua*, fled hither with the beſt of their Goods, to ſave them and themſelves in theſe poor Cottages, unknown to thoſe barbarous Nations: And finding by Experience this to be a ſafer place than any elſe, they began to provide againſt thoſe frequent Diſaſters of barbarous Incurſions, by building good Houſes here. This many Men did and made at laſt a fine Town here, and greater than her Mother *Padua*. This happened twelve Hundred years ago, which makes *Venice* glory, that ſhe is the antienteſt Republick in *Europe*. To which purpoſe I cannot omit to tell you here a pretty Story which was told me in *Paris* of a *Venetian* Embaſſador, who reſiding in the Court of *France*, and finding himſelf in a Viſit, where there were many Ladies, was ſeriouſly asked by a grave old Lady, (who heard him ſpeak much of the *Seignory* of *Venice*) whether the *Seignory* of *Venice* were fair or no? Yes Madam ſaid he, on of the faireſt in *Europe*. Is ſhe great ſaid the Lady again? Yes Madam ſaid the Embaſſador, ſhe is great enough. Is ſhe rich ſaid the Lady? Worth Millions replied the Embaſſador. Me-thinks then ſaid the Lady, ſhe would be a good Match for *Monſieur* the King's Brother: Yes Madam, replied he again, but that ſhe is a little too old. Why how old is ſhe I pray you, ſaid the Lady? Madam, anſwered the Embaſſador, ſhe is about twelve Hundred years old. At which the Company ſmiling, the good Lady preceiv'd

Eſt ella belle?

Eſt ella grande?

Eſt ella riche?

Quelle aige a elle?

her Error with bluſhing, and *Monſieur* was unmarried for that preſent. Indeed *Coſmography*, and *Topography* are hard Words; and as the old ſaying is, *aliud Sceptrum, aliud Plectrum*, a Looking-Glaſs is not the ſame thing with a Map.

Venice now.

As for *Venice* now, 'tis one of the faireſt Cities in *Europe*, and called by the Proverbial Epethite, *Venetia la Ricca*, *Venice* the Rich. It's well nigh eight Milns in Compaſs, and in form ſomething like a Lute. It hath no Wall about it to defend it, but a Mote of Water, that is five Miles broad, which ſurrounds it. It hath no Suburbs, but a world of little Iſlands cloſe by it. The Streets of *Venice* are all full of Water; and for this Reaſon they uſe no Coaches here, but viſit in Boats.

The Gondolas.

Theſe Boats they call here *Gondolas*, and there are above twenty Touſand of them. For beſides, that every noble *Venetian* or rich Man, hath two or three of his own; there are always a World of them ſtanding together at ſeveral publick Wharfs; ſo that you need but cry out, *Gondola*, and you have them lanch out preſently to you: Theſe *Gandola*'s are pretty neat black Boats like our Oars, holding ſix Perſons conveniently upon the Seats, which are covered over head with a thick black Cloath, with Windows at either ſide, which in Winter defends you from the Wind, and in Summer from the Sun. The multitude of theſe *Gondola*'s help to employ a great many poor Men, and to make a world of Mariners for publick Service, in time of need. Ordinary people here may go up and down the Town by little back Alleys, which they call here *Calle*; theſe by winding up and down, and deli-

delivering them over ſeveral Bridges, hugely puzzle Strangers at firſt. Of theſe Bridges there are above 1500 in *Venice*, all of Stone, and of one Arch reaching from one ſide of the Street to the other, while the *Gondola*'s run under the Arch. The greateſt of theſe Bridges is called the *Rialto*, built over the *Canal Grande*, all of white Marble. This is one of the fineſt Bridges in *Europe*, becauſe of the one Arch only, and of the vaſt wideneſs and height of that Arch; the Channel here being as wide as any Man can throw a Stone. This Bridge bears upon its Back two rows of Shops, and little Houſes covered with Lead; and leſt this great weight ſhould make the Foundation ſink, they built upon *Piloties*, that is, great Trees rammed into the Ground, to the number of ſix Thouſand in all. In fine, this Bridge coſt two Hundred and fifty Thouſand Crowns. It were a fine ſight to ſee, in an hard Froſt, the ſtreets of *Venice* all frozen, and People walking up and down upon Diamond Streets, or a Chryſtal Pavement. In the mean time it's no unpleaſing ſight to ſee the Streets full of Water, and ſuch ſtately Pallaces on either ſide: Eſpecially the *Canal Grande*, which runs quite through the middle of the City, and is hedged in on either ſide with ſtately Houſes; among which are counted two Hundred Pallaces fit to lodg any King. The whole City hath in it Thirty two Monaſteries of Religious Men, Twenty eight of Religious Women; Seventy Pariſh Churches; and about an Hundred and fourſcore Thouſand Inhabitants.

Bridges in Venice.

The Rialto.

Having ſaid thus much of the Situation of *Venice*, I will now ſpeak of the Government, Strength, Riches, Religion, and Intereſt of this Republick,

Republick, and then fall to the particulars I saw in it.

The Government. For the Government here, it's purely *Aristocratical*, by the *Doge*, and the Nobles. The *The great Council.* great Council consists of two Thousand Gentlemen. This is the *Basis* of the State Government: Because that out of these are chosen all the other Magistrates, *Potestas*, *Generals*, *Capitani*, *Grandi*, *providetori Generali*, *Embassadors*, &c. This great Counsel assembles frequently in one great Room of the *Doge*'s Pallace, where there are Seats for them all, and where Businesses are voted by Baloting; that is, by putting in a close double Box of two Colours, a little Ball about the bigness of a Button, which is made so soft, that no Man can hear into whether part of the double Box the Ball falls. Every Gentleman in this great Council hath two of these Balls given him, one white, and the other red: The one signifying the Affirmative vote, the other the Negative: So that they give their votes secretly, and without being known afterwards for what party they stood, or without giving example to others to follow them in their Votes, as leading Men would do; and so draw all into Faction and Cabals.

To run through all the Magistrates and Officers of this Republick, the *Pregiadi*, the *Savi Grandi*, the *Savi di Terra ferma*, the *Savi de gli Ordini*, the *Consiglio de dieci*, &c. would be a work too long for a Traveller, and too tedious for my Reader. I will only speak of the Supream Magi-*The Doge.* strate here, the *Doge*, or Prince as they call him, who represents the Head of this Republick. He is now chosen by the whole Senate, and is for Life: Heretofore he was Hereditary, till the year 1032.

The

The manner of Baloting in chooſing the *Doge*, is ſuch a puzzle, that I had rather you ſhould read it in *Sabellicus*, than I give my ſelf the trouble of deſcribing it. For the moſt part, they chuſe a Man well ſtricken in years, and one who hath made his Circle of Embaſſies: That is, hath been fifteen Years Embaſſador in the chief Courts of *Europe*, three Years a piece in every one: And ſo acquired unto himſelf a perfect knowledge of all States, and State affairs. Being choſen once, he cannot ſtir out of the *Laguna* without leave. Mor at home can he do all things of his own Head; but with the advice of his Counſellers, who are ſix, choſen out of the moſt honourable Gentlemen of the City. Theſe ſix ſit with him in Counſel, and execute with him all Buſineſſes, as to give Audience, read Letters, grant Priviledges, and the like: Which cannot be executed by the *Doge*, if there be not four Counſellers with him; and yet they can execute and act without the *Doge*; and it's they that have Authority to propoſe in the great Counſel, things of concern. In giving Suffrages, his Suffrage is no more than an ordinary Senators in the Senate; but he hath two Voices in the great Counſel. The *Doge* and theſe Counſellours are called *Il Collegio*, but then in main publick affairs there enter into this Counſel, Six *Savi grandi*, five *Savi di Terra Ferma*, five *Save de gli Ordini*, and Three *Capi de Quaranta Criminali*. This full College diſtributes Buſineſs to the other Magiſtrates to be handed, having been headed here.

The Habit of the *Doge* is ancient, and hath ſomething of the *Pontifical* Habit of it. His Pomp, Train, and Lodging are all Princely; and in publick Functions he hath carried before him the eight Silver

Silver Trumpets, the great *Umbrella* of Cloth of Tiſſue, the Cuſhion, the Chair, the gilt Sword, and a white wax Candle carried by a Child. All Letters of State are written in his Name, and Money is coyned in his Name, but the *Impronto*, or ſtamp of it, is always the figure of St. *Mark*, or St. *Marks* Lyon. For the moſt part the *Doge* is choſen out of thoſe whom they call here, *Procuratori di* St. *Marco*. Theſe *Procuratori* are of high rank and eſteem in this Republick. Heretofore there was but one *Procuratori di San Marco*, whoſe Office was to have a care of all things belonging to St. *Mark's* Church, and the *Treaſure*. But now there are Twenty five, moſt of which have made their Circles of Embaſſies in foreign Courts, and are fit Wood to make *Doges* of: Though ſome of them of late have been aſſumed to that dignity for Money; the State now making Money of all Men, as well as of all things.

Procuratori di Sant Marco.

Their Strength.

As for the Strength and Power of *Venice*, i'ts very great, their Poſſeſſions in *Italy*, being full as great as the Pope's; and out of *Italy*, far greater. In *Italy* they hold fourteen Provinces under them. They are Lords of the *Gulph*, or *Adriatic Sea*.

They poſſeſs the Coaſt of *Dalmatia*, beyond the *Gulph*. They hold the *Iles* of *Corfu*, *Cephalonia* and *Zant*.

Candia, or the *Ile* of *Creta*, belongs to them by due. The Kingdom of *Cyprus* alſo is pretended to by them; and by it and *Candy*, whoſe two Crowns they ſhew us in the Treaſury, *Venice* is ſtiled *Sereniſſima*. The Kingdom of *Cyprus* came to the *Venetians* by *Catherine Cornaro*, who was made Heir of it by her Son, the King thereof, who died young and without Iſſue, about the year 1438. The ſtory

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is this, *Catharine* was Daughter of *Marco Cornaro*, and Neece of *Andrew Cornaro*, two Noblemen of *Venice*. *Andrew* was ſent *Auditore General* into the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, in the time of *James* King of that Iſland, and helpt him to many thouſand Crowns, whereby he ſettled his tottering Crown. One day as the King was talking familiarly with him, he let fall (whether by chance, or deſign) a little Picture in *Miniature*, of a very handſom Lady. The King curious to ſee it, call'd for it civilly, and viewing it well, fell hugely in love with the Original of it, which *Andrew* aſſured him to be far handſomer than the Copy; and withal added, that if his Majeſty liked her, ſhe was his Neece, and that therefore he offered her freely to him for his Wife, with all the Money he had already lent him, and an hundred thouſand Crowns more. The King bit willingly at theſe two Baits, Beauty and Money, and was not quiet till he had married her. Of her he had but one Son, whom (dying) he left under his Mothers Protection, but he dying alſo not long after, left his Mother heir of the Kingdom; and ſhe at her Death, left this Crown and Kingdom to the *Venetians* by Will and Gift. This whole Hiſtory I ſaw Painted in the Pallace of *Cornaro* by the hand of *Paulo Vernoſe*. As for the ſtrong holds which the *Venetians* poſſeſs in *Italy*, they are theſe: *Crema*, *Bergamo*, *Breſcia*, *Peſchtera*, *Chioſa*, and *Palma Nuova* in *Friuli*. This laſt is one of the beſt places in *Europe*. It hath nine Royal *Baſtions*; Eighteeen Cavaliers, which command all the Neighbouring *Campagnia*: It hath ditches of Water about it, thirty Paces broad and twelve deep; Its Ramparts behind the Wall are high and covering, and they are always fringed with

Loſchi in Compendo Hiſtor.

Palma Nuova.

with an hundred pieces of Cannon, and ready to receive ſix Hundred more, which are always in its *Magazin*, ready upon all occaſions. And for Men and Armour, as the great Arſenal in *Venice* hath always Arms in readineſs for an hundred Thouſand Men; ſo this State being peopled with three Millions of Men, would eaſily find three or four hundred Thouſand Men of Service, and an hundred Gallies: Yet their ordinary *Militia* is but of fourſcore Thouſand Foot, and ſome ſix Thouſand Horſe; and about thirty Gallies.

Their Riches. As for their Riches, though their ordinary Revenues (before the late Wars with the Turk) exceeded not four Millions, yet now they ſpur themſelves, and the Country up to exceſſive ſums. Few die but they bequeath ſomething to ſuch a Chriſtian Service as this War is. Beſides this, the Taxes are much augmented, and ſeizures and forfeitures more narrowly looked into, to help publick expenſes. In fine, beſides this, the great trading which *Venice* driveth (*Aleppo* alone bringing in ſome years, four Millions of Gold) the *Venetians* have found out a very compendious way to raiſe, in one quarter of an Hour, and by one daſh of a Pen, fifty Hundred Thouſand Crowns, to help themſelves withal at a dead lift, and incommodate no Man. This they did, *Anno.* 1646 when fifty rich Families in *Venice* gave to the State an hundred Thouſand Crowns a piece, to be made noble *Venetians*. The like courſe they took to raiſe Money, about an hundred Years ago, when they were ſet upon by moſt of the Princes of *Europe* at once.

Their Religion. As for their Religion, its *Roman Catholick*, and they have never changed it ſince the beginning of

of their Republick. Hence Mr. *Raymond* in his *Mercurio Italico*, page 188. saith truly, that *Venice* hath this property above all other States; that she is a Virgin, and more, from the first infancy, Christian; having never yet fell from her Principles either in Government or Religion. It began to be built the very same year that St. *Augustin* died, as *Baronius* observes.

As for the Interest of the Publick, they are now well with the Emperor; not out with *Spain*, nor too secure of his Friendship; kind with the *French*, as long as they keep out of *Italy*; well affected to *England*, and just friends with the Pope. *Their Interest.*

Now for the particulars which I saw in *Venice*, they were these.

1. The Men themselves here, who looked like Men indeed: And as a Philosopher anciently said that when he came from *Corinth* to *Sparta*, he seemed to come from Horses to Men: So me thought, when I came from *France* to *Venice* I came from Boys to Men. For here I saw the handsomest, the most sightly, the most proper and grave Men that ever I saw any where else. They wear always in the Town (I speak of the Noblemen) a long black Gown, a black Cap knit, with an edging of black Wool about it, like a Fringe, an ancient and manly wear, which makes them look like Senators. Their Hair is generally the best I ever saw any where; these little Caps not pressing it down as our Hats do, and Periwigs are here forbid. Under their long Gowns (which fly open before) they have handsom black Suits of rich Stuffs, with Stockins and Garters, and Spanish Leather Shoos neatly made. In a word, I never so many proper Men together, nor so wise

wiſe, as I ſaw dayly their walking upon the *Piazza* of St. *Mark*. I may boldly ſay, that I ſaw there five hundred Gentlemen walking together every day, every one of which was able to play the Embaſſador in any Princes Court of *Europe*. But the miſery is, that we ſtrangers cannot walk there with them, and talk with them, but muſt keep out of their way, and ſtand a loof off. The reaſon is this: This ſtate (as all Republics are) being hugely jealous of her liberty and preſervation, forbids her Noblemen and Senators to converſe with Foreign Embaſſadors, or any men that either is an actual Servant or Follower of an Embaſſador, or hath any the leaſt relation to any Princes Agent, without expreſs leave: And this upon pain of being ſuſpected as a Traitor, and condignly puniſhed. This makes them ſhy to all Strangers, not knowing what relation they may have to ſome Foreign States-man or Agent. For the ſame reaſon, they will not let their Wives viſit the Wives of Foreign Embaſſadors reſiding in *Venice*, for fear of being ſuſpected to commit Treaſon by proxy. They have in the Wall of the Pallace, in divers places certain wide Mouths of Marble Stone, over which I found written theſe words: *Denuncie ſecrete*, private informations, into which they caſt ſecretly Papers of accuſations, by which they accuſe ſecretly any Officer or Nobleman, whom they durſt not accuſe publickly. This makes Men ſtand hugely upon their guard, and be wary with whom they converſe, and what they ſay.

The noble Women of Venice.

2 As for the Women here, they would gladly get the ſame reputation that their Husbands have, of being tall and handſom; but they over-do it with their horrible *Cioppini*, or high Shooes, which

which I have often seen to be a full half yard high. I confess, I wondered at first, to see Women go upon Stilts, and appear taller by the Head than any Man; and not to be able to go any whether without resting their Hands upon the Shoulders of two grave Matrons that usher them: But at last, I perceived that it was good Policy, and a pretty ingenious way either to clog Women at Home by such heavy shoes (as the *Egyptians* kept their Wives at home by allowing them no shoes at all;) or at least to make them not able to go either far, or alone, or invisibly. As for the young Ladies of this Town, that are not marryed, they are never seen abroad, but masked like *Mascarades* in a strange Disguise, at the Fair time, and other public solemnities or shows, being at other times brought up in Monasteries of Nuns, till they be marryed.

3. Then I went to the Church of St. *Mark* the Evangelist, whose body lyeth here, having been translated hither from *Alexandria*, 820 and odd years ago; having ever since been one of the chief Patrons of this state, as his *Lion* hath ever since been the Arms of the Republic, and its Seal in all public writings. This Church is built *a la Thedesca*, as they call it, and as the best Churches built about those Times, were. Its neither great, nor high; but so rich for the materials, that nothing but Mosaick work and Marble appear in it. The Roof and the Walls a good way down, are curiously Painted with *Mosaick* Histories and Pictures; and the rest of the wall is rare marble. Among those *Mosaick Pictures*; there are to be seen in the vault of the Arch over the Door of the Treasury, two old Pictures the one of St *Dominick*, the other of St. *Francis*; both made before they instituted their several *St.* Marks *Church.*

Orders, and yet both in the Religious Habits which those of their Orders wear; and all this out of the predictions of *Joachim* (Abbat of *Curacium*, and not of S. *Fleur*, as some wrongly call him) who lived before these Orders were instituted. The Picture also of the Pope, near to the Pictures of the foresaid Saints, is said to be a Prophetical Picture of the said Abbats describing; representing the last Pope that shall govern the flock of Christ, when all the world shall be of one Religion. The Pavement of this Church is suitable to the rest, being in some places composed of vast Marble stones, naturally representing the Waves of the Sea; in other places its curiously inlaid with stones of several colors expressing Flowers, Stars, Birds, Beasts and the like: Among which stones I perceived here and there some *Turky* stones of great value among us, but here not scorning to be trod upon. Thirty six Marble Pillars of a round form, and two foot thick in Diameter, hold up the roof of this Church. The high Altar is a rare piece, especially when you see the back of it open, as I did upon the Ascension Eve. This back of the Altar is richly adorned with divers rows of little enamelled Pictures, *a la Greca*, set in Gold, and enriched with brave Pearl and Pretious Stones intermingled every where between the Pictures. This most rich Ornament, or back of the Altar, was given by a *Doge* of *Venice*, and brought from *Constantinople*. Behind the high Altar stands the Altar of our Blessed Sacrament, where there are two transparent round Pillars, four yards high. In the Sacristy, which is hard by, I saw neat Mosaic work in the roof; and an admirable Picture of St *Hierom* of the same work also. Round about the inside

Baronius an. 1190.

ſide of the Church, over the Pillars, hang the *Scutcheons* of ſeveral *Doges*, in a large ſize. For the *Doges* at their Creation, cauſe three things to be made: Firſt their Picture which is ſet up in the *Sala* of the great Council: Secondly their Arms or Scutchion, which are ſometimes of Silver, and of an huge ſize; and are ſet up after the *Doges* death in the Church for ever. Thirdly they muſt make their Picture in the *Collegio*, or *Pregiadi*.

The Treaſury of St. Mark.

4. From the Church we were let in to ſee the Treaſury of St. *Mark*, which joyns to the Church. It was ſhewn us by the ſpecial leave from above, and by two noble *Venetians*, who are always preſent when it is ſhewn. We were firſt ſhewn the Spiritual Treaſury, and then the Temporal; that is, firſt the Relics and then the Jewels. The Relics were theſe principally. A great authentical piece of the holy Croſs, above a ſpan long. It is the greateſt piece I have ſeen any where, except that in the Holy Chappel in *Paris*, and though ſome enemies of the very Croſs of Chriſt, as well as of other Relics, do jeeringly ſay, that there are ſo many pieces of the Holy Croſs ſhewn in the World, they if they were all put together, they would make a Cart load of Wood: Yet I dare maintain more probably, that all the pieces, any one Man can ſay, are ſhewn in *Europe* (and I have ſeen a good part of it) would not make ſo much of the Croſs, as one of thoſe parts on which our Saviours hands were nailed: Seeing the greateſt part that we find of it, is no thicker than an ordinary mans Finger, and little longer than a Span; and that very part of it which I ſaw in the Popes own Sacriſty in the *Vatican*, is no longer than a mans little Finger: And if the King of *France* (St.

The Spiritual Treaſury.

Lewis) in his two expeditions into the Holy Land, could get only so little a piece of it, as that which is shown in *Paris*, in the Saint *Chappelle*: And if the Pope himself could get no greater a piece of it, than mentioned above, I do not wonder, if in other places, they shew such little shreds of it, as altogether would not make two foot of Timber, much less a Cart load. We saw also here a finger of St. *Mark*. His Ring with a Stone in it, which our *Lapidaries* cannot tell how to name. Some of our Saviours Blood, gathered up in his Passion, with the Earth it was spilt upon. A thorn of the Holy Crown of Thorns. A Nail which nailed the two pieces of the Cross together. A Finger of St. *Mary Magdalen*. A piece of St. *John Baptist's Cranium*. A Tooth of St. *Mark*. A piece of St. *John Baptist's* Habit. Some of our Blessed Ladies Hair. An ancient Picture of St. *John Baptist*, enamelled in Gold. A piece of our Saviours white Robe when he was scourged. A very ancient Picture of our Blessed Lady, carried about anciently by *Constantine* the Great, who had it always with him. One of the Stones of the *Torrent*, wherewith St. *Stephen* was Stoned. And in fine, the Sword of St. *Peter*.

The Temporal Treasure.

Then leading us to the temporal *Treasure*, in another Room, they shewed us (by Candle light, as they did also the Spiritual *Treasure*) these things. First, the twelve Crowns of Gold, and the twelve breast and back pieces (like Womens close bodies) of beaten Gold also, set thick, as well as the Crowns, with exquisite Pearl, both round and big: Twelve young Virgins used to wear them anciently upon a Feast day. Then three great Carbuncles, one whereof weigheth six Ounces, and is bigger than an ordinary Hens Egg; They value it

it at two Hundred Thousand Crowns. Then the two Crowns of Gold set thick with precious Stones; one being the Crown of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*; the other of the Kingdom of *Candy*. After this they shewed us the *Doge*'s Crown, called here, *il Corno*, because its made somewhat sharp and turning in at the top like a Horn. It's set round with a close row of excellent Pearl, each one as big as an Hasel Nut, with a vast Ruby in the front of it, worth a Hundred Thousand Crowns, say they, and one of the fairest Diamonds in *Europe*, in the top of it. Then they shewed us many other rich things, as the *Flower de Luce* of Gold, with a rich Diamond in it, given by *Henry* III. of *France*, at his passing by *Venice*, when he came out of *Poland*. The two *Unicorns* Horns, far less than that at St. *Denys* in *France*; but no less true. The two Crucifixes set with Pearl and rich Jewels, and in great number. The great Candlesticks and Thurible of beaten Gold, and curiously wrought, each one being almost as heavy as a Man can carry in both hands. The great *Chalice* of gold, as great as a man can carry in both hands. A *Saphyr* weighing ten Ounces. A cup or dish, as broad and deep as an ordinary Callote (or Cap, which we wear under our Hats) and all of one *Turky*-stone entire, and of huge Value; It was sent unto this Republick, by a King of *Persia*. A Vessel like a Tankard, of a rich *Cameo*; its Handel being curiously engraven with a Diamond. A little Vase of the roots of *Emerald*. Another of *Sardonick*. A great cup of Agate. Another of *Roman* Agate, far finer than the former, and more transparent. A rich *Pax* of Mother of Pearl. A *Spanish* Embassador, once viewing this Treasure, took a Candle

and looked curiouſly under the long Tables, upon which theſe rich things are expoſed; and being asked what he looked for, anſwered; that he looked whether this Treaſure had Roots or no, as his Maſters Treaſure had, and therefore groweth yearly: Meaning the *India* Fleet of *Spain*, which bringeth home yearly to the King of *Spain*'s Coffers and Treaſure, twelve Millions.

The Doges Pallace.

5. Having ſeen this Treaſure, and thanked the two noble *Venetians* that ſtood by, and requited the under Officers that ſhewed it; we went into the *Doge*'s Pallace, which joyns to St. *Mark*s Church; and mounting up the open ſtairs into the open Gallery, we ſaw the two great Marble Statues of *Mars* and *Neptune*, which ſtand at the Head of theſe Stairs, and ſignifie the ſtrength of the *Venetians*, both by Sea and Land. They are excellent pieces, otherwiſe great *Sanſovinus* would never have owned them by writing under them, *Opus Sanſovini*. This open Gallery led us into a world of Chambers of Juſtice and Clerks Offices, all thronged with buſineſs and buſy Men. Going up from hence into a higher ſtory, we ſaw the *Doge*'s Chambers of Audience, his *Anti-chambers*, his Dining-room, and the like. From thence we were led into ſeveral great Chambers of Council, all rarely well painted. After that we ſaw the great Chamber, or *Sala*, of the Senate-houſe, where the Nobles meet upon affairs, as great as the Chamber. For here they meet about the chuſing of publick Officers, either for the governing of the City or Army: And ſometimes they have been forced to ſtay there eight days (ſaith *Sabellicus*) not being able to agree about the Elections; they not being permitted to depart thence till they agree. This

Senate-

Senate-houſe or great Chamber, is above three-ſcore paces long, and thirty wide. Its full of Seats for the Noble *Venetians*, to the number of two Thouſand Men, who have right to enter here. It's painted on all ſides by the rareſt Painters that were in *Italy*, when this Room was made. Over the *Doge*'s Throne, is a rare piece of painting, covering the whole end of the Room above, and repreſenting Heaven in a glorious manner. It's of the Hand of *Tintoret*. The great Pictures upon that ſide of the Room, which looks towards the Court of the Pallace, contain the Hiſtory of Pope *Alexander* the III. and the Emperor *Frederic Barbaroſſa*. I ſaw alſo in this great Room, and in the next joyning to it, the true Pictures of all the *Doges* of *Venice*. In the other Chambers of this Pallace, in the Churches, and other Pallaces of this Town, I ſaw ſo many, and ſo rare pieces of painting, of *Titian*, *Tintoret*, *Bellino*, *Gentile*, *Caſtel*, *Franco*, *Baſſano*, *Paolo Veroneſe*, *Perdonone* and others, that with Madam *Romes* leave, I dare boldly ſay, that no place of *Italy* hath ſo many rare Pictures in it, as *Venice* hath; and perchance, you will be of my Opinion, if you read the curious Book of *Rodolfi*, who hath written the lives of the Painters of *Venice*, and the *Venetian* State, and ſets down where their prime pieces are to be ſeen.

7. Having ſeen theſe Chambers of *Judicature*, we were led about to the *Sala* of the *Conſiglio de Dieci* (otherwiſe called, the little *Arſenal*) in the Pallace ſtill. It's a curious ſight, and therefore not to be omitted by my Traveller. There are Arms in it for a Thouſand Men, ready upon all occaſions of Sedition or Treaſon. The Muskets are always charged and primed, and every ſix Months *The little Arſenal.*

they diſcharge them, to charge them a freſh. Pikes and Swords are alſo ſo ordered here, that by plucking a ſtring, they fall into the hands of thoſe that ſhould uſe them: So that in leſs than half an hour a thouſand Men may ſally out armed. In the end of the great Room where the Muskets hang, ſtands a great Iron Ball pierced through like a Basket hilt, and four times as big as a Soldiers Helmet, within which there is a Spring, which being uncock'd by the pulling of a Cord, ſtrikes fire into Gunpowder, which lieth round about within this ball, in a train, and there are ſo many ſeveral ends of Match as there are Muskets here; half of the Match hanging out of the holes of the Ball, the other half being within, and reaching into the train of Powder: So that the firſt Man that ſhould come in and pluck the foreſaid Cord, would preſently ſtrik fire, and light the Match all at once; and then every Man catching a Musket, and one of theſe Matches lighted, they are armed in a moment. This Armory is to ſecure the *Doge* and the Senators (while they are aſſembled in Counſel) from ſuch like Treaſons as have been plotted againſt them, whilſt they were ſitting in Counſel. And for this purpoſe, there's a door which openeth out of the Senate-houſe, into this Armory; and the Keys of it are always laid near the *Doge*, when he ſits here in Conſultation: Nor is this ſo much an *Italian* Jealouſy, as a prudent Caution cauſed by paſt Dangers. For they ſhew us in the great Arſenal, the Armory (with one Arm only, to be worn under a *Venetian* Gown, while the other Arm was ſhowed bare, to take off all ſuſpition) of *Bajamante Theopoli* and his Complices, to the number of Eight Hundred Men, who intend-

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ed to kill the whole Senate, while it was assembled; and make *Bajamante* Master of *Venice*. But the Plot was dasht in the Execution; because *Bajamante's* Brains were dash'd out by a poor Woman, who seeing him march under her window in the head of his rebellious crew, threw down from her Window, a great earthen Flower-pot upon his Head, and killed him dead. His party seeing this, retired, and were soon subdued: And his House was turned into a Shambles for Butchers; a fit disgrace for him who would have been the Butcher of his Prince and Countrimen. Here also, in this Arsenal, we saw the Sword and Arms of brave *Scanderbeg*, Prince of *Albania*, who won seven Battels over seven, the most illustrious *Bassa* the great *Turk* had, and died after all, peaceably in his Estates, in spite of *Amurath*. Its said, that the great *Turk* hearing how *Scanderbeg* with his Sword had cloven Men in two, sent to him; and desired him to send him his Sword, his cutting Sword; which he did: The *Turk* tried it upon his Slaves, and finding that he could not cleave Men as *Scanderbeg* had done, sent him word, that he had not sent him his true Sword; to whom *Scanderbeg* replied, that he had sent him indeed his Sword, but not his Arm. As for this Sword, which they call here *Scanderbeg's* Sword, its a broad thin Blade of a reasonable length, but light, and of as good Metal almost, as its Master. We saw here many other curiosities: As the Standard of the *Doge Zani*, who restored Pope *Alexander* the III. unto his Seat again; with his Sword, Buckler and Helmet. The Standard of the great *Turk*. The Standard of Horses hair belonging also to the great *Turk*, and which he hung out always before

fore Battle, as a ſignal of combat. It was taken by a *French* Man called *Ciotar*. The Statues of *Ludovico Sforza* Duke of *Milan*, and of his Wife *Viſconti*. The Statue or head of *Carara*, whom they call the Tyrant, but how truly I know not: The Statue or head in Braſs of brave *Venerio*, General of the *Venetians*, in the Battle of *Lepanto*. The Head in Braſs, alſo of brave *Bragandino*, flead alive by the *Turks* for his Countries Service. The Picture of *Santa Juſtina* in a great Caſe ſet with rich Stones. This Caſe was made for a great Looking-Glaſs which the *Venetians* ſent unto the *Sultaneſs* of the great *Turk*; but the Ship that carried it, meeting in the way a Frigat which brought the News of a great Victory gotten over the *Turks* by the *Venetians* upon *Santa Juſtin*'s day, it retured back again with the preſent; and the Senate cauſed the Glaſs to be taken out, and *Santa Juſtina*'s Picture to be ſet in Place of it. Then we ſaw a rare *Carpet*, or rather a curious piece of Stuff with Figures in it, ſent to the Reipublick of *Venice* by a King of *Perſia*. The habits of two noble *Chineſi*, who were Baptized at *Venice*. The Armour of brave *Gatta Mela*, with the Picture of a Cat in his Head-piece. The Armour of ſome of the ancient *Doges* of *Venice*, who, to the number of Forty or Fifty, went to War in Perſon, and did ſuch things there, as to make their very Armor to be Honourable. The Habit, Buckler, and Sword of a King of *Perſia*; the Arms are ſet with rich Stones. The Armor of *Henry* the IV of *France*, with his Pocket Piſtol. The Armor of the Duke of *Roban*. The compleat Armour of a little Boy about ten years old, who was found dead in a Battle, fighting for the *Venetians* and his Country; and not known who he

he was. Poor brave Child! Who being worthy never to have died, doeſt not ſo much as live in Hiſtory! Indeed I did not think till then, that *Mars* had his Abortives too, dying before their time, and before they were named. Then they ſhewed me *Attila*'s Helmet, with the Head-piece of his Horſe. A Cannon ſhooting ſeven Shots at once, as if Death, with his ſingle Dart, went too ſlowly to work. Another Cannon ſhooting threeſcore Shots in ten Barrels. A Halbert with a Barrel within it, ſhooting fourteen Shots. Another Halbert ſhooting ſeven Shots. A Cannon of Iron carrying two Miles, and curiouſly wrought into Flowers with the points of Chizels. The Chollar of Iron of the *Paduan* Tyrant (as they call him here) *Carara*. The little Iron Croſs-bow of the ſame Tyrant, with which he is ſaid to have ſhot Needles a Span long, and killed many Men privately, who knew not how, or by whom they were hurt. Then the Devils Organs, or a Trunk of Leather, with ten Piſtol Barrels in it, of a Foot and half long; and ſo diſpoſed in order like Organ-pipes, that upon the opening of the Lock of this Trunk, all theſe Barrels being charged with ſeveral Bullets, ſhould let fly at once; and ſo ſcattering wide, kill all thoſe that ſhould be in the Room. This Trunk was contriv'd by a revengeful Man, who having a Mind to be revenged both of his Enemy, and of his Enemies Friends at once, ſent him this Trunk by an unknown Bearer (as a preſent from a Friend) while he treated his Friends at dinner. The holes through the ſides of it, made by the Bullets, ſhew the deviliſh effect of this Trunk, and how well it deſerves the name of the Devils Organ. The Box of *Bortargoes* here is juſt ſuch another Invention. A Piſtol

ſtol in a Pocket-Book here is as bad as the others; which being Chargd and let off, would preſently read your Doom. Swords and Daggers, with Piſtol and little Gun Barrels running along their Blades, which being held drawn with the Broadſide to a Man, appear to be only plain Swords and Daggers, and yet they diſcharge thruſts not to be parried by any fencing Guard. I ſaw alſo here a fine Tabernacle of Chriſtal: A burning Lamp found in *Antenor*'s Tomb in *Padua*. A Burning-Glaſs, which burneth half a Mile off: A rare *Adam* and *Eve*, with the Serpent and the Tree, all cut out of one piece of Wood by the rare hand of *Alberto Dureo*: And in fine, the Picture of King *James* of *England*, the only Picture of any foreign Prince that I ſaw there.

The Piazza of St. Mark.

Having thus ſeen this Cabinet of *Mars*, we went out of the Pallace into the *Piazza* of St. *Mark*, upon which both the aforeſaid Church of St. *Mark*, and the *Doge*'s Pallace look. This is one of the nobleſt *Piazza*'s that a Man can ſee in any Town. It runs from the Sea-ſide, up along the Pallace, to the Church of St. *Mark*, and from thence turning on the left hand, it ſpreads it ſelf into a more large and longer open place, moſt Beautiful to behold; for the whole *Piazza*, even from the Sea-ſide to the farther end, is built upon Arches, and Marble Pillars; and raiſed up with beautiful Lodgings, fit to lodg all the *Procuratori* of St. *Mark*; all the rich foreign Merchants, a world of perſons of condition; the *Mint*, and the famous Library. In that part of the *Piazza* which lies under the Pallace the *Nobili Venetiani* walk together, twice a day, to confer about buſineſs of State. This meeting here of the Noblemen is called the *Broglio*. And in the

end

end of it, close by the Sea-side, stand two great Pillars of rich Marble, the one bearing upon it the Image of St. *Theodorus*, the other the Lyon of St. *Mark*; these two Saints, St. *Mark* and St. *Theodorus*, being the two Patrons of this City. These two Pillars were erected here by a *Lombard*, who required no other recompence for his Pains, than that it may be Lawful for Dice-players to play at Dice between these two Pillars, without being punished or molested; nay, though they played false play: Here also between these two Pillars they execute Malefactors, to shew that they deserve not the Protection of those two Patrons, who break the Orders of that Town which is under the Protection. It's pity that the *Lombard* himself was not whipp'd here, at least, for making himself the Protector of idle Rogues there, where the Saints are Patrons of honest Men. Over against the Pallace stands the *Mint*, in a place called *La Zecca*, and from hence the Gold coined here is called *Zecchino*; a piece of Gold worth some seven Shillings and Sixpence of our Money. Hard by it stands the Library, famous both for the quality and quantity of the Books that are in it. *Petrarch* (once Canon of the Church of *Padua*) gave his Library to it; and *Bessarion* a Greek Cardinal of great Learning and Worth, gave as many great Manuscripts unto it, as cost him thirty Thousand Crowns, and yet by this Legacy, *Bessarion* was but even with the *Venetians*, who honoured him in such a particular manner, as to send out the *Bucentauro* it self to bring him into *Venice*, being sent thither *Legat* by the Pope.

8. Going from hence into the other part of the *Piazza*, which stands before the Church, I espied upon

upon the very out corner of the Wall of the Church (as you come out of the Pallace) four Porphiry Statues of four Merchants embracing one another. Having enquired what thoſe Statues were ſet for there, I was told by a grave old Gentlaman of *Venice*; that thoſe whom theſe Statues repreſent, were four Merchants and Strangers, who brought hither moſt of the Jewels mentioned above in the Treaſury: And that afterwards poiſoning one another out of Covetouſneſs, left this State heir of all. Juſt before the Church ſtand three tall Maſts of Ships, upon curiouſly wrought Pedeſtals of Braſs, & each Maſt bearing, upon great days, a ſtately Flag, & Streamers. Theſe three Maſts ſignify the three nobleſt parts of the *Venetians* Dominions, to wit, the Kingdoms of *Cyprus*, and of *Candy*, and the ſtate of *Venice*. In this *Piazza* I found always a world of Strangers perpetually walking and talking of Bargains and Traffick, as *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Albanians*, *Slavonians*, *Polonians*, *Jews*, and even *Turks* themſelves; all in their ſeveral Habits, but all conſpiring in this one thing, to ſell dear, and buy cheap. Here alſo they have every night in Summer, a world of *Montebanks*, *Ciarlatani*, and ſuch ſtuff, who, together with their druggs and remedies, ſtrive to pleaſe the People with their little Comedies, Popet-plays, Songs, Muſick, Stories, and ſuch like Buffonery. It's ſtrange to ſee how they find daily, either new fooling or new Fools, not only to hear them, but even they throw them Money too for ſuch poor contentments. In this *Piazza* alſo ſtands the *Campanile*, or high Steeple of *Venice*, diſtant ſome fifty Paces from the Church of St. *Mark*. It's built forty Foot ſquare on all Sides, and two Hundred and thirty ſix high. The top

top of it is covered with gilt Tiles, which, in a Sunshine day, appear gloriously afar off. The Foundation of it is almost as deep underground, as the top of it is high above ground; a wonder, if you consider that it stands in *Venice*. From the top of this *Campanile* we had a perfect view of *Venice* under us, and of all its neighbouring Islands, Forts, Seas, and Towns about it; as also of the outside of St. *Marks* Church, its Frontispiece, its Cupolas, and the four Horses of Brass gilt, which stand over the Frontispiece. These Horses came out of the Shop, not out of the Stable of *Lisippus* a famous Statuary in *Greece*, and were given to *Nero* by *Tiradates*, King of *Armenia*. They were carried by *Constantine* the Great from *Rome* to *Constantinople*; and from thence they were transported hither. In fine, from the top of this Steeple we saw the compass of the great Arsenal of *Venice*, which looked like a little Town in our Sight. Indeed some make it three Miles about; but I cannot allow it so much. The sight of this *Magazin* of War afar off, made us hasten down from the Steeple to go see it nearer hand. *The high Steeple.*

9. Taking therefore a *Gondola*, we went to the Arsenal, where, after the ordinary formalities of leaving our Swords at the Door, and paying the Porters Fees, we were admitted, and led through this great Shop of *Mars*. It's so well seated near the Sea-side, and so well built, that it might serve the *Venetian* Senators for a Castle, in time of danger: And in it there is a Well of fresh Water, not to be poisoned, because of the two pieces of *Unicorns* Horn set fast in the bottom of it. I confess I never saw any where such Oeconomy as is here observ'd. Fifteen Hundred Men are daily employed *The Arsenal.*

ed here, and duly paid at the Weeks end, according to their ſeveral Employments and Works. The Expences of theſe Workmen amount to a Thouſand Ducats every day in the Year: So that they make account that they may ſpend in this Arſenal four Hundred and thirty Thouſand Crowns a Year: Enough almoſt to maintain a pretty Army conſtantly. Every Workman here hath Wine twice a day, and that very good too, but that it is a little mingled with Water. We were led through all the vaſt Rooms of this *Magazin*, Rooms like vaſt Churches: In one of them I ſaw nothing but great Oars for Gallies, ſeven Men going to one Oar. In another, nothing but vaſt Sterns. In another, nothing but vaſt Nails for Gallies and Ships. In another, they were making nothing but Salt-peeter for Gunpowder. In another, they were caſting great Cannons, Morter-pieces, and Chambers. In another, they had nothing but a pair of vaſt Scales to weigh Cannons with. In another, Maſts for Gallies and Ships, of a prodigious greatneſs and length; and yet of ſuch a rare Timber, that one fillipping up one end of them, you hear it eaſily at the other end, by applying your Ear to it. Some of theſe Maſts are worth fourſcore Pounds. In other vaſt Rooms I ſaw ſtore of Cannons of all ſizes, both for Ships and Gallies; where alſo I ſaw ſome *Turkiſh* Cannons with words upon them in the *Turkiſh* Language. There I ſaw alſo one Cannon ſhooting three Shots at once: Another five; one great Cannon found buried in *Candy* full of Gold Medals: The great Cannons caſt here while *Henry* the III. of *France* dined in this Arſenal. They had heretofore a prodigious quantity of Cannons here, but now theſe

Rooms

Rooms are much emptied, by reaſon of this War with the *Turks*. In other great Rooms I ſaw huge heaps of Cannon-Bullets of all ſizes, with ſome Enſigns won over the *Turks*. Then mounting up into the Chambers above, I ſaw in two vaſt Rooms, Arms for fifty Thouſand Men. In another, Arms for twelve Gallies: In another, Arms for fifty Gallies. Here alſo I ſaw the ſuit of Armor of *Scanderbeg:* That of the *Doge Zani*; the *Lantern* of *Don John* of *Auſtria*'s Ship in the Battle of *Lepanto:* The *Lantern* of a *Turkiſh* Gally: The Armor of *Benjamante Theopoli*, and his complices, with one Arm only: Some Arms taken from the *Turks* in the Battle of *Lepanto:* Other Arms taken from the *Genueſi*; a great Croſs-Bow ſhooting vaſt Arrows of Iron, above five quarters long: An Invention of great uſe, before Guns were found out. A Cannon-Bullet with four long Irons, like the tops of Halberts; which ſhut up cloſe into it when they put it into the Cannon, but open again of themſelves as ſoon as the Bullet is out of the Cannons Mouth: And ſo ſpreading into four parts, cut all they meet with ſtrange Fury; a dangerous invention in Sea Battles, to ſpoil Cordage and Tackling. Here alſo they ſhew us the Deſcription of the Town and Fort of *Cliſſa*, and how it was taken by the *Venetians* ſome twenty years ago. Then deſcending from thence, we went to ſee the places where they make new Gallies, and mend old ones. There I found a vaſt ſquare Court three Hundred Paces broad in every ſquare, and full of vaſt Penthouſes, capable of holding in them, Gallies of fifty Paces long a piece. In the midſt of this Court is a vaſt ſquare pond of Water, let in from the Sea, where the new Gallies are tryed;

and the old ones are let into the Arſenal to be mended and rigged a new. Here I ſaw a world of Galleys, and a world of Men working about them moſt buſily. There were heretofore divers of theſe great Courts full of Gallies, but now they are much exhauſted; the Gallies being abroad in War. Hence it is obſerved that this Arſenal, before theſe Wars, could arm two Hundred Gallies, and two hundred Thouſand Men. Here it was that they made a Gally, and ſet her out at Sea while *Henry* the III dined here in the Arſenal; which made that King ſay then, that he would give three of the beſt Towns in *France* (except his Parliament Towns) for ſuch an Arſenal. Indeed the Arſenals of *Paris*, *Genua*, *Zurick*, *Naples*, and *Geneva*, ſeemed to me to be little Gunſmiths Shops in compariſon of this. They were then making here two new *Galleaſſes* (when I was laſt there) of vaſt bulk and Expences. In fine, I ſaw here the old *Bucentoro*; and preſently after the new *Bucentoro*. This laſt is the Galley of State, of the *Doge*, when he goeth forth upon the Aſcenſion-day, accompanied with the Senate, to eſpouſe the Sea as they call it here. This is a noble Galley, all gilt without, and wainſcotted round about the Deck, with gilt Seats. There runs a Partition of Wood quite along the Deck of the Galley, with Seats on both ſides, and with a low open roof of Wood to let in Air, and yet keep off the Sun; and all this is gilt and painted, and capable of five Hundred Senators, who in their ſcarlet Robes wait upon the *Doge* that Day. The *Doge* ſits in the *Puppe*, in a Chair of State with the Popes *Nuncio* on one hand of him, and the Patriarch of *Venice* on the other, and a place for Muſic behind them. The Slaves are all under Hatches, and

and not ſeen at all; but their Oars, (twenty on each ſide) move all at once, like great Wings, which make the *Bucentoro* move moſt Majeſtically. And this is all that I can remember in this Arſenal, except the Cellar of Wine, and the great Rooms, (as I came out) where Women only are employed in mending old Sails; and Men (a part) in making great Cables: And indeed thoſe vaſt Anchors which lye near the wooden Bridge here at the entrance, ſtand in need of Cables of the greateſt ſize.

10. I happened to be at *Venice* thrice, at the great Sea Trumph, or Feaſt of the Aſcenſion, which was performed thus. About our eight in the Morning, the Senators in their Scarlet Robes meet at the *Doge*'s Pallace; and there taking him up, they walk with him proceſſionally unto the Shoar, where the *Bucentoro* lies waiting them; the Popes *Nuncio* being upon his right Hand, and the Patriarch of *Venice* on his left Hand. Then aſcending into the *Bucentoro*, by a handſome Bridge thrown out to ſhoar, the *Doge* takes his place, and the Senators ſit round about the Galley as they can, to the number of two or three Hundred. The Senate being placed, the Anchor is weighed, and the Slaves being warned by the Captains Whiſtle, and the Sound of Trumpets, begin to ſtrike all at once with their Oars, and to make the *Bucentoro* march as gravely upon the Water, as if ſhe alſo went upon *Cioppini*. Thus they ſteer for two Miles upon the *Laguna*, while the Muſic plays, and ſings *Epithalamiums* all the way long, and makes *Neptune* jealous to hear *Hymen* called up in his Dominions. Round about the *Bucentoro* flock a world of *Piotta's*, and *Gondola's*, richly covered over head with ſumptuous Canopies of Silk, and rich Stuffs, and

The Aſſenſa.

rowed by Watermen in rich Liveries, as well as the Trumpeters. Thus foreign Embaſſadors, divers Noblemen of the Country, and Strangers of Condition wait upon the *Doge*'s Galley all the way along, both coming and going. At laſt the *Doge* being arrived at the appointed place, throws a Ring into the Sea, without any other ceremony, than by ſaying: *Deſponſamus te, Mare, in ſignum perpetui Dominii. We eſpouſe thee, O Sea, in Teſtimony of our perpetual Dominion over thee:* And ſo returns to the Church of St. *Nicolas* in *Lio* (an Iſland hard by) where he aſſiſts at high Maſs with the Senate. This done, he returns home again in the ſame State; and invites thoſe that accompanied him in his Galley, to Dinner in his Pallace: The preparatives of which dinner we ſaw before the *Doge* was got home. This Ceremony of marrying the Sea, as they call it, is ancient; and performed yearly in memory of the grant of Pope *Alexander* the III. who being reſtored by the *Venetians* unto his Seat again, granted them Power over the Adriatic Sea, as a Man hath power over his Wife; and the *Venetians* to keep this Poſſeſſion, make every Year this watery *Cavalcata*. I confeſs, the ſight is ſtately, and a Poet would preſently conceive that *Neptune* himſelf were going to be married to ſome *Nereide*.

The Corſo at Murano.

11. Having ſeen this Ceremony in the Morning, we went after Dinner to ſee the Evening *Corſo* at *Murano*, where we ſaw thoſe fine *Gondolas* and *Piattas*, which he had ſeen waiting upon the *Doge* in the Morning, now rowing in State up and down the great *Canale* of *Murano*, to the ſound of Trumpets; and with all the force of the brawny Watermen that row them. Sometimes meeting too thick in the Arches of the wooden Bridge here, they crack

crack one anothers *Gondolas*, break one anothers Oars, overturn their Boatmen, and are ſtopt for an hour together without being able to untangle. Embaſſadors themſelves of Foreign Princes appear in *Corſo* this Evening, with all their bravery (five or ſix *Gondolas* all in one Livery, as well as all the Gallants and Gentry of *Venice*, who appear here this Evening at *Corſo*.

12. The next Morning no ſooner appeared, but new ſights appeared alſo, and now upon land; and the Scene was St. *Mark*'s place, where the Fair opening this day, and laſting for ten days, drew all the Gallants of *Venice* to come, and behold all the Gallantry and Riches that either Domeſtic or Foreign Merchants could ſet forth to ſail. But the moſt part of the young Ladies that came to ſee the Fair, came in an odd dreſs, with a falſe Noſe, and a little beard of black Wool, diſguiſing their Mouth and Noſe: So that they could ſee all the Fair, and be known to no body. Thus they go often to Marriages, and other Aſſemblies, when they have no mind to be known. *The Fair.*

13. Having thus ſeen theſe foreſaid ſights, we went on with viſiting the other things in the Town, and one day we went to the Iſland of St. *George Major*, where we ſaw a ſtately Monaſtery, Church, Cloiſter and Garden, which take up this whole Iſland. The Church is one of the beſt in *Venice*, and built by *Palladio*, the famous Architect. In the Church I was ſhewn the great ſilver Lamp, as great as two Men could carry. In a Pillar of Marble ſtanding over a ſide Altar, I was ſhewn the Picture of a Crucifix, which was diſcovered, at the poliſhing of this ſtone, to have been naturally in the Vein of the Marble. In the *St. George.*

Refectory, I saw an admirable Picture of the Supper of *Cana* in *Galilee*, made by *Guido Rheni*. I visited it often, and could never satiate my Eyes with such a rare Piece. It takes up the whole end of the great Refectory.

The Pallace of Signore Nani.

14. From thence we rowed to the Pallace of *Procuratore Nani*, which stands in an Island beyond St. *Georges*. The Pallace is richly furnished with the true Pictures of many modern Princes and Ladies of *France*, *England* and *Germany*. This Pallace hath one strange thing belonging to it, beyond the Pallaces of *Venice*: To wit, a neat Garden, for Gardens in *Venice* are as wonderful things as Coaches: And I cannot remember, that looking upon the Whole City, from top of the high Steeple, I saw two places where there were any green Trees. But the best thing that I saw here, was the *Procuratore Nani* himself, the greatest Ornament of the *Venetian* Senate, whose learned Pen hath already given us an excellent History of *Venice*.

The Capucins.

15. From hence we walked to the *Capucins* Convent, which is in the same Island, and Church neatly built, and far above the rate of *Capucins*; but it was a vow of the Senate in time of the Plague; and they regarded more, in building it, their own Honor than the *Capucins* simplicity.

Madonna di Salute.

16. From hence, returning again towards the Town, we steered our *Gondola* to the Church of *Madonna di Salute*; a new round Church, vowed by the State in another plague Time, and likely to be one of the finest Churches in *Venice*, when it shall be ended. In the Sacristy I saw a rare Picture of a Feast, by *Tintoret*; and others in the roof, by *Titian*.

17. From

17. From hence we went to the Church of the Canon Regulars, called *La Carita*, in whose Monastery Pope *Alexander* the III. lay hid privately like a poor Chaplain of this Church, unknown to the very Fathers of this place: Till at last he was discovered by a devout Pilgrim, who having seen him often in *Rome*, and hearing him say Mass here, discovered him to the Senate, and so he was both acknowledged by the Senate, and defended by them, as we said above. Over the entrance of the Quire, is seen the Picture of *Alexander* the III. receiving the Emperor *Frederic* to the kissing of his Feet, by the means of the *Doge* of *Venice*, who stands by: Here's also a good Picture of our Saviour's raising up *Lazarus* again to Life: Its of the hand of *Bassan*. *La Carita.*

18. Another time I went to the *Dominicans* Church, called St. *Giovanne & Paulo*, where I found, among the Tomb-stones, that of the Lord *Henry Aubigni* (second Brother to the Duke of *Lenox* and *Richmond*) who died here in his Travels. Before the door of this Church stands the *Equestris* Statue in Brass guilt, of *Bartolomeo Coleono Bargamense*, a great Commander, to whom (as the words bear; *ob militare imperium optime gestum*) the Senate decreed this Statue to be erected. The Tabernacle and Altar are very stately. The Chappel of St. *Hiacinth*, and the miracles of this Saint are of the hand of *Bassan* and *Palmarino*. The Martyrdom of St. *John* and *Paul* is a Masterpiece of the hand of *Titian*. The Convent also of St. *John* and *Paul* is one of the most stately ones in *Italy*. The Refectory is famous for painting. *St. Giovanne & Paulo.*

19. The Church of St. *Salvatore* is a fair Church, and well adorned with neat Tomes of divers *S. Salvatore.*

Doges and great Perſons. Upon the back of the high Altar is ſeen a Picture of the Transfiguration, of the hand of *Titian*. Upon an Altar on the right hand of the Wall, is a Picture of the Annunciation, under which *Titian* wrote theſe Words, *Titianus, fecit, fecit*, to aſſure Men by this double affirmative, that it was a good piece, worth his twice owning. There's another Picture of the laſt Supper, made by *Titian's* Maſter. Upon the Epiſtle ſide of the high Altar ſtands a little Chappel, over whoſe Altar is the Tomb of St. *Theodorus* with his Body in it. He is one of the Patrons of this Town.

St. Chryſoſtome. 20. In the Church of St. *Chryſoſtome*, I ſaw, upon a ſide Altar, on the left Hand, the Statues in ſtone of our Saviour and his twelve Apoſtles, neatly cut, by *Tullius Lombardus*, whoſe rare Statues adorn alſo St. *Antonie's* Tomb at *Padua*. His Statues are eaſily known by the neat Hands.

21. In the Church of the *Apoſtoli* I ſaw a rare Picture of St. *Lucy*, but now ſomewhat old.

22 In the Church of the Jeſuits, I ſaw the Tomb of St. *Barbara*, Virgin and Martyr.

The Domo. 23. In the *Domo* (the Cathedral of *Venice*, but ſtanding much out of the way) I ſaw little conſiderable, but the Tomb of St. *Laurentius Juſtinianus*, an Holy Man, a great Preacher, and the firſt Patriarch of *Venice*: The Patriarchal ſeat of *Grado*, being removed hither in his Time.

St. Jacomo. 24. I ſaw alſo the Church of St. *Jacomo*, the firſt Church that was built in *Venice*, and built twelve Hundred years ago, in the Infancy of *Venice*, as an old Inſcription here told me. Here are ſome good Pictures of *Lanfrancus* and *Mracus Titianus*, old *Titian's* Nephew and Scholar.

25. And

25. And being in *Venice* upon St. *Georges* day (the 23*d*. of *April*) we went to the *Greek* Church, I mean to the *Greek* Schiſmaticks Church, which is dedicated to God, in honour of St. *George*, and therefore this day was one of their greateſt ſolemnities. Their Ceremonies and Service differed little from the Catholick *Greeks*: And if any one deſire to know their Tenents, and how near they come to the *Roman Catholicks*, let him read a Book, in a thin *Folio*, Printed at *Wittemberg*, *Anno.* 1584. under tis Title, *Acta & ſcripta Theologorum Wittembergenſium & Hieremiæ Patriarchæ.* *The Greeks Church.*

26. We went after dinner one *Saturday*, to ſee the *Jews* Synagogue. Among other things I heard here a Rabbin make a Homily to his Flock. He looked like a *French* Miniſter, or Puritanical Lecturer, in a ſhort Cloak and Hat. The Snafling through the Noſe, made all the edification that I ſaw in it: It was in *Italian*, but the coldeſt diſcourſe that ever I heard in any Language. Indeed it was their Sabbath day; and they eat no other meat that day, but cold meat. *The Jews Synagogue.*

27. Another day we went to *Murano* again, to ſee the Glaſs-houſes which furniſh almoſt all *Europe* with drinking Glaſſes, and all our Ladies Cabinets with Loking-glaſſes. They utter here forth two hundred Thouſand Crowns worth a year of this brittle Ware; and they ſeem to have taken meaſure of every Nations Belly and Humour, to fit them with Drinking-glaſſes accordingly: For the High Dutch they have high Glaſſes called *Flutes*, a full yard long; which a Man cannot drink up alone, except his Man, or ſome other, hold up the foot of theſe more than two handed Glaſſes. For the *Engliſh* that love Toaſts with their Drink, they have *The Glaſs-houſes at Murano.*

have curious Tankards of thick Chryſtal glaſs juſt like our Silver Tankards. For the *Italians* that love to drink leiſurely, they have Glaſſes that are almoſt as large and flat as Silver Plates, and almoſt as uneaſie to drink out of. And ſo for other Nations. In one Shop they were making a ſet of Glaſſes for the Emperor, of five Crowns every Glaſs: There were Drinking-glaſſes with high Covers made like ſpread Eagles, and finely gilt. Sometimes to ſhew their art, they make here pretty things. One made a Ship in Glaſs, with all her Tacklings, Guns, Maſts, Sails and Streamers. Another made an Organ in Glaſs three Cubits high, ſo juſtly contrived, that by blowing into it, and touching the ſtops, it ſounded muſically. A third made a perfect Caſtle, with all its fortifications, Ramparts, Cannons, Centry-houſes and Gates. Here alſo I ſaw them make thoſe vaſt Looking-glaſſes, whoſe brittleneſs ſheweth Ladies themſelves, more than their reflection doth. In fine, in *Murano*, you ſee the *Pallace* of *Signor Camillo Treviſano*, with the rare Garden and Fountains *a la Romana*.

The Shops. 28. After this we went up and down the Town of *Venice*, ſometimes a foot, to ſee better the Shops as thoſe of Silks, Cloths of Gold, of Books, and the Apothecaries Shops, where I ſaw them make their famous Treacle: Sometimes in a *Gondola*, to view over and over again, the *Canale Grande*, and the Brave Pallaces which hem it in on both ſides: Sometimes entring into the beſt of thoſe Pallaces, to ſee their rich furniture and contrivances. The beſt are, of *Juſtiniani*, *Mocenigo*, *Grimani*, *Priuli*, *Contarini*, *Foſcoli*, *Loredano*, *Guſſoni* and *Cornaro*.

The Pallaces.

29. The

29. Then I enquired what learned Men had adorned *Venice*, and I found these two to have been chief, *Laurentius Justinianus*, *Hermolaus Barbarus*, *Petrus Bembus*, *Aloysius*, *Lippomanus*, *Paulus Paruta*, *Baptista Egnatius*, *Ludovicus Dolce*, *Paulus Manutius*, with divers others. I saw some years ago the noble and ingenious *Loredano*, whose witty Books make him famous over all the Academies of *Italy* and *Europe*. As also the *Procuratori Nani*, whose excellent History hath got him immortal fame. *The learned Men.*

30. Here's an Academy of wits, called *Incogniti*, and for their Arms, they have the river *Nilus* with this this *motto*, *Incognito*, *& pur noto*; unknown, and yet famous. *The Academy of wits.*

He that desires to know the History of *Venice*, let him read *Andrea Morasini*, *Paolo*, *Partua*, *Sabellico*, *Berdino Tomasino*, *Corido* and *Nani*. *The Historians.*

Having thus seen all *Venice*, over and over again, in a months stay there, I was most willing to leave it; having found it true of *Venice*, what *Socrates* said of *Athens*, that it was *melior meretrix, quam Uxor*; a fine Town for a fortnight; but not to dwell in always; and this by reason of some stinking Channel, bad Cellars for Wine; worse Water, and the moist Air of the Sea, not the most wholesome scarcity of Earth, even to bury their Dead in; and little Fewel for firing. So that finding the four Elements wanting here in their purity I was willing to leave these polished *Hollanders*, and return to *Padua*. *The defects of* Venice.

Padua is the second Town to the *Venetian* State, though once the Mother of *Venice*. Its old enough to be Mother of *Rome* it self; having been built by *Antenor*, whose Tomb is yet seen here. The Town is very great, and fuller of good Houses, than of *Padua.*

Men

Men of condition: Tyranny and too frequent. Murders having much depopulated it, in point of Nobility. It ſtands in the *Marca Trevigiana*. The Walls about it are ſtrong, and back'd up with fine Ramparts. It lies near the *Eugenian* Hills, in a fertile ſoyl, and plain, which makes the Proverb ſay, *Bologna la graſſa, ma Padua la paſſa*. Its famous for the ſtudy of Phyſick, as many of our thrice worthy Phyſitians in *England* can teſtify. The chief things I obſerved in it are theſe.

Antenor's Tomb.

1. *Antenor*'s Tomb with *Gotic* Letters upon it: Which makes me doubt whether this Tomb be ſo antient as they make it.

2. The publick Schools called here *Il Bue*, or *Oxe*: What if the firſt Readers here came from *Oxford* as they did to the Univerſity of *Pavia*?

3. The Phyſick Garden, to acquaint the Student in Phyſick, with the nature of Simples.

St. Anthony's Tomb.

4. The Church of St. *Antony* of *Padua*, whoſe Body lies in the open Chappel on the left hand; and this Chappel is adorned with curious figures of white Marble, repreſenting the chief actions of this Saints life. Under the Altar repoſeth his Body, and before it hang ſome twenty ſeven great Lamps of Silver, or Silver gilt. Over againſt this Chappel, ſtands juſt ſuch another open Chappel, called the Chappel of *San Felice*, which is rarely painted by famous *Gietto*, who made the *Campanile* of *Florence*. In a ſide Chappel on the right hand, is the Tomb of brave *Gatta Mela*, whoſe true name was *Eraſmo di Narni*, of whom more by and by. The Tomb of *Alexander Contareno* General of the *Venetians*, and it is one of the beſt cut Tombs I have ſeen: Its faſtened to a ſide Pillar. The Quire of this Church is all of inlaid Wood.

In

In the Cloiſter of the Convent are ſeen many Tombs of learned Men: And in that quarter of the Cloiſter, which lies upon the Church, I found written upon a black Marble ſtone, theſe words: *Interiora Thomæ Howardi Comitis Arondeliæ:* The Bowels of the Earl of *Arundel*, late Lord Marſhal of *England*. No wonder if his Bowels be enchaſed in Marble, after his death, who in his life time, loved Marbles *con todas ſus entranias*, with his whole Bowels. His *Marmora Arondeliana*, commented upon by learned Mr. *Selden*, ſhew this ſufficiently. This great Man died here in *Padua*, and yet in a manner at home; becauſe he had made *Italy* familiar to him while he lived at home.

5. Going out of this Church, I ſaw the *Equiſtris* ſtatue of *Gatta Mela*, the *Venetians* General, whoſe Tomb I ſaw even now in the Church. He was nicknamed *Gatta*, becauſe of his watchfulneſs in carrying buſineſs.

6. The Church of St. *Juſtina*, is one of the fineſt Churches of *Italy*; and no wonder, ſeeing its Architect was *Palladio*. Under the High Alar of this Church, lies buried the Body, of St. *Juſtina*. The fine *Cupolas*; the curious Pavement of red and black Marble; the rich High Altar, all of *Pietre comeſſe*; the curious Seats, in the Quire, with the Hiſtories of the old and new Teſtament cut in Wood in them; the fine Picture at the end of the Quire, over the Abbat's Seat, containing the Martyrdom of St. *Juſtina*, by the hand of *Paolo Veroneſe*; the Tomb of St. *Luke* the Evangeliſt; and that of St. *Matthias*; the Well, full of Relics; and the Tomb of St. *Proſdochimus* St. *Peter's* Diſciple, and firſt Biſhop of *Padua*, do all make this Church very conſiderable. Before this Church and Monaſte- *St. Juſtinas Church and Monaſtery.*

ry

ry lies the *Campo Santo*, and a fair field, where they keep Monthly a *Mercato franco*, and where the Evening *Corso* is kept, by Ladies and Noblemen in their Coaches in Summer.

The Monaſtry here is one of the faireſt in *Italy*, and the ſecond of that Order. The painted Cloiſter, the neat Library, and the Picture of St. *Juſtina* in the Abbat's Chamber, made by *Paolo Veroneſe*, are all worth your Curioſity. The *Domo* is not ſo well built as it is endowed with rich *Prebendaries*. An hundred Thouſand Crowns a year go to the maintainance of an Hundred Clergy-Men, and Officers belonging to it. The Prebends are twenty ſeven, and ordinarily Gentlemen.

8. The Pallace of the *Capitano Grande* is ſtately without: Here ſtands the curious Library.

The great Hall.

9. The great Hall called here, *Il Palagio di Ragione*, is a vaſt Room 180 paces long, and forty broad, without Pillars. It hath four great doors to it, and over every door the ſtatue of a learned *Paduan*. This Hall is alſo painted in the roof, with Aſtronomical figures, repreſenting the influence of the Superior Bodies over the Inferior. At one end of it you ſee a round Stone, with theſe words written about it, *Lapis opprobrii, the ſtone of diſgrace*; upon which whoſoever will ſit publickly, and declare himſelf not to be *Solvendo*, cannot be clapt up in Priſon for Debt. At the other end of this Hall ſtands *Livy*'s Head in white Marble, and out of a little Back-door there, joyning to the Wall of this Hall, ſtands *Livy*'s *Buſto* in Stone with this Epitaph under it in old *Gothick* Letters; *Oſſa Titi Livii Patavini unius omnium mortalium judicio digni, cujus prope invicto calamo invicti Populi Romani res geſta conſcriberentur.*

10. The

10. The Picture of the High Altar in the *Auguſtins* Church, made by *Guido Reni*; and that of St. *John Baptiſt* in the Sacriſty, of the ſame hand, are both exquiſitely well done. *St.* Auguſtino.

11. The Ruins of an old Amphitheater are ſeen hard by the *Auguſtin's* Church. There's now a Houſe built upon the place, yet the Court is oval ſtill, and carries the name of *Arena*. Here they tilt, and uſe other ſports of *Cavalry*. L' *Arena*.

12. In the *Dominicans* Church there is a very ſtately high Altar of *Pietre Comeſſe*. Behind the Altar (in the Quire) are the neat Tombs of the *Carari*, once *Signors* and Princes of *Padua*, till they were put out by the *Venetians*. *St.* Dominico.

13. In the Church of *San Franceſco Grande*, I ſaw a curious Altar of white poliſhed Marble, which pleaſed me very much, and the Tombs of *Cavalcante* and *Lengolio*. *St.* Franceſco.

14. In the little neat Church of the *Oratorians*, called the Church of *S. Thomas of Canterbury*, lies buried the Lady *Katherine Whitenhall*, in a Vault made on purpoſe, and covered with a white Marble Stone. She was Daughter to the late Earl of *Shrewsbury*, and Wife to the Noble and Vertuous *Thomas Whitenhall Eſquire*. If you would know more of her, read here the Ingenious Epitaph written upon her Tomb, and made by her ſad Husband. For my part having had the honour to ſee her often in her Travels, I cannot but make honourable mention of her here in mine; She having ſo much honoured my profeſſion of Travelling, by her generous Humour of Travelling. *She was as nobly Born as the Houſe of* Shrewsbury *could make her: as comely, as if Poets had made her. Her behaviour was ſuch, that if ſhe had not been noble by* *S. Thomas di Cantuaria.*

Birth,

Birth, ſhe would have paſſed for ſuch by her Carriage. Her good qualities were ſo many, that if they had been taken in pieces, they would have made ſeveral Women Noble, and noble Women happy. She was wiſe beyond her years, ſtout above her Sex, and worthy to have found, in the World, all things better than ſhe did, except her Parents and Husband. Her only fault was that, which would have made up other Ladies Praiſes, too much Courage; which befel her with the name of Talbot. *But whilſt her only Courage haled her on to Journeys above her Sex and force (having ſeen* Flanders, France, *and* Italy, *accompanied by her noble Husband, and an handſom Train) in her return back, like a tall Ship, coming laden home, and fraughted with precious acquiſitions of Mind, ſhe ſunk almoſt in the Heaven, and alas! Died.*

The Academies of Wits.

15. Here are two *Academies of Wits*; the one called *Gli Recoverati*: the other, *Gli Infiammati.*

The learned Men.

The moſt famous Men of *Padua* for Learning were theſe, *Livy*, *Apponius*, *Paulus* the *Juriſconſult*, *Sperone Speroni*, *Antonius Querenchus*, *Jacobus Zabarella*: and *Titian* the famous Painter.

The Hiſtorians.

He that deſires to know the Hiſtory of *Padua*, let him read *Angelo Portinari delle felicitade di Padua*: *Antonio Riccobono*, *de Gymnaſio Patavino*, *& de ejus praclaris doctoribus*: as alſo the Book called *Gl' Origin di Padua.*

Vicenza.

Having thus ſeen *Padua*, we ſteered towards *Milan* again, to make the compleat *Gyro* of *Italy*. The firſt days Journey was to *Vicenza*, a fine Town belonging to the *Venetians*, and ſtanding upon the two Rivers *Bachilione*, and *Rerone*. Here we ſaw the neat Town-houſe and large *Piazza*: The Houſe and fine Garden of Count *Valmarana*, with the curious *Labyrinth* in the Garden: the *Arcus Triumphalis*, made

made by *Palladio* at the Towns end; letting you into a fair Field called the *Champo Marzo*, where Ladies and Cavaliers in great ſtore meet at the *Corſo*, in their Coaches, every Summer Evening: the admirable Theater for Plays and Opera's; it was made alſo by rare *Palladio*, and is capable of Three thouſand People, who may all ſit and ſee with conveniency. The fine Palaces here, and thoſe full of People of Condition. *The Theater.*

Here's an Academy of Wits, called *Gl' Olympici*. *The Academy of Wits.*

He that deſires to know the Hiſtory of *Vicenza*, let him read *Jacomo Mazari*, and *Alfonſo Loſchi*. *The Hiſtorians.*

From *Vicenza* we went to *Verona*, called *Verona la Nobile*; belonging to the Venetians alſo. It ſtands in excellent Air, and no Man ever ſaw it but liked it. Its watered with the River *Addeſis*, which coming out of *Germany*, runs by *Trent*, and ſo to *Verona*. Hence this Town abounds with good Proviſion, Wine, and Rich Merchants, which makes me of Opinion, that *Verona* would be a better Summer-Town for Strangers to live in, than *Padua*. The things that I ſaw here, were theſe; the three Caſtles, which with the new Bulwarks, make this Town able to defend it ſelf againſt any Enemy. Verona.

2. The Cathedral, or *Domo*, antient rather than ſtately: In it is buried Pope *Lucius* the III. with this Ingenuous Epitaph upon his Tomb:

Luca dedit lucem tibi, Luci, Pontificatum
Oſtia, Papatum Roma, Verona miri.
Imo Verona dedit tibi Lucis gaudia, Roma
Exilium, turas Oſtia, Luca mori.

3. The famous Tomb of the *Signori della Scala*, who once were Maſters here, and from whom *Joſeph* and *Julius Scaliger* pretend to have come: This Tomb is ſeen from the Street, and is much eſteemed for its heighth and Structure.

4. In the Monaſtery of St. *George*, the rare Picture of St. *George*, made by *Paolo Veroneſe*, for which the late Lord Marſhal of *England* offered Two thouſand Piſtols.

The Amphitheater. 5. The rare Amphitheater, built at firſt by the Conſul *Flaminius*, and repaired ſince by the Townſmen, and now the moſt entire Amphitheater in *Europe*.

The Academy of Wits. Here's alſo an Academy of Wits, called *Gli Philormonici*.

The Learned Men. The famouſeſt Men for Learning here, were theſe; *Zeno Veronenſis*, an Antient Father, and great Preacher; *Cornelius Nepos*, *Pliny* the Second, *Catullus*, according to that,

Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo.

Fracaſtorius, *Onuphrius*, *Panninus*, *Paulus Æmilius* the Hiſtorian, *Franceſco Pona*, *Aloyſius Novarinus*, and *Paolo Veroneſe* the ingenious Painter.

Near *Verona*, upon the Plains, before you come to the Town, was fought a famous Battel, where C. *Marius* defeated the *Cimbers*. Near this Town alſo was fought a famous Battel between *Theodoric* and *Odoacer*, where the latter was defeated.

The Hiſtorians. He that deſires to know the Hiſtory of *Verona*, let him read *Torello Saraina*, *Girolamo di Corte*, *Compendio dell' Iſtoria di Verona*; and the *Antiquitates Voronenſes* of *Onufrius Panninus*.

From

From *Verona* we went to *Breſcia*, by the way of *Peſchiera* and *Diſenzano*. *Peſchiera* is a ſtrong Fort belonging to the Venetians, and guarded by a conſtant Gariſon. It ſtands upon the *Lago di Garda*, *Lacus Benacus* antiently, and is almoſt ſurrounded by its Cryſtallin Waters. It's a moſt regular Fortification, with five Baſtions, and high Ramparts, which cover the whole Town. *Peſchiera.* *Lago di Garda.*

Diſenzano is a little Town upon the Lake of *Garda* alſo. Here they have excellent Fiſh, and Wine; that is, rare *Carpioni*, and *Muſcatello*, which they call *Vino Santo*. *Diſenzano.*

From hence after Dinner we arrived betimes at *Breſcia*, another ſtrong Town of the Venetians. We ſaw here the Caſtle, the Town-houſe, neat Churches, the Ramparts and Walls of the Town; the Cryſtalline Brooks running through the Streets; and the Shops of the Gunſmiths, eſpecially that of Famous *Lazzarino Comminazzo*. *Breſcia.*

The beſt Hiſtorians of the *Breſcian* Affairs, is *Ottavio Roſſi*, in his Book called *Memoriæ Breſciana*. *The Hiſtory.*

From *Breſcia* I went once to *Crema*, and *Bergamo*, two ſtrong Towns of the Venetians, and both Frontiers to the State of *Milan*. The firſt is very ſtrong, and Famous for fine Linnen made here. The latter is ſtrong too, both by its Caſtle, good Walls, and its high Situation upon an Hill, which gives you a fair proſpect into the *Milaneſe* for twenty or thirty miles. In the Church of the *Auguſtins* lies buried *Ambroſius Calepinus*, Author of the excellent Latin Dictionary, which Learned *Paſſeratius* hath ſet out *Crema.* *Bergamo.*

ſince with great additions. Its in ſix Languages.

From *Bergamo* I went to *Milan*, one days journey. Another time I went from *Breſcia* to *Milan* by the way of *Mantua*, and *Mirandola*.

Mantua.

Mantua belongs to a Sovereign Duke, or Prince, of the Houſe of *Gonſague*. It ſtands in the midſt of Marſhes, which are nouriſhed by the River *Mincius*; ſo that there's no coming to it but by two long Bridges over the Lake. And yet this Town was taken ſome Forty Years ago: No Town being impregnable where an Aſs laden with Gold can enter; or where Faction keeps one Gate. For about that time the Emperor's Army, by ſecret Intelligence, preſenting it ſelf before it, was let in; and ſacked the Town. At the entrance of the Town Gates, they obſerve the Faſhion of many other Towns in *Italy*, to make Travellers leave their Piſtols and Carabins at the Gate where they enter, and not ſee them again till they meet them at the other Gate where they go out; giving them, for all that, a *Contraſegno*, or little Talley, whereof you keep one piece, and the other is tied to your Piſtols, whereby you may claim and challenge them. This was an antient Cuſtom in the *Romans* times, as I find in *Valerius Maximus*, who ſaith, it was the Practice of thoſe of *Marſeilles* (then a Roman Colony) *Ut hoſpitia ſua, quemadmodum advenientibus humana ſunt, ita ipſis tuta ſint.* As for *Mantua* it ſelf, its well built, and full of good Houſes. The Duke's Palace was heretofore one of the richeſt of *Italy*. I was told that it had ſeven changes of Hangings for every Room in the Houſe; beſides a world of rare Pictures, Statues, Plate, Ornaments, Cabinets, an Unicorn's Horn,

Valer. Maxim. l. 2. c. 1.

Horn, an Organ of Alablaſter; ſix Tables, each three Foot long, the firſt all of Emeralds, the ſecond of *Turkey* Stone, the third of Hyacinths, the fourth of Saphirs, the fifth of Amber, the ſixth of Jaſper Stone. But the *Imperialiſts* ſwept all away. The Origin of the Houſe of *Gonſague* is from *Germany*. For a long time they were only Marquiſes of *Mantua*, till *Charles* V. made them Dukes. The Revenues of this Prince are about Five hundred thouſand Crowns. His Intereſt (as that of the other leſſer Princes of *Italy*) is to join with the ſtronger of the two Nations, *France* or *Spain*. And he hath been often forc'd to put now and then a *French* Gariſon, and now then a *Spaniſh* Gariſon into his ſtrong Town of *Caſal*; one of the ſtrongeſt Places I ſaw in all *Italy*; having an excellent Cittadel at one end of it, a ſtrong Caſtle at the other, and ſtrong Ditches, Walls, and Ramparts every where. In fine, this Duke can raiſe about Fifteen thouſand Foot, and Two thouſand Horſe.

The Duke's Family. *His Revenues.* *His Intereſt.* Caſal. *Its Strength.*

Of *Mantua* were theſe two Excellent Latin Poets, Old *Virgil*, and Modern *Baptiſta Mantuanus* a *Carmelite*.

He that deſires to know the Hiſtory of *Mantua*, let him read *Mario Aquicola*. *Its Hiſtory.*

From *Mantua* we went to *Mirandola*, being invited thither by its wonderful Name. It is a Principality far more ancient than great; and it is ſo called from three Children born here of a great Lady, at one Birth. The Story, as it is pretty, ſo it is related by good Authors, and therefore I will give it you here, in the end of this my Italian Journey, as a Farewell. And 'tis this: *Conſtantius* the Emperor, Son of *Conſtan-*

Miran-dola. Franciſcus Pius. Leander. Albatus.

tine the Great, had a Daughter called *Euridis*; who being grown up in Years, fell in Love with *Manfred*, a Courtier of her Unkle *Conſtantine*, an handſom well-bred young Gentleman. *Manfred* was both Courtier enough, and wiſe enough, to underſtand this to be no ſmall Honour; and therefore embraced her Affection with a correſponding Flame. In a word, they meet often; talk of it; give mutual Promiſes; make all the Money they can, and Jewels, and flee away ſecretly. They come into *Italy*, land at *Naples*, from thence to *Ravenna*, and at laſt pitch upon this Country where now *Mirandola* ſtands. It was then a place overſpread with Thickets and Under-woods, and furniſhing ſome Paſturage for Sheep, and Cottages for Shepherds. Here then they chuſe to live privately, and converſe with none but Country Swains, and Shepherds. Blind Love, whither doſt thou hurry Princeſſes, to make them prefer Cottages before Courts? At laſt, with their Money they buy Land, and *Manfred* grew ſoon to that Authority among his Neighbours, that they chuſe him for their Head; and recur unto him upon all occaſions for his Advice and Protection: In the mean time (having ſolemnly Married *Euridis* at his arrival in *Italy*) ſhe brings him forth three Sons at once, *Picus*, *Pius*, and *Papazzo*; and *Manfred* grows far more conſiderable daily in theſe Parts. At laſt the Emperor *Conſtantius* coming into *Italy* upon his Occaſions, and being Complimented by all the ſeveral Provinces thereof, this Province, among the reſt, choſe *Manfred* as their Ambaſſador to the ſaid Emperor, to carry to him the tender of their Reſpects and Homage. *Manfred*

fred accepted of the Employment, and carried himself so Gallantly in the Embassy, that the Emperor Knighted him, and upon further trial of his Worth raised him to high Favour. *Manfred* seeing the Realities of the Emperor, thought it now high time to discover himself to him. Wherefore casting himself one day at the Emperor's Feet, and begging his Pardon, he discovered himself unto him, and told him his whole Story and Adventures. At first the Emperor was a little troubled; but finding such Freedom and Gallantry in his Carriage, mingled with such humble Ingenuity in the Confession of his Fault; he not only pardoned what was past, but presently sent for *Euridis* and her Children to come to him, and live at Court with him. This done, he makes *Manfred* Count and Marquis of a great part of these Countries, and gives him leave to build Towns and Castles there: And for his Arms gives him the Black Eagle. In fine, in Memory of the three Children born so wonderfully at one Birth, he commands that the chief Town should be called *Miranda*. After the Death of *Canstantius*, *Manfred* and his Lady returned with great Riches unto their old dwelling place, and there began to build *Miranda*; which in process of time was called *Mirandola*. This true Story, if it look like a Romance, you must not wonder, seeing Romances now a days look like true Stories.

The Prince of *Mirandola* receives yearly Fourscore thousand Crowns.

The greatest Ornament of this Country, was that Famous *Joannes Picus Mirandulanus*; whose Life Sir *Thomas Moor* wrote, and having written it, lived it. Jo. Picus Mirandulanus.

From *Mirandola* I ſtruck to *Parma*, and ſo to *Piacenza*, *Lodi*, and *Marigno*, deſcribed all above; and at laſt to *Milan* again, where I had been before, and where my *Giro* of *Italy* ended, as now my Journey and Deſcription doth. I taking here a new riſe from *Milan*, and croſſing through *Swiſſerland* by the Lake of *Como*, and over Mount St. *Godart*, came to *Baſil*; here Embarking upon the *Rhine*, I ſaw *Strasburgh*, *Briſac*, *Spire*, *Philipsburgh*, *Openheim*, *Coblentz*, *Hamerſtede*, *Wormes*, *Francfort*, *Mayence*, *Cologn*, *Duſſeldorp*, *Skinskconce*, *Rais*, *Weſel*, *Arnehem*, and divers other Rhiniſh Towns: Then having viewed *Holland* and *Flanders*, I came at laſt to *Calais*, and ſo home to my dear Country, *England*, by way of *Dover*.

FINIS.

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